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THE

UNITED STATES

AND

ENGLAND:

BEING A REPLY TO THE CRITICISM

ON

INCHIQUIN'S LETTERS.

CONTAINED IN THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW

FOR JANUARY, 1814.

Samuel Kirkpatrick

NEW-YORK:
PUBLISHED BY A. H. INSKEEP;
AND
BRADFORD AND INSKEEP, PHILADELPHIA
Van Winkle and Wiley, Printers.
1815.

Checked
May 1913

DISTRICT OF NEW-YORK, *ss.*

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the eighth day of December, in the thirty-ninth year of the Independence of the United States of America, A. H. INSKEEP, *of the said district, has deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:*

The United States and England: being a Reply to the Criticism on Inchiquin's Letters, contained in the Quarterly Review for January, 1814.

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;" and also to an act, entitled, "An act, supplementary to an act, entitled an act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

THERON RUDD,
Clerk of the District of New-York.

SEP 5 1910
NEW-YORK

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE only attempt that we have seen to answer the uncandid and swaggering attack made upon the reputation of the people of the United States, in a late number of the Quarterly Review, is contained in a series of letters published in an eastern paper. This *defence* consists pretty much in an admission of most of the charges, provided an exception is made in favour of New-England. For ourselves, we know of no such discriminating patriotism as this; and however it may be the fashion in that portion of the union to offer up their brethren as sacrifices to their own interests, we do not admire it enough to make it the object of our imitation. We would not sell our brother Joseph, even though twice twenty pieces were bid for him. The reply here attempted, such as it is, was written for the United States, and not for any particular district of the east or the west, the north or the south; nor calculated for the meridian of old Virginia, or New-England. That it has thus long been delayed, is owing to the writer's continued expectation that some one better qualified than himself would undertake the task of retaliating upon this very miserable writer, whose disposition to injure our national reputation is only bounded by that which circumscribes the mischievous attempts of all petty insects—weakness and imbecility.

THE

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AND

ENGLAND.

England, that never did us a single good office, accuses us of ingratitude; and though the whole history of her connexion with this country exhibits one uninterrupted series of the cold, haughty, and unfeeling selfishness of an unnatural parent, jealous of the growth and prosperity of her offspring, she is forever reproaching us with the crime of disobedience. It would seem, indeed, that the new world was destined, like Hercules, to be for a time subservient to the capricious tyranny of some stern Eurystheus of the old. The aborigines of South America were first plundered, and then extirpated, by the unrelenting avarice, or bigoted phrensy of the first invaders; and the early colonists of the north were left to encounter, unsupported, the inclemencies of winter; to explore untrodden wilds; and to cope, unassisted, with the cunning and revengeful Indian, irritated at the invasion of his interminable woods; while the descendants of these adventurous pilgrims were afterwards made to pay for protection which neither their ancestors nor themselves ever received.

When, after encountering difficulties and hardships greater than those of the knights errant of chivalry, and overcoming them with a courage and perseverance almost without example in the history of the world, they had settled themselves to enjoy the fruits of their toils, the government of England, finding her promising offspring likely to do well, took them under

its protection. They were obliged to pay salaries to governors for infringing their rights; to accept charters that secured to England the profits of their industry, and were favoured with laws most ingeniously calculated to destroy that freedom for which their forefathers trusted themselves to the pathless ocean, and the protection of heaven. They were forced to become partners in wars in which they had no concern, and to enter into bloody contests, for the protection of Hanover, or the security of the Carnatic. In fine, they were gradually menaced with that system of oppression which England has exercised over her colonies in every quarter of the globe; which has drawn from India rivers of blood and oceans of wealth, and converted brave and generous Ireland, with whose soldiers, whom she denies the common privilege of worship, she fights her battles, and under whose generals she is alone accustomed to conquer, into a boiling whirlpool of political strife and individual antipathies.

Fortunately for us, our forefathers saw and felt this web that was spinning about them before it was too late, and resisted successfully, because they had justice on their side, and heaven prospered their exertions. But England, though forced to relinquish her grasp, still menaced us with her arm; delayed under different pretexts the fulfilment of her stipulations—withheld possessions which she had resigned by treaty—took every opportunity to embarrass our commerce—insulted the sovereignty of the nation by violence committed on our ships of war—and by depredations even in the waters of the United States; and, finally, by a perseverance in every species of insult and injury, again forced us to take up arms, a second time, to vindicate the independence of our country.

What her conduct has been in that war we have seen and felt. It has been such as to outrage every rule and practice of civilized nations, and almost every principle and feel-

ing of common humanity; a war carried on in fellowship with pirates of Barataria, runaway negroes of the south, and savages from all points of the compass, backed by the scum and offscourings of Europe, and renegadoes from every quarter of the globe, precipitated on our shores to plunder, burn, and destroy.

When we read in the history of the wars of England, of the lofty courtesy of the Black Prince, the chivalrous magnanimity of a Peterborough, and other glorious names, our hearts spring towards the nation which produced such examples of exalted heroism, and we are proud of our affinity. But when again we refer to our own experience of the conduct of that same nation towards ourselves, not only during the last, but most especially in the present contest, our feelings revolt from the connexion. Everywhere England has left the scars of her relentless hostility along our shores. Hardly are the villages of Groton, of Kingston, and Norfolk, risen from the ruins in which they were buried by the same destroying hand, and before we have had time to forget, when the land is again covered with other monuments that keep alive the sentiment of vengeance in the hearts of our people.

Towns that had neither wall nor fortress, nor defence of any kind, are first plundered, and then burnt to the ground; and from the windows of that very room in which our national legislature is now sitting, on one side they behold the ruins of their capitol; on the other, those of the mansion of their first magistrate. They sit legislating among the black remains of those monuments of art that were once the pride of the land, and if their acts should betray a spirit of vengeance against the freebooters who committed this wanton devastation, who shall say they have not ample cause? Scarcely had these monuments of our growing taste risen from the forest by which they were surrounded, when they are levelled to the ground, not by the gradual lapse of time, nor by

the tempest that sweeps away the laboured works of art, nor by the earthquake that swallows them up—nor by an irruption of northern vandals—but by the firebrands of a nation which calls itself the champion of virtue, the bulwark of civilization, and the deliverer of mankind.

Everywhere these mortified islanders, who possess neither the magnanimity to acknowledge their defeats, nor the generosity to admire their conquerors, have revenged the capture of their hitherto invincible ships of war, by the plunder of the defenceless, and returned the liberal courtesy of our gallant commanders, by sinning against every principle of soldierly honour. It is not with any view of adding fuel to fires already, perhaps, unextinguishable, that we have touched on this interesting subject, but to show that if the people of the United States do, in reality, cherish a spirit of hostility to the English government, they are not without ample justification.

In addition to all these outrages, travellers have been sent out to this country who, like Parkinson, were paid by England for the degrading work of collecting materials for misrepresenting our national character and manners. Poor and contemptible Grub street writers have been dressed out as gentlemen, and employed to explore the United States for solitary instances of barbarism, whence to draw general and universal conclusions of national corruption and wide-spread depravity. This was done not more to discourage emigrations from England, than to keep alive that ignorant and vulgar prejudice which exists among those who call themselves the most liberal as well as enlightened among the people of that country. For years she has glutted the markets of Europe with gross and vulgar calum-

nies,* calculated to injure us and our cause in the eyes of the world. A standing army of hired writers, not only in England, but in this country, has been employed in the invention and circulation of libels; and even in newspapers published lately at Paris and Vienna, we have seen abusive articles, which, on the face of them, bore the stamp and impression of English grossness, and English antipathy. She has stigmatized our first magistrate† with the charge

* The English newspapers are filled with paragraphs like the following, which is copied verbatim from *The Sun*, a high ministerial paper.

"Their armies," speaking of the Americans, "of copper captains and Falstaff recruits, defy the pen of satire to paint them worse than they are —worthless, lying, treacherous, false, slanderous, cowardly, and vapouring heroes, with boasting on their loud tongues, and terror in their quaking hearts. Were it not that the course of punishment they are undergoing is necessary to the ends of moral and political justice, we declare before our country that we should feel ashamed of victory over such ignoble foes. The quarrel resembles one between a gentleman and a chimney-sweeper—the former may beat the low scoundrel to his heart's contentment, but there is no honour in the exploit, and he is sure to be covered with the soil and dirt of his ignominious antagonist. But necessity will sometimes compel us to descend from our station to chastise a vagabond, and endure the disgrace of a contest in order to repress by wholesome correction, the presumptuous insolence, and mischievous designs, of the basest assailant."

The Sun, Sept. 8, 1814.

Quære? If a gentleman talks in this way in England, how does a chimney-sweeper talk!

† Another of these gentlemanly writers, the editor of the *Times*, indulges himself in the following strain of elegant reprehension, in speaking of the president of the United States:

"Why, what an *ass this fellow* must be, in the very head and front of an address to his deluded countrymen, thus to convict himself of plain and deliberate treason" Again. "To hear him, notorious as he is for lying, for imposture of all kinds, for his barbarous warfare, both in Canada and against the Creek Indians, for every thing, in short, that can debase and degrade a government," &c.

Times, Oct. 20, 1814.

of subserviency to a foreign potentate, and insulted the nation by whom he has been voluntarily chosen, by insolently affecting to make it a condition of peace, that another must be appointed in his place; thus interfering with our freedom of election, and attempting to deprive us of what constitutes the very vitality of our national independence. We know not how this has operated on the public feeling; but this we will say, that if there is any spirit in the people of the United States, there is not a man of them who would turn away a dog that had bitten him, at such a bidding.

The governments of Europe have been impressed, by the influence of England, with a belief that the people here are little better than a sort of semi-barbarians, without any of the refinements of education, and destitute of the common habits of civilization; that society is a mere bear garden, in which men mix and riot together without distinction of rank or character, and that so far from our being on a level with the enlightened populace of Bristol, Birmingham, or London, we hardly deserve the honour of an association with a Calmuck, or a Mandingo.

Such is the rapid sketch of the conduct of England towards a nation which she accuses of ingratitude, because it will not forgive countless injuries; and of disobedience, because it has the spirit to resent them. Is this the way to gain a nation's love? or is it the nature of man, either in the old or the new world, to be conciliated into gratitude by injuries, or coaxed into obedience by the seductive application of reiterated abuse? Even the sons of Saturn rebelled,

The gentlemen who thus elegantly rail at the chimney-sweeper enemy, are so utterly ignorant of even the geography of this country as to talk of the "provinces of New-York, Albany and Pennsylvania;" thus gratuitously creating Albany a new state. Even Mr. Morse could tell them to the contrary.

when their parent attempted to devour them; and the posterity of Englishmen would dishonour the fame of their mothers, if they submitted to be disgraced even by those who claim the honour of their birth.

These introductory remarks will not be thought misplaced, when it is considered that our object in this undertaking is the examination of an article in which is contained a summary of abuse against the United States, collected from the best sources of calumny, and in which the charge of unprovoked hostility to England is more than once brought forward against the great body of people in this country. We conceived it proper, before we entered upon the subject, to inquire into the grounds on which England claimed from us the exercise of any peculiar good will, or a participation in any extraordinary acts of friendship. It is not because two nations talk the same language, live under similar laws, worship the same Creator, or claim one common parentage, that they must be expected to unite in the bonds of friendship. Such a union springs not from blood, but arises from a mutual interchange of good offices, and a conviction of mutual worth.

Before we proceed to remark on the imputations contained in the article we mean to examine, it may be worth while, perhaps, to initiate some of our remote readers into the nature of the publication in which they are recorded, as well as the name and character of the person who brings them forward. We believe the sphere of the Journal in which they are contained is somewhat limited, and its reputation rather obscure, notwithstanding the great pains taken by certain patriotic booksellers in its circulation.

Among the many improvements in modern literature, we may reckon the establishment of certain journals, whose sole object, professedly, is to instruct the public as to the claims of particular books to its notice or approbation. Among these, one of the most noted is the Quarterly Review, a

work said to be under the patronage of Mr. Canning, a very merry statesman, who wants to be prime minister. Most of the principal articles in it are from the pen of a gentleman, who, having written four epic poems, is, according to the old proverb, entitled to abuse Mr. Barlow, or any other person of his trade.

The primary object of these critical journals was the improvement of public taste; and so long as they continued devoted to this, they were valuable auxiliaries to literature. Though criticism has little kindred with genius, she is a worthy and useful handmaid, who, if she cannot plant flowers, plucks up the weeds that embarrass their growth, or obscure their lustre. As, however, all things are destined, in the progress of time, to improvement, or at least alteration, these journals became perverted from the simplicity of their primitive institution; and it has of late become the fashion for the critic to review a book, not for the purpose of estimating its merits by any just standard of taste, but to make use of it, either as a text for a sermon of his own preaching, or an excuse for hearing himself talk on any subject he pleases.

The present standard of taste for the Quarterly Reviewer is the opinions of his majesty's ministers, who are profound judges of literature, and, consequently, fully qualified for the task of acquittal or condemnation. It is easily to be conceived what benefit literature must derive from the decisions of such dignified, disinterested, and competent judges. If any proof were wanting of its improvement in quality, we might discover it by comparing one of Addison's essays with the article we are about to examine. Should any be required with respect to the increased quantity of authors and books, we shall find, on inquiry, at least five times the number of books published annually, and more than five hundred authors, lifted into reputation; the first of which would never have had being, and the latter never enjoyed their fame, but for the agen-

cy of these useful and charitable institutions. Having let our readers into the nature of the establishment, we will introduce them to the person who, we understand, presides over the court in which this cause has been brought forward. Those who have received an anonymous blow are entitled at least to the gratification of knowing whence it came.

The gentleman is no less a person than the poet laureat of all England. This office was instituted on the abolition of that of king's fool, which had become a sinecure, on account of their majesties' playing it generally themselves. His business is to write every year one ode, in which he must talk about "Britannia," "Neptune's trident," shout like a Stentor, and praise the king most indecently. Should there happen to be a royal death, marriage, or christening, he is obliged to produce something pretty on the occasion, on pain of forfeiting his pay and rations, which consist of a hundred pounds a year, and a butt of sack. This last, ever since the days of Jack Falstaff, has been supposed to exercise a most potent influence over laureats, by "ascending me to the brain," and drying up the vapours. The origin of this office is given in some book to which our memory does not enable us at present to refer.

A peasant of Italy, a mighty silly fellow, who had composed three or four of what he called epic poems, conceiving himself to be a great poet, quitted his usual occupation, and went to Rome. Here he, in some way or other, attracted the notice of Leo the Tenth, who, though head of the apostolic church, was a little inclined to waggery. His holiness, to amuse himself and his court, ordered this poor rogue to recite his verses before them; after which he was placed in a chair of state, solemnly crowned with a wreath of parsley, and proclaimed by sound of trumpet by the title of laureat. If we remember right, this unexpected honour turned "the remainder biscuit of his brain," a catastrophe which we sin-

cerely hope may not befall the present worthy laureat of England.

The poet laureat we have thus taken occasion to introduce to our readers, has but lately adopted the habit of praising, and still succeeds best in the old practice of libelling, for which he was formerly so notorious. He has heretofore attacked both gods above and men below. He has wounded the reputation of his own country in one poem;* made the mythology of one quarter of the globe cruelly ridiculous in another;† and in a third,‡ meditated a most serious injury against the reputation of this new world by attributing its discovery and colonization to a little vagabond Welsh prince.

Being foiled, however, in this most insidious attempt against the honour of our country, and the reputation of Columbus in a work of fiction, he has lately come forward in one which we presume he intended should pass for a work of truth, with a general and sweeping attack upon our morals, manners, institutions, government, and religion. The pretext on which this attack is grounded, is as follows:

"A Mr. Macon," as the laureat affects to call one of the oldest and most respectable members of the House of Representatives, last year, brought forward a motion that the President of the United States should be requested to collect such facts concerning the conduct of the British troops in their descents upon our country, as would substantiate the charge of their having carried on the war in a manner not consonant to the usages of civilized nations. This charge had been made and denied, and the object was to ascertain its truth. It was an inquiry which related, not to the general reputation of England, but to her particular conduct in relation to this country, and to that alone it is confined. The result of this inquiry was a mass of facts, most of them sub-

* Joan of Arc. † Curse of Kehama. ‡ Madoc.

stantiated by the oaths of credible persons, that will for ever remain a stain and blot on the reputation of English soldiers, and justify the most lasting hatred of this country. The laureat, without attempting a denial, has taken occasion to revenge this just and well-supported charge by railing in a most passionate manner against the President, and bringing forward a general accusation of ignorance, corruption, and barbarity, against the whole people of the United States.

For the purpose of bringing this tirade under the head of criticism, the writer has denominated it a Review of Inchiquin's Letters; a work which we presume there is no necessity to introduce to our readers; and in order to support his accusation, he resorts to a mode of reasoning, the injustice and absurdity of which we mean most effectually to expose, by retorting it upon himself. His practice is, to take a single fact on the authority of some obscure traveller, sent probably out for the purpose we formerly specified; too insignificant to have merited the honour of a refutation, and whose veracity has never been questioned in this country, either because his name never reached it, or because his falsehoods were so palpable as to supersede the necessity of a denial. From this one particular instance, thus assumed upon the most questionable authority, and forming generally an exception to the state of our manners and morals, he draws conclusions that involve the character of the whole nation. Thus violating every rule of fair logical reasoning, as well as the common and notorious precept of candor, which prevents mankind from involving any society whatever in the transgressions of a single individual.

It is not our intention to enter into a contest with the laureat about the comparative scale of morality and virtue in the United States and England. Disputes on such subjects are always idle, and answer no other purpose but to inflate the one party with empty vanity, and inflame the other to

jealousy and recrimination. We know of no criterion by which to decide such a dispute. The inquiry, even if it could be prosecuted to a satisfactory result, would be too extensive and complicated to repay the labour of research and comparison. It is an inquiry which only omniscience can answer, and that man must be the fool of conceit who should pretend to the task. The utmost that could ever be expected from it, would be to strengthen both nations in a belief of their own superiority; for it is most ridiculously true, that there never yet existed a people, however contemptible, that did not arrogate to themselves an indisputable preëminence over their neighbours. Like the ancient Persians, every nation considers itself as the standard of excellence, and estimates others rather by their resemblance and proximity than by any rational rules of comparison. We consider it, therefore, a most idle question, whether America or England has the superiority in moral, mental, or physical qualifications; because, though in such an inquiry it would be easy to convince those in whose favour the verdict was pronounced, yet we frankly confess we never knew or heard of an instance in which the decision was submitted to by others.

After all, perhaps, the simplest test of national virtue is that which we apply to individuals themselves, namely, that they who make the greatest parade have the most slender pretensions. It will be found that men seldom begin to praise themselves until others begin to doubt. He who knows that he deserves suspicion, will be very apt gratuitously to deny that with which he is not charged, while the man who is satisfied with his innocence, disdains to reply to an imputation which the uniform tenor of his life refutes. It is not until they have lost the noble self respect which springs from the consciousness of virtue, that nations, as well as individuals, begin to boast of what they no longer possess, and trumpet forth their

tions, when their actions can no longer speak for themselves. If this rule should hold good, we are apprehensive it would go rather hard with England; for most assuredly no Pharisee of ancient Jerusalem ever made a greater parade of his virtue, or professed more religion, than has been exhibited by that canting nation ever since it affected to grow pious, in pure spite to the French philosophers.

For the reasons given we will decline an undertaking equally idle as laborious; we will not enter into a contest of vulgar abuse with the great masters of the art who conduct the Quarterly Review; partly, because such a trial would be neither very honourable if we bore the palm, but principally from a sense of our inferiority to the laureat, who, if he finds an equal adversary, must seek him in the purlieus of Billingsgate, or in that last refuge of persecuted patriotism, Newgate. Our object is simply to show that gentleman, that if instances of senatorial indecorum, vulgar immorality, and habitual intoxication, are to be the standard of the public manners and morals, they may be found even in England; and that if one case is to condemn a nation, the claims of his country to either religion, refinement, or morality, will be rather difficult to establish.

If, in attempting this, we should on any occasion be detected in using language which does not comport with that decorum which ought always to be observed both in speech and writing, it must be attributed to the example of the Quarterly Reviewer, operating upon that propensity, to imitate the English writers, with which he has charged us occasionally. It is difficult to expose either ribaldry or misrepresentation, in language altogether exempt from harshness. One thing shall at least be certain, that in whatever garb they are couched, the facts we mean to adduce will be true. They shall not be gathered, like those of our antagonist, from the sweepings and rubbish of literature—from the writings of a

fugitive from justice, or the testimony of a convicted libeller. Neither will we retail the tittle-tattle of gossiping travellers, possessing neither the talent nor the means of acquiring correct information, and without, it would seem, the capacity of speaking, even if they had been able to learn the truth: men, in fact, totally incompetent to the task of drawing any general conclusion from the results of general observation, and who resorted, as a matter of necessity as well as of taste, to the miserable catch-penny trick of retailing newspaper ribaldry, and tavern scandal, for the edification of their readers.

The examples we shall produce will be drawn from the writings of grave magistrates, whose habits and situation gave them the best chance of gaining a practical insight into the public morals; who employed their lives in investigating the state of society in England, and whose veracity has never been called in question. Other facts will be taken from law cases reported in books, referred to in courts of justice; and if, on any occasion, it should happen that we cannot refer to any specific authority, for a particular circumstance, it shall be only where the case is so public and notorious as to preclude the possibility of a doubt. Common fame is decisive as to character at least, and what every body believes is fairly entitled to the honours of truth.

This undertaking is loathsome to our feelings, and nothing but a keen sense of justice could have forced us to the task. To collect materials for a libel upon the human race is a disgusting drudgery, to which no man of common feelings would voluntarily submit. For the credit of that nature of which we all partake, we would wish these mortifying examples of depravity to be buried in eternal oblivion. They make us think less of the dignity of our species; they degrade mankind to the lowest *cast* of beings, and much as we feel it our duty to perform the sacrifice, we

almost shrink from the undertaking. It looks like vindicating our national character at the expense of human nature itself. But let it be kept in mind, that our object is, in reality, to defend the good name of mankind, by exposing that wretched sophistry which reasons away the character of a nation on the authority of an individual crime, and converts a single spot into a deep and universal stain. Perhaps, too, when the abused, calumniated, and down-trodden people of America, see that even in England, whose piety, morality, moderation, and magnanimity, are as much points of faith with her admirers as any of the thirty-nine articles, there occur instances of crime in many of the highest rank, of violations of decency and morality in the lowest, and that modes of vice are there diffused over the whole face of society of which they have never even yet heard the name, perhaps they may be induced to claim their true rank in the scale of nations, and thank their stars for having cast their nativity in this new world.

It may not be amiss, previously to our noticing the charges of the laureat, to examine the witnesses he brings forward to support them. His two principal authorities are William Charles Janson, author of the Stranger in America; and "the man who called himself Peter Porcupine." The former of these writers, being rather an obscure personage, we will introduce most particularly to our readers.

Mr. Janson, or Squire Janson, came to New England several years ago, as he professes in his book, with a design to establish himself in the practice of the law. He tells us that he invested his money in American six per cent stock, by which he lost fifteen per cent. Whether this really happened, as he affirms, by a sudden fall of the stocks, or from his having been taken in by one of the London exchange brokers, is a matter of little consequence at present.

Certain it is, however, that this sudden fall of the six per cents fell heavily upon this unfortunate country. The unlucky squire, who, by his own confession, had acquired the surname of "The Grumbler," on the passage, by grumbling, like a true cockney, at every thing, fell into a violent passion with the government and people of the United States. He never forgave the loss of his fifteen per cent, and his habit of grumbling became still more inveterate.

Not that his ill-humour wanted other provocatives; for it appears that, owing to the wretched stupidity of the people, he was seldom employed in his profession, and gradually fell in debt to these inquisitive folks, who were continually pestering him with inquiries when he was going to pay them. To escape this impertinent curiosity, he determined to travel, and see whether he could not outrun these disagreeable inquisitors. He therefore, without saying a word to any living soul, sat out in a stage-coach for the south. Tradition says that he travelled in great haste, abused the drivers, railed at the laziness of the horses, and the badness of the roads, which, indeed, was somewhat excusable in a man who had such good reason to be in a hurry. It is furthermore said, that he never turned his eye to the right or left, but looked anxiously out at the back of the stage, to the infinite perplexity of his fellow travellers, who, seeing he had no baggage, wondered what could excite his solicitude. In this way he grumbled on from Rhode Island to the city of Charleston, without being pleased, so far as we recollect, with any one circumstance that happened by the way.

It must be apparent to the least reflecting understanding, that a man who travels with the apprehension of a bailiff at his heels, and "doth fear each bush an officer," must have excellent leisure and opportunity for profound observation of the country through which he passes, as well as of diving into the recesses of its manners, habits, and character. Ac-

cordingly, Squire Janson, having triumphantly distanced the "bum bailey," and made good his retreat to England, determined that so much accurate knowledge should not be lost to the world.

He published his book in that golden age of literature, by poets often sung, but never before realized, when that trusty knight, Sir John Carr, had infected all England with a rage for those gossiping travels, of which he was the great original. The public was mad for that miserable tittle-tattle, dignified by the name of travels, and which consisted in the retail of tavern scandal, authentic anecdotes picked up among stage drivers and hostlers, together with a garnishing of the traveller's own teeming invention. At this propitious period Squire Janson published his huge quarto, to which he gave the apt, expressive, popular, and ominous title of the *Stranger* in America.

To those who have met with this work it is unnecessary to observe that its entire character is that of total ignorance of every thing the author attempts to describe, and complete falsehood in almost every thing he says. There is a broad stamp and character of flippant ignorance, and want of fairness about it; a brazen dereliction of even the affectation of candour, as well as an utter destitution of either the talent of observation, or the capacity to communicate its results, that ought to have deterred any reputable writer from the miserable degradation of resorting to its authority. A single fact will be sufficient to illustrate the claims of this fibbing squire to the confidence of his readers.

His work is ornamented with a number of engravings of the public buildings in the city of Philadelphia, to use his own style, "drawn and engraved under the inspection of William Charles Janson, Esquire." On comparing these views with a set of engravings published some years before, by Birch, the most superficial observer will immediately per-

ceive them to be stolen from that artist. The movable and temporary objects are every where the same in both, and, consequently, Mr. Janson has been guilty of a poor and contemptible piracy. For instance, one of Birch's views exhibits the great tree under which Penn concluded his treaty with the Indians, which was blown down anterior to Janson's arrival in Philadelphia. Yet has this fugitive esquire boldly set it up again in his picture, and given us the very identical smoke, to a single curl, that Birch saw there some years before. The coincidence of the smoke, which proceeded from a temporary fire on the sand beach, however remarkable, might possibly be got over; but it is utterly impossible that an artist, however keen might be his vision, could see a tree standing after it had been blown down.

Aware it might appear a little singular that all his views should be sketched in the city of Philadelphia, Mr. Janson, in the true spirit of despicable subterfuge, accounts for this extraordinary and exclusive preference, by coolly observing in his preface, that there was nothing else in the United States worthy of his pencil. The truth is, that there then were no other views of public buildings for this dexterous artist to steal. It is thus that doting imbecility and knavish folly ever seek, but seek in vain, to disguise their petty transgressions. A miserable attempt to impose upon the world by robbing an artist of the credit of his labours, is sought to be disguised by a pretext, the falsehood of which is still more palpable than that which it was intended to disguise. Though no advocates for distinction of rank, especially in the republic of letters, we confess ourselves mortified to be thus called upon to combat with these Sanchos of literature, and are free to confess, that had not Mr. Janson been brought forward as a witness by so renowned a person as the laureat, he might have enjoyed the comforts of oblivion by us unenvied and unmolested.

The next authority on which the laureat relies, is "the man that called himself Peter Porcupine;" a writer who stands a convicted libeller in both hemispheres, and who appears to have laboured, until of late, under a total incapacity to speak the truth except with regard to his own country. A man must be conscious of the weakness of his cause when he submits to subpœna a *witness from Newgate;* and we cannot forbear pitying a laureat, who is not only obliged to compose annual odes in praise of the Regent, but in addition to such a deplorable task, is reduced to the intolerable degradation of resorting to the testimony of one whose authority, if to be relied upon at all, goes to prove that this same Regent, whom he is obliged to praise, is a rake and a debauchee; that the ministers he has stipulated to defend, are unprincipled and incapable; and that the nation he is under the cruel necessity of exalting to the skies, is "a flogged nation."*

If the testimony of a writer is good on one side, so is it on the other; and if Peter Porcupine is authority against the United States, so is he against England. But we decline making use of him. Nothing but a determination to make out a case at all hazards could possibly have induced the laureat to resort to such a suspicious witness; and we cannot but regret that a publication which, for some reason that we know not of, is considered somewhat respectable, should be thus forced to borrow the calumnies of a writer whose accidental truths it has a thousand times denied.

A third authority, occasionally quoted, is Mr. Moore, the writer of naughty songs, whose genius, however perverted, we respect so much, that we are heartily sorry to see him in such bad company. We feel ourselves above reminding this sprite of a man, this little luxurious humming bird of his species, of the liberal confidence and kindness with which he

* Porcupine was put into Newgate for this assertion.

was received into the arms of this country, which often misplaces its admiration, still oftener its attentions. It is sufficient to say that he was so received; that he returned our hospitality by stabbing our reputation for the sake of a joke; and rather than miss a poetical antithesis, resorted to misrepresentation. Admirers as we are of his genius, however it may have been cast away on the island of Circe, and turned into a swine, we cannot forbear lamenting that he should have condescended to minister to the ungenerous antipathies of Englishmen, by tasking his imagination for topics of ridicule, his invention for subjects of abuse, and his powers of observation in scrutinizing only one side of the picture. To these equivocal authorities, if we add the indecent calumnies of a certain class of newspaper writers, who, in their hostility to a particular administration, or antipathy to an individual, do not hesitate to publish falsehoods and misrepresentations that go to injure the vital reputation of their country, we shall then have enumerated all the testimony adduced in support of the charges we have undertaken to examine. These are jumbled together in great confusion; but, so far as they can be classed, may be arranged under the heads of politics, morals, manners, taste, literature, and religion. There are some that do not, perhaps, come under either of these, and are incidentally noticed.

The first object of the laureat's attack is the President of the United States; who very naturally falls under the lash of criticism for having complied with a request of the Legislature, and collected such a mass of testimony against the armies of England and their respectable allies the Indians. Thinking, as we do, that it is very natural for this writer to be a little nettled at so many home truths, we can forgive his insinuation that the President "invented these facts," and most sincerely hope he will, at no distant period, execute his threat of disproving such unpleasant imputations. The

assertion which goes to establish the charge of the President not having met the declarations of the Prince Regent with a corresponding disposition for the adjustment of differences, does, we think, deserve a short examination. We will quote the passage in the Regent's speech from which Mr. S. so confidently infers the desire of peace on the part of England.

"I am, at all times," says his Royal Highness, "ready to enter into discussions with the government of the United States for a conciliatory adjustment of the differences between the two countries, upon principles of perfect reciprocity, not inconsistent with the established maxims of public law, and with the maritime rights of England." "Such a declaration," adds the laureat, "is in itself something more than *magnanimous;* and what a contrast does it furnish to the proceedings of the government to which the olive branch is thus tendered!"

It is unnecessary to remark upon that weakness of reasoning which draws conclusions from the mere commonplace language of an official address, which is just as much a matter of form as the fashion of his royal highness' wig, if he wears any. None but the most simple, or the most desperate, reasoner, ever drew any argument as to the disposition of a ruler, from his public professions; and we defy the laureat to produce to us a single instance of a king at war with his neighbour, who did not on all occasions most zealously protest his willingness, to use the language of the regent, "for a conciliatory adjustment on terms of reciprocity." We might just as reasonably infer the peaceable disposition of a duellist from "your most obedient humble servant," at the bottom of a challenge. Whether there is any peculiar and characteristic purity about the regent, that gives to his assertions any claim to an exemption from ordinary rules, or entitles his royal highness to be believed against the authority of experience, and the testimony of

facts, we forbear to inquire. Were we to take such evidence as the laureat has been compelled to make use of against ourselves, it might possibly be made to appear that this distinguished personage is neither remarkable for his honour or his veracity, and that neither his private or public, his political or religious, engagements are kept with any extraordinary degree of sanctity. Even among his own subjects, who are brought up in a habitual reverence for the authority and person of a monarch, we do not find that his royal highness is considered altogether immaculate; and, were it in our nature to insult fallen greatness, we might record such anecdotes of princely depravity, as would obscure the lustre of royalty, and bring even imperial power into contempt. Neither the dignity of a prince, nor the paraphernalia of a throne, can win respect to the worn-out debauchee, or broken-down voluptuary, who is obliged to stimulate his bed-ridden appetites with the very fatness of adulterous temptation, and force his exhausted nature to the capacity of a momentary enjoyment by the miserable aid of artificial excitement. Such a prince, if such a prince there be, may, perhaps, be praised by the laureat, who, like Hamlet, will take the word of such a shade of "buried majesty," if not for a thousand, at least for a hundred pounds, and a butt of sack; but he will never gain any very extraordinary degree of credence, except among those whose vocation is praising, or who are bound, by their allegiance, to believe against the evidence of their senses. Even the subsidized advocates of royalty, in this country, have given up the hopeless task of propping this portly ruin, and the most persevering panegyrists of British, that is, the regent's, magnanimity, are at last silent, either through shame or conviction.

It would, therefore, be both unnecessary and cruel to push this inquiry, more especially as his royal highness

himself has given us to understand what is meant by "principles of perfect reciprocity." Our government having received other assurances of the friendly disposition of the prince regent, despatched commissioners to conclude an adjustment with those of England. By them it has been ascertained, that mutual reciprocity means the relinquishment of a privilege guarantied by a former treaty; of the right to construct fortifications on our own ground; or build ships of war in our own waters; and the cession of a tract of country larger than Great Britain and Ireland. In short, mutual reciprocity means the total abandonment, on our part, of every right or possession that gives us any superiority on this continent, and, consequently, any security for the peaceable enjoyment of our rights on the ocean. This superiority on the land, it ought never to be forgot, is our sole barrier against the wrongs of England on that element where her numerical superiority is unquestionable. Her care to provide for the future safety of the Canadas shows us where we are to look for security against the abuse of that power, and points them out as a precious trust which we hold to be one day or other forfeited to our use, as a reprisal for the abuse of her naval superiority. But in this intercourse of mutual reciprocity what are we to get in return? Nothing but the liberty of going back into our old situation, to be again insulted, robbed, and circumscribed in the exercise of almost every constituent of national sovereignty. On condition that we make these sacrifices we shall be graciously allowed to be at peace with England. This mutual reciprocity, this new and improved mode of "extending the olive-branch," is a great refinement in bargaining. It reminds us of the exchange of honest Glaucus, who, in token of amity, bestowed upon Diomedes a suit of

golden armour, and got an iron breastplate in return. Or, perhaps, it more nearly approaches the principle of mutual reciprocity acted upon by General Drummond, when he exchanged General Brown's dead aid for his own living one. Assuredly the president of the United States is justly chargeable with inveterate hostility to England, for having refused to be friends upon such nicely balanced terms of mutual reciprocity; and we cannot help confessing that the gentlemen in congress who are for starving him into an acceptance of these conditions are almost as great patriots as Coriolanus, the Constable of Bourbon, or General Moreau.

This admirable and conclusive proof of the anxiety of the regent for peace, is followed up by a summary of American politics, from the presidency of Washington to that of Mr. Madison, of whose talents we have no bad proof, in the vulgar abuse and determined hostility of all the enemies of the United States. Of this most elaborate detail, we shall merely say, that it is principally a repetition of discoloured facts, and false assumptions, taken from Janson, and the opposition newspapers of the times. It contains nothing but general charges, and the only specimen of an attempt to reason exhibits a critical sagacity in the construction of language, which furnishes no bad criterion by which to judge of the usual accuracy of this foolish writer. In one of Inchiquin's letters there is the following exceedingly plain proposition:

"The sovereignty of his country was asserted by his (Washington's) energy, and secured by his moderation." To this, the laureat subjoins—"If by sovereignty, is here meant a firm and efficient executive authority, that he did not secure it was the great error of Washington's government." We believe that none but this sagacious critic ever before mistook so completely the meaning of a few simple words.

The passage quoted from Inchiquin expresses, as clearly as is in the power of language to do, the mere affirmative, that Washington secured the sovereignty of his country, not by giving it an efficient executive, (which of course means a king,) but by investing her with all the attributes of sovereignty, a complete independence of any government but the one she had chosen. The writer who could mistake, or affect to mistake, this plain proposition, which is otherwise not of any importance, must, it is believed, be either troubled with a natural-born stupidity, or blinded by an overweening and disinterested zeal to misrepresent, or, at all events, be impelled by an unconquerable desire to misinterpret, merely for the sake of an excuse for false reasoning.

The next attack is upon our system of representation. "To begin with their legislature," continues Mr. S. "It would be contrary to the true spirit of democracy to consider wealth, talent, or reputation, distinguished probity, or cultivated talents, as exclusive, or even preponderating qualifications, in a candidate for the representation of the people. In America, the 'man of the people' is one who frequents the grog shops, smokes his cigar, and harangues the populace with violent and inflammatory abuse of the hostile faction. The writer who calls himself Peter Porcupine tells us, for instance, of a man who married a free black woman in the West Indies, had several children by her, robbed and left her, went to the United States, married another wife, and with all these blushing honours thick upon him, was elected a member of the senate. But attorneys are the men who mostly succeed in representing these 'virtuous citizens.' There is not a village nor hamlet throughout this extent of country that has not its attorney, and if not, it advertises for one. 'Strife,' says a writer who knew them well, 'is in every village; some pettifogger is sure to put his paw into every man's mess. Every freeman in America, aye, and free women, too, is a vo-

ter, and every one is free who declares himself to be worth fifty pounds: none think of boggling, if required to answer to this qualification; none more expert at an evasion or equivocation, than a citizen of the United States: besides, a man must be of little value if he is not worth fifty pounds; he would fetch that sum as a redemptioner."

We have given this passage at full length, because it furnishes a fair specimen of the writer's general style, his mode of reasoning, and the extent as well as accuracy of his knowledge. He first lays it down as a universal proposition, that "in America, the man of the people is always one who frequents the grog shops, smokes his cigar, and harangues the people with inflammatory abuse of the opposite faction;" and he proves this by a single story of a man who married a black woman in the West Indies, ran away from her, and became a member of the senate, which story is founded on the testimony of a witness from Newgate. Suppose we apply this admirable system of drawing conclusions, to the representation of England. Our proposition would be, that in England it is of little consequence whether a man possesses common talents, or even common honesty, provided he has wealth to purchase a seat in parliament. The representative of the people in that country is one who goes about corrupting the voters by bribes, who gives twenty pounds for a *plumper*, and ten pounds for a single vote. Or he is a man who raises false reports for the purpose of swindling in the stocks, and commits perjuries to escape the consequences of his crime;* or one who forges bills of exchange to raise money, and buy himself a seat in the house.† It would be easy to prove these assertions by testimony somewhat more credible than that of the witness from Newgate. "The writer who calls himself" Espinasse, records the following case which occurred in

* Lord C. † Mr. Welch.

England. It was an action on the statute to prevent bribery at elections.

"On the trial, a witness stated that it had been an old custom in the borough of Heydon, (in Yorkshire,) that every freeman who voted at the election, should receive at the rate of twenty pounds if he voted a *plumper* for all the candidates, and ten pounds for a *split* vote; that he, the witness, had voted for one of the candidates, and after some time had received from his agent ten pounds ten shillings, being ten shillings more than the *regular price.*

"The next witness called was the *Honourable* Christopher Savile, one of the successful candidates. Before he was sworn in chief, Dallas swore him on his voir dire. He asked him if he was not the Christopher Atkinson who had stood in the pillory on a conviction of perjury. He admitted he was."* This trial took place in 1803, and Atkinson, alias Savile, was a member of the last parliament. If we remember right, this gentleman changed his name at the request of a person who having an estate to give away, and being smitten with his promising parliamentary genius, adopted him into his family, on condition of taking the name and arms of Savile. We recollect another circumstance, from which, if we chose to follow the laureat's mode of drawing conclusions, we might infer the fact of universal corruption, not only among the lower orders of people. but the higher also. In a codicil to the will of the late Lord Vernon, which was proved at Doctors' Commons in July, 1813, there is the following bequest: "I do hereby give to my dear son-in-law, the Honourable Edward Harbord, a sum not exceeding five thousand pounds, towards the purchase of a seat in parliament."

Unquestionably these examples furnish quite as good authority in support of our proposition, as those of the laureat

* 5 Espinasse's Reports, p. 92.

do for his, and yet we should despise ourselves most heartily, were we to infer from a few cases that every member of parliament was guilty of perjury, had stood in the pillory, committed swindling and forgery, or changed his name either for an estate, or to bury as far as possible the memory of his crimes. Neither would we take occasion to assert that every voter could be purchased for ten pounds, or that every noble lord set apart in his will a certain sum to be employed in corrupting his fellow creatures. There is something, indeed, in the unfeeling impudence with which this witness proclaimed his infamy, as well as in the simplicity and nonchalance of the noble lord in specifying the particular object of his bequest, that seems to indicate that miserable stage of society in which crimes cease to be infamous from the frequency of their occurence, and men lose that sense of honest shame, which is one of the strongest barriers of virtue. When men acknowledge their transgressions, not from compunction but insensibility, and when noble lords, in what may be considered the most solemn act of their lives, an act which, of necessity, must remind them of that awful tribunal to which all their actions must be submitted, do with their last breath, as it were, make express provision for distributing the wages of corruption; it would be no very unjustifiable conclusion to say that the society in which such examples occur must be tainted to the very vitals. Yet even the high authority of the laureat shall not seduce us into the unfair mode of reasoning he has himself adopted; and we should consider ourselves equally unjustifiable in pronouncing sentence of vulgarity against the whole house of commons, because Jack Fuller insults them with swearing a ribaldry, as in denouncing the whole house of lords, because of the two noble peers who have honoured the United States with their residence, —the one fled his country for bigamy, the other for sodomy.

Thus much with respect to the fairness of this writer's mode of reasoning, from a single fact which is brought for-

ward in such a way as to render it impossible to refute it even were it worth the trouble. A circumstance which takes place in no particular town or district, which is charged upon a man without a name, and which was committed at no time that we know of, may for ever elude the test of inquiry, and baffle the world to demonstrate that it never happened. For this reason it is, that fraud always deals in loose generalities, and in this way does shuffling malignity not only escape detection, but evade the consequences of its falsehoods and misrepresentations.

It sometimes happens, however, that in an evil hour, a writer, in his unwary zeal to criminate or condemn, is betrayed into an assertion that subjects him to the unpleasant consequence of being convicted on the statute. Thus it has happened to the unfortunate laureat, who roundly asserts that "every freewoman in the United States is a voter," an assertion which bespeaks either a total ignorance of the subject on which he ventured to remark, or an uncontrollable propensity to misrepresent. In the state of New-Jersey alone the right of suffrage was formerly extended to unmarried females of the age of twenty-one years, and possessing property to the value of fifty pounds.* Yet the writer who pretends to give a comprehensive analysis of our political institutions and government, is either ignorant that the state of New-Jersey formed an exception to a general rule, or else studiously falsifies his knowledge for the purpose of supporting an argument that is of no consequence whatever to the subject. We have occasionally met with men possessing such a decided vocation to falsehood, that they told untruths for the mere pleasure of the thing; but we have too great a respect for the laureat, to insinuate that he belongs to this disinterested class of dealers in hyperbole.

* This privilege has since been withheld by an act of the Legislature.

It was merely to expose this writer's want of accuracy that we remarked upon the subject at all, for really it does not appear to be a matter of the least consequence to the character of a nation, whether free women vote or not. The fact is one of those which arises from some peculiar or local circumstances, and neither indicates corruption of manners, or an abuse of rational liberty. If it does, however, we can give an instance extracted from a work, which, having been often attributed to the laureat, and never, so far as has come to our knowledge, denied by him, may be fairly charged to his account. Though not exactly a parallel case, it will serve to show that even in England the right of suffrage is not only exercised in fact, but grossly, indecorously, and blasphemously, abused by freewomen. The laureat, speaking in his assumed character, gives the following curious information concerning an election in the ancient and respectable city of Bristol, renowned in early ages for dealing in white, and in latter days for dealing in black slaves.

"In Bristol," observes the writer, "a freeman's daughter conveys the qualification of voting by marriage. Women enter into the heat of party even more eagerly than men; and when the mob is more than usually mischievous, are sure to be at the head of it. In one election for the city of Bristol, which was violently contested, it was common for the same women to marry several men. The mode of divorce was, that as soon as the ceremony was over, and the parties came out of church, they went into the churchyard, shaking hands over a grave, and repeating, "Now death do us part;" after which the bridegroom went to exercise his right of suffrage, and the bride to confer it on other husbands."*

A more bitter mockery of a sacrament; a more wicked insult to the dead; a more wanton violation of principle,

* Espriella's Letters.

feeling, and delicacy, was never ascribed to that sex, which, however it may be libelled, is ever the last in the train of national corruption. When the unmarried daughters of freemen, who, it is presumed, have been brought up in the habits of decorum, thus prostitute themselves to become the instruments of a mere electioneering deception, what must be the standard of morality and decency among the unmannered and ignorant. Such a mockery of a sacred rite involves every characteristic feature of moral depravity, and when the laureat can bring forward its parallel in the elections of this country, let him, if he will, provoke a comparison between the state of society in the United States and England.

As a natural consequence of this extension of the right of suffrage among the people, the writer next infers the ignorance and barbarity of their representatives from the famous story of Matthew Lyon, who, being a "turbulent Irishman," as he truly affirms; and furthermore, as he affirms, not truly, "the representative of a keg of whiskey," every member of the house, according to his improved manner of drawing conclusions, must of course be exactly in the same predicament. That Matthew Lyon was an Irishman we believe is most true; but so is Lord Wellington and Mr. Grattan, one a peer, the other a member of the lower house. No decisive argument against the character of any legislative body can, therefore, be drawn from that fact. That Matthew Lyon fought with "one Roger Griswold," as the writer, with his characteristic and vulgar insolence, affects to call him, is equally true; and so far as this single circumstance can go to justify the general invectives of the laureat, we are willing to give it full weight.

In the course of this most disagreeable undertaking, the necessity of which we deplore, we have had occasion almost at every step to lament the want of authorities to which we might resort for those little domestic facts, that do not gene-

rally become matters of record, are only preserved in the fleeting productions of the times, and escape the research of those who, like ourselves, have but little appetite for national scandal. Unluckily for us, no second Janson, possessing the irritability, without the talent, of Smelfungus; no systematic libeller; no thorough American "Grumbler," stuffed full of ignorance and prejudice, and irritated at the loss of his "fifteen per cent," ever travelled over England with a bailiff at his heels, collecting highway tittle-tattle for the edification of his countrymen. We have, consequently, been obliged to consult grave lawyers, sage magistrates, and antiquarians, "with spectacles on nose," and to trust our heads (being batchelors) in the dangerous precincts of Doctors' Commons, in order to come at authorities. It was, therefore, by the merest accident in the world, that we obtained a record of the following case, which is fairly entitled to a comparison with that of the "valiant Lyon," and which did not occur in the persons of a "turbulent Irishman" and "a representative of whiskey," but in those of a knight of the shire, and an honourable baronet. Whether this valiant knight of the shire was of the order of chivalry, or whether the honourable baronet belonged to that of the "Spinning Jinny," as the "man that called himself Peter Porcupine," ycleps it, we cannot positively say. The account of this desperate engagement is taken from the English newspapers, which are, at least, equal in authority to the gossiping of a fugitive from justice, or a tenant of Newgate.

"Fracas Extraordinary.

"In the committee upon the new postoffice bill, yesterday, a curious fracas took place between a city baronet and a county member, who exchanged inkstands, but fortunately without hurting each other, although with some

annoyance to their neighbours from the contents of these missiles. The committee room was immediately cleared, and considerable discussion took place with a view to adjust the dispute."

Morning Chronicle.

"Another Account."

"An affray took place yesterday in one of the committee rooms of a certain honourable house, between one of the city members, and the representative of a neighbouring county. We are happy to state, however, that no blood was shed, though much ink was spilt on the occasion, in consequence of each discharging a huge leaden stand full of ink at the other; fortunately both shots missed the mark they aimed at; but the havock made among the white and nankeen trowsers of the by-standers is said to have been dreadful beyond example.

"Report says that the inkstand-flinging legislators were Mr. H. S. member for one of the home counties, and Sir J. S.—Mr. S., it is said, had the first fling."

Morning Post.

The reader who will take the trouble to compare these articles with the account of Matthew Lyon's achievement, will perceive little difference between the behaviour of the turbulent Irishman and the elegant city knight, and consequently conclude, with great justice, that if the example of the one disgraces the congress of the United States, that of the other is equally a stain upon the parliament of England.

The next object which falls under the criticism of this very absurd writer is the judiciary of this country, which he abuses with such keenness, that did we not know the laureat was never in the United States, we should be inclined to suspect he had somehow or other fallen under its cognizance.

As usual, he quotes a single anecdote, extracted from a newspaper, and from thence takes occasion to involve the whole bench in the disgrace of the transaction. We have already sufficiently exposed this system of drawing universal conclusions from particular facts, and shall proceed to notice the singular and most exemplary ignorance, as we have already done the want of candour, which characterizes this writer. Speaking of the judges of the United States' courts, he observes, with all the confidence of unconscious ignorance, or unblushing, hardy effrontery, "Being *elected* by the president and the senate, and receiving only an uncertain compensation at stated periods for their services, instead of adequate and permanent salaries, as contended for by Mr. Hamilton, they become in fact the creatures of the president and senate; and the test of their good behaviour is their acting in all political matters conformably with the views of government."

It is a fatality attending this unlucky critic, that he never states a single fact, with regard to our national institutions or laws, which can be fairly brought to the test of positive proof, that is not either in part, or entirely, incorrect. In the first place, the judges are not "elected" by the president and senate; nor do they receive an uncertain compensation at stated periods; neither would their non-compliance with the will of the executive forfeit either their seats, or diminish their emoluments. Their salaries are specified by law, and cannot be diminished, and they can only be displaced by an impeachment carried by the house of representatives up to the senate, two thirds of whom must, on their special oaths, pronounce him guilty, before a hair of his head can be touched. The independence of the judiciary is guarded here in the same manner it is in England, and if any example of that independence is wanting, it may be found in the person of the present chief justice of the United States, a man the power of whose intellect is only to be equalled by the purity of his

heart, and the stately, unyielding uprightness of his judicial conduct.

Having, however, laid down his proposition, the laureat proceeds according to custom. He quotes the witness from Newgate to prove that men are forgotten in our prisons, "and devoured by rats;" and repeats from Parkinson, the tale of farmer Grimes, who shot a man for walking across his plantation, and was acquitted of the murder on the plea of insanity, although Parkinson, who, of course, knew better than judge or jury, assures us that the man was in his sober senses. He then demonstrates the corruption of the *United States' courts*, by the story of a county justice, who took the benefit of the bankrupt law, got a black eye from his wife, stole the cloak of a senator, and then, to cap the whole climax of enormity, went to a presbyterian meeting, and sung psalms with a villanous nasal twang.

In remarking upon such miserable, petty stories, it is difficult to forbear treating the laureat, who has been at the trouble of collecting them, with the same indecent freedom he has used towards our country. There is an unmanly meanness, as well as childish folly, in marshaling such wretched particulars, that forcibly reminds us of the disclosures of a couple of irritated viragos, unloading their memories of the accumulated scandal of years, and tasking their imagination in the invention of new vulgarity.

Having exhausted this curious catalogue of facts, the laureat proceeds to indulge himself in various profound reflections, ending with the sage conclusion, that where judges are not independent, courts of justice will not be respected; that where men are acquitted of murder on the plea of insanity, justice is not well administered; and where folks are eaten by rats in jail, prisons are not only badly regulated, but oppression must be habitually practised. Then, from these simple examples, which, whether true or false, furnish

no just grounds for any general conclusion, he lays it down as a demonstrated fact, that these instances are of frequent occurrence. When Hatfield shot at the king, he was acquitted on the plea of insanity; but when Bellingham shot at Mr. Perceval, he was condemned, although his whole conduct exhibited symptoms of derangement. Had the United States a poet laureat, he would probably say that the people of England had a much greater regard to the safety of their prime ministers than their kings. When, also, the mob detect a pickpocket, instead of carrying him before a magistrate, they drag him through a horsepond. By parity of reasoning, our laureat might gravely affirm that courts of justice were not respected in that country. So, when Lord George Gordon's mob, in their pious zeal against popery, burnt the library of the protestant Lord Mansfield, a man, who could degrade himself to the level of such reasoning, might say that the people of England despised their judges, and hated books, particularly law books. Yet what writer, who consulted his reputation, would ever make the irregular and accidental enormities of a mob the criterion of public manners and morals? Even if these solitary examples brought forward against us are true, which, considering the character of the witness on whose testimony they are adopted by the laureat, is exceedingly doubtful, still, we are enabled to state, on the authority of the very same person, that such is the abuse of justice in England, that an innocent man can be made to pay a thousand pounds to the king, and lay in prison two years, only for asserting that England was a "flogged nation." Whether this innocent victim of perverted justice was ever attacked by the rats, in the enjoyment of his otium cum dignitate, we are not enabled to say, but from the descriptions we have of the English prisons, given by a late writer,* it is rather doubtful whether a rat could exist in such miserable abodes.

* Mr. Neild.

For instance, we will give the following extracts from the Edinburgh Review, the most able critical journal of this, or, perhaps, any other period, being unable to quote from the original work of Mr. Neild, which we believe is not in this country—at least we have not been able to procure a copy.

The jail of Dover castle, of which the present prime minister of England is the honorary keeper, or warden, as he is called, is thus described:

"From the court yard the sun and air are almost entirely excluded. A small part only of the court is paved, so that the ground is damp, and the place unhealthy. The putrid vegetables, dirt and ashes of the prison are constantly thrown into the court, where they form an offensive dunghill. The rooms are without grates, a want which is severely felt in that bleak situation. Neither mops, pails, brooms, fire, nor candle, are allowed; and the prisoners themselves are obliged to pay a woman for washing their rooms."

Here follows a picture of Borough Compter, a London prison, given in a letter from Mr. Neild, another benevolent Howard, to the lord mayor of London, who paid it not the least attention.

"Men and women debtors have nothing but dirty boards to sleep upon. No bedding or even straw allowed. No fire even in the cold damp season. No medical assistance in sickness. Neither mops, brooms, or pails, are allowed to keep the prison clean. Soap and towels are not afforded to the prisoners; so that a man, for a debt of one guinea, may remain in this wretched place forty days, without once taking off his clothes or washing his face.

Again: "A great nobleman of eminent public spirit, has probably never heard that in Alnwick, the very town that is honoured hy his princely residence, there is a house of correction where a poor young fellow who is not worth half a crown, and who has had the misfortune to be committed for a

drunken frolick, may remain imprisoned *for life*, from his inability to pay thirteen shillings and four pence, for a fee to the jailer."*

Not only the comforts, but the morals of the prisoners, in these and hundreds of similar establishments, as affirmed by Mr. Neild, who inspected them all, are entirely neglected. He gives a variety of facts to prove the total want of every regulation to prevent the contagion of vice. Of one prison he says, "that no employment is *permitted* in it." Of another, "that every prisoner can have as much drink as he can pay for;" that "an attendance at divine service is not permitted to felons;" and "that debtors and felons without distinction mix promiscuously together of a morning." He mentions also a particular jail that had "only been white-washed once in twenty years."

"But even the Tolbooth," remarks the Edinburgh Review, "in the state in which Mr. Neild saw it, is fully as good, and as well managed, as many other jails, particularly town jails both in England and Scotland. It is not idler than Birmingham-court prison for debtors, where the keeper becomes liable for debt and costs of any prisoner whom he allows to work. It is not half so wretched as the Borough Compter of Southwick, which has Sir Watkin Lewes for its keeper, and is under the lord mayor and aldermen of London; and we assure the magistrates of the city of Canterbury, the Metropolitan See of England, if they do not make an immediate reform in their city jail we shall fall upon some way of informing the archbishop, that it is one of the filthiest, idlest, worst regulated, most wretched prisons in the whole island."†

* Edin. Review for January, 1814.

† Id. ibid.

Here let this portion of our subject rest for ever, if it should so please the laureat. We are not yet reduced to the last wretched resource of misery, nor driven to find consolation in the superior misfortunes of our fellow creatures. The people of the United States are content with the comforts they enjoy, and we trust do not require a foil to set off their own happiness.

Having despatched, in this summary manner, the executive, legislative, and judicial branches of our government, the laureat proceeds to attack our general system of toleration, as leading to a thousand extravagancies of opinion, and ultimately to a total indifference to gospel truths. "It is almost needless to add," he observes, "that this divorce (of church and state) has been productive of a pretty numerous crop of illegitimate sects, all equally thriving under the salutary and fostering neglect of the parent state. To recount them would be endless; Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, Universalists, Moravians, Quakers, Dunkers, and Shakers, with a multitude of others whose names it would be as unprofitable to enumerate, as it would be difficult to assign their characteristic differences of doctrine or belief, exhibit altogether as satisfactory a view as can be desired of the fanatical extravagance to which the bulk of mankind would be driven by the raptures of visionaries, or the arts of impostors, or by the mere necessity and craving of the human mind for some intercourse with its Creator, in the absence of a national church and an established worship."

We should be better disposed to assent to the argument contained in this extract, were not the reasoning contradicted by the simple fact, that in England, where there is "a national church and an established worship," a greater diversity of religious sects is to be found than in the United States, where nothing of that nature exists. We are sorry to quote the authority of a writer against his own assertions,

inasmuch as it seems like wounding the eagle with an arrow feathered from his own wing. But this is a catastrophe which often befalls men who change their opinions from motives of interest, or convenience, or even a sense of conviction. In the work from which we formerly extracted, we find the following copious list of the different religious sects which had sprung up in England under the fostering patronage, not of universal toleration, but of a national church, and an established religion.

"Arminians, Socinians, Baxterians, New Americans, Sabellians, Lutherans, Moravians, Swedenborgians, Athanasians, Episcopalians, Arians, Sabbatarians, Trinitarians, Unitarians, Millenarians, Necessarians, Sublapsarians, Supralapsarians, Antinomians, Hutchinsonians, Sandemanians, Muggletonians, Baptists, Anabaptists, Pædobaptists, Methodists, Papists, Universalists, Calvinists, Materialists, Destructionists, Brownists, Independents, Protestants, Hugonots, Nonjurors, Seceders, Hernhutters, Dunkers, Jumpers, Shakers, and Quakers." "A precious nomenclature," observes the laureat, "only to be paralleled by the catalogue of the Philistines, in Sanson Nazareno; or the muster roll of Anna de Santiago, under Aquias, Brum, and Acatu, lieutenant generals to Lucifer himself."*

It would seem, from this extraordinary catalogue of religious sects, that we must look to some other cause than mere toleration for the source of that diversity of opinion which prevails in the United States. If under the salutary restraints of an established church, holding forth in one hand rich bishoprics, fat stalls, and comfortable deaneries, and the full exercise of civil rights, and in the other brandishing tests and disqualifications, such a vast variety of sects have taken root in England, it must be obvious to the most superficial

* Espriella.

reasoner, that this latitude of opinion is not to be attributed to what the writer is pleased to call the divorce of church and state. What the real causes of these divisions in the church are, we do not feel ourselves inclined to inquire, because our object is already attained, in having refuted the position, that a unity of belief in religious matters depends upon the establishment of a national church.

That such a union in mere points of ceremony, is a matter of very great consequence to the enlarged and universal interests of religion, seems to be a position difficult to establish. So long as mankind agree in the belief of the fundamental principles of the christian faith, a difference in ceremonials appears to be of no very great consequence either to their present or future state, provided they possess the virtue of charity. We do not mean that which consists in merely relieving the necessities of our fellow creatures, but that charity, which is said to be even greater than faith; which prompts us to deal gently towards those who differ with us in opinion, to pity them if they are wrong, and refrain from persecuting them for those speculative doctrines which, having no natural approximation either to virtue or vice, require not to be lacerated by the scourge, or purified at the stake.

It has, unhappily we believe for the interests of true piety, become of late the practice of certain political writers in England, to associate religion in almost every inquiry, whatever may be its nature. The author of the abusive article now under consideration, having followed the fashion, and mixed eternal truths with temporal falsehoods, we were obliged, contrary to our feelings, to repel his charges here as elsewhere. But we cannot forbear expressing a belief that this practice of combining religion and politics for ever together, is injurious to the interests of the former. Religion is like the white flake of driven snow, descending untouched from the skies, and cannot come in contact with any earthly

matter without being soiled and polluted. It communicates directly from the universal intelligence to the intelligence of man, and requires not the intervention of mortal institutions to implant or foster it in his bosom. It is degraded by being associated in the paltry struggle of ambition; and to place its fate upon the decision of a battle, or the existence of any worldly establishments, is to impeach the divinity of its origin.

This extreme anxiety in the English politicians to connect the interests of church and state, indicates pretty clearly, we think, that the latter wants a little propping to prevent its fall. Finding their political system no longer able to stand alone, they have cunningly endeavoured to sustain it by establishing a family alliance, and connecting its interests inseparably with those of religion, nay, making the latter entirely dependent on the former. Connected they may indeed be, but to say that the existence of the true religion depends on political institutions, is to affirm that the oak is sustained by the ivy which entwines about its self-supported trunk.

The next objects of the belligerent laureat, who carries on his literary warfare like the indian allies of his government, without sparing either men, women, or children, are the morals and manners of the people of the United States. We cannot submit to the tedious and ignominious task of particularizing, one by one, the vulgar calumnies he has collected under these heads, for the purpose of proving us a nation of swindlers and barbarians. The magistrate, the merchant, the farmer, and the tavern keeper, are in turn the victims of his wrath, and from the native of New-England to the planter of the south, no class of people is exempt from the lash of this terrible castigator. His industry in the collection of every stale, obscure, and exploded calumny of the last thirty years, exceeds that of the most minute antiquarian in deciphering some worthless legend. No idle village matron,

whose sole employment is to overlook the concerns of her neighbours, and collect anecdotes for her next tea drinking, ever displayed such store of kitchen and tavern scandal, as this unfortunate laureat—unfortunate in being obliged, by the tenure of his contract, to undertake such a paltry business for the gratification of his employers. We will only select a few of the most prominent anecdotes, with our usual purpose of showing to what miserable straits he is reduced in order to make out his charges.

He tells us first the story of Squire Janson, who, it seems, in his famous retreat from New-England, dined with several planters; at the table of one of whom he was waited upon by a wench in a state of "perfect nudity," though a number of young ladies were present. That Janson ever dined with a southern planter we doubt most vehemently. Hospitable, liberal, and warm-hearted as is this class of country gentlemen, and open as are their doors to the traveller and stranger, a man must be himself a gentleman who is invited to sit down at table with their wives and daughters. We cannot help, therefore, suspecting that Squire Janson, in his hasty peregrination through the southern states, did not keep an accurate journal, and by mistake put down the planter's hall instead of his kitchen. Indeed, from the general examples of men and manners given by this unlucky fugitive, we are led to believe that he did not keep the very best company in this country. His standard seems to be the manners of the kitchen, the bar, and the stable, and if he ever by chance soared into a gentleman's parlour, he either was too much out of his sphere to be at ease for observation, or was incapable of describing what he saw on account of its novelty. He seems to have been like an honest clown we once knew for the first time introduced into a parlour, and who, on being asked to tell how the lady of the house behaved, con-

fessed that he was so much occupied with the fear of soiling the carpet he hardly had time to look at madam.

We know not whether any such outrage upon decency as that related by Mr. Janson was ever exhibited in the house or kitchen of any respectable planter; and it is impossible to disprove a charge of this nature, because neither the name of the person, nor the place of his residence, is specified. In such a case, nothing is left but an appeal to the general state of manners among that class of people to whom this violation of decorum is attributed. If, in resorting to this criterion, it should be found that the practices imputed to them are in direct contradiction to the usual tone of their habits, and entirely abhorrent to those feelings which nature and education have implanted, one of two conclusions must result; either that the circumstance on which this general charge is founded, was a solitary example, which, instead of indicating, formed an exception to the general state of manners, or that it is an invention of the relater. Where the answer is so obvious to every man whose experience qualifies him to decide, it is scarcely worth while to ask the question. Every person who has been in the habit of associating with the people of the south, or who knows the relations subsisting between a father and his daughters, a master and his slaves, in that portion of the United States, must be satisfied that the story of Mr. Janson, if true, is a solitary instance, standing alone, and without a parallel.

Next in order, is the propensity of the people of New England to ask questions when they encounter a stranger, which practice, together with their custom of "guessing," and "reckoning," is exceedingly offensive to the laureat. That this is a sore grievance to travellers, who, like Squire Janson, travel incognito, we are willing to allow; and if the habit could be put down without another revolution, we should be happy to see it supplanted by a better. But peo-

ple must have habits as well as garments, and it is unwise to throw off one that is not absolutely bad, at the risk of putting on a worse. This mode of asking questions, though troublesome to a stranger, is one of the means by which men who have little leisure to read acquire knowledge; and so long as a man confines himself to inquiries that are not impertinent, it is not only ill-natured, but unjust, to deny him a participation of that information which he has no other means of acquiring. A traveller goes into the shop of a mechanic, inquires into the secrets of his calling, and receives a civil answer; by the rule which his royal highness is pleased to call "mutual reciprocity," if the mechanic should inquire of the traveller what is going on in a country from whence he has just arrived, he is bound to give him a civil answer in return. We think, then, that this begging for information, of which the writer so bitterly complains, is, on the whole, preferable to the London practice of surrounding a stranger for the purpose of begging for money; and that it is better for an honest man, at least, to be on his guard against indiscreet questions than against bad shillings and jostling rogues, who, after throwing him down, not only pick him up, but pick his pocket into the bargain.

The indefatigable laureat next proceeds to denounce the familiarity of the publicans and sinners of this new world, of whom he affirms, on the authority of poor Janson, that it is customary for them to sit down, uninvited, to pick a bit with their guest, and, what is egregiously impudent, "take care to seize the best bit first." In addition to this, "he is favoured with the company of mine hostess and her dirty children, with whom he is often obliged to scramble for a plate, and perhaps, too, with that of the servants of the inn; for liberty and equality level all ranks upon the road, from the host to the hostler."

It is worthy of special remark, that the information of al-

most all the English travellers in this country is confined to stages and inns. They are continually railing, like true John Bulls, at landlords, horses, waiters, and drivers, and seem to have no other criterion of manners, of life, or of the comforts of the country, than the attendance and bill of fare at a tavern. Neither the soil, its productions, its advantages, or disadvantages, nor any of those subjects which occupy the attention of liberal, enlightened, and scientific travellers, excite their curiosity, or merit investigation. They seem to think that all America can be seen through the curtains of a stage coach; that every species of information is to be gathered along the road side; and remind us of the naturalist who fancied that he had thoroughly investigated the nature and properties of the tortoise by counting the spots on his outside shell. Not one of them, so far as we recollect, has ever attempted to describe the interior of a gentleman's establishment, from which unaccountable omission we are strongly inclined to suspect that this was a *sanctum sanctorum* to which they were seldom admitted, either from having lost their letters of introduction, or that their singular modesty or prudence induced them to prefer travelling *incog.* like William Charles Janson, Esq.

It is this fugitive esquire who is most loud in his complaints of the insolence of landlords and stage drivers; and we cannot deny that he has just cause to bluster a little on this head, as it is a well-known fact that he was twice horse-whipped in his famous retreat for his grumbling and impertinence: once by a New England stage driver, at Hartford, and a second time by a stout landlady, at Fredericksburg in Virginia. Here, then, at least, the poor gentleman, who, we dare say, carries the marks of this unmannerly and low-bred insolence to this day, may be allowed to grumble a little; for it would be too hard to prevent a man who has not spirit to

resent a personal chastisement, from revenging himself afterwards by railing.

Whenever an Englishman, in describing the manners of his countrymen, encounters any trait of brutality or insolence in the common people, he turns it into a compliment, by tracing it to the freedom of the British constitution. So far from finding fault with their pertinacious obstinacy, in refusing to become instruments in blazoning the vices of their countrymen, we admire and mean to imitate them. The man who blazons the faults, or the inferiority, of his native country, or proclaims them to strangers, may get credit for his candour; but, we are free to confess, we would never choose him for a friend, or trust him with our confidence. He resembles too much the obscene and infamous bird that befouls the nest in which it was born and nurtured.

We will therefore proceed to trace, as can be clearly done, this alleged insolence, or familiarity of our country landlords, to whom the charge alone applies, to their independence of the favours of travellers, which gives them such a perfect contrast to the fawning English publican, whose disrespect to the poor pedestrian is only to be equalled by his cringing servility to horses and grooms.

With very few exceptions, the country inn is the farmhouse of a yeoman, who, possessing one, two, or three hundred acres of land in fee-simple, is altogether independent of his business of tavern keeping, and considers himself, with good reason, as equal to most of his guests, in mind, manners, and wealth. His entertaining of travellers is a matter of convenience, or of public utility, or it arises from the mere circumstance of his house being situated on the road at a proper distance for a place of baiting or refreshment. The accommodation of travellers requires such an establishment, but his tavern is entirely subordinate to his farm, and, as a natural consequence, he pays more attention to one than the other.

Hence, if, on the arrival of a guest, his servants, who are his field labourers, are employed about the farm, and it is not convenient to give the stranger a separate dinner, he may partake of that meal with the farmer, his wife, children, and labourers, who are generally his own sons and grandsons. On such occasions it may sometimes happen, to a man who, like Squire Janson, grumbles at every thing, that the farmer and his family, tired, disgusted, and irritated at his peevish impertinence, his prating about the superiority of English inns, and complaints of every thing, may treat him with little ceremony, and perhaps chastise him, as happened to our doughty and misadventurous squire. Neither his money, his dress, nor his equipage, should he travel with one, nor his airs of superiority, will procure him one of those hearty smiles of welcome from the good matron, or one of those willing attentions from her household, that are bestowed spontaneously on the poorest trudging pedestrian, who is content with the comforts of a farmer's fireside. Such are the real causes of the complaints of these upstart travellers, whose propensity to grumbling is so notorious, that one of the great indications by which our country people detect an Englishman, is his finding fault with every thing he eats and drinks, as well as every accommodation he receives at an inn.

The reviewer next proceeds to quarrel with various matters that arise from the peculiar state of our country. There is a period in the progress of nations, when their population is so thinly scattered, as to render it necessary for every man to be a sort of universal genius, because, where men cannot subsist by one single occupation, no one will confine himself to that alone. In a new country like ours, it is not necessary, nor perhaps possible, to keep the different professions of life distinct from each other. Where there is not sufficient demand for the employment of regular tradesmen,

every man must work for himself; and become his own blacksmith, wheelwright, and carpenter, while his wife officiates as the family tailor. So, also, where there is no particular necessity to keep up a standing army, as was supposed to be the case in the United States, every man becomes his own soldier, serving voluntarily in time of peace, without making, or ever thinking of making, arms a profession. From this peculiarity of situation arose the fact which is quoted from Porcupine by the laureat; namely, that "the colonel of his regiment of militia was a tailor, and made clothes for his clerk." Where war is not a trade, and the soldier turns out five or six times a year, without pay, while the officer anticipates little distinction, (for it is only in times of danger that military men are properly appreciated,) it often happens that, in the regular course of promotion, men become colonels and generals, whose habits are altogether distinct from those of a soldier.

We mean not this either as an excuse or apology for a tailor's becoming a colonel, but simply to show how naturally such a phenomenon arises out of the state of the country. There is no doubt that the fact of Porcupine's colonel may be true. It is also equally true, that among the late French generals who have distinguished themselves by conquering the better part of Europe, there were several honest tradesmen of various denominations. And yet how these ill-bred and ignoble plebeians beat, bruised, and discomfited some of the best-born and best-bred kings, princes, and noblemen in all christendom. His grace of York was obliged to run before these low-born fellows in Holland. His majesty of Prussia found it necessary to conciliate them at the price of the greater half of his kingdom; and his imperial majesty of Germany paid them the compliment of resigning the possession of his capital to them. It was not until the tailors, and shoemakers, and weavers, and peasants, of these two

countries arose in their might to protect their masters, that these lordly and well-bred princes, who were born field-marshals at least, were rescued from the power of those inglorious mechanics. It is apparent, then, that there is nothing but a musty old proverb to debar a tailor from being as valiant as Scanderbeg, or Richard Cœur de Lion himself. Neither does it appear altogether certain, that a tailor may not possibly be as respectable an officer as the high-bred Col. O'Kelly, who was tried and broke by an English court martial for embezzling the coals of his regiment; or even as the gallant Admiral Bradley,* who was lately sentenced to transportation for life for the crime of forgery. Nay, we question whether an honest mechanic is not quite as likely to make a brave and honourable officer, as a nobleman's pimp, a *protegé* of some liquorish dowager of quality, or a miserable cringing sycophant, who submits to the degradation of soliciting or bribing Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke to use her influence with her noble paramour and right royal field marshal.

In this general summary of national scandal, the laureat, of course, would not omit the charge of excessive indulgence in the use of spirituous liquors, which has often been imputed by English travellers to the people of this country. Not content with applying the charge generally to men, he quotes Janson to prove that it is common to chil-

* We notice, in the New Monthly Magazine for Sept. 1814, among the criminals convicted at the late assizes, where English morality always appears in its greatest lustre, the following:

"At the late Winchester assizes Admiral Bradley, of the royal navy, was found guilty of defrauding the postmaster at Gosport of 8*l* 8*s*. 6*p*." In some of the English papers his crime is stated to have been connected with *forgery*; and it is furthermore added, that he has been graciously pardoned by the Regent. Whether the admiral wrote any of those accounts which have lately been published in England, of the naval engagements between the United States' vessels and theirs, we cannot positively affirm, but there are strong appearances to indicate that he had a hand in most of them.

dren. "Often," says Janson, "have I seen boys whose dress indicated *wealthy parents*, intoxicated, shouting and swearing in the public streets."

It is barely possible that this writer may, on some extraordinary occasion, have seen boys shouting and swearing in the public streets. Their dress, also, may have indicated, to one whose perception was limited to the miserable rags that cover the poor of England, that they belonged to wealthy parents. But that such a spectacle is common among any class of boys, or was ever exhibited by the children of wealthy, or even reputable parents, is a direct and wilful slander.

Neither reputable men, nor their sons, are seen in such situations, without losing their respectability in the society to which they belong, just as it is lost by any other act of public indecorum.

As England, however, is held up by the Quarterly Review as the standard of morals as well as manners, if we can show that this vitious habit is even more widely diffused among the people of that country than among those of the United States, we shall have done all that can be expected for poor human nature. It seems to be laid down as an incontrovertible position, that mankind is destined to gain no greater elevation, either of virtue or talent, than in that happy country, happy in a self conceit that supplies the place of a more substantial bliss, and makes amends for what it wants, by boasting of what it does not possess.

"Your Englishmen," as honest Iago affirms, "are most potent at the pot." From the earliest times they were noted for their love of fermented liquors, as appears on the authority of Solinus, who wrote somewhat less than a century after the commencement of the christian era, and who records that they had even then invented an intoxicating beverage unknown to the people of the continent. This liquor was

called *Cwrw*, a name, it would seem, utterly impossible to be either conceived or pronounced by a sober people.

All the writers who have inquired into the progressive stages of vice and immorality in England, complain, without exception, of the extent of this practice of drinking; but, according to their usual dexterous mode of defence, lay the blame on the Danes and Saxons who conquered the country. The authority of Solinus unluckily proves, however, that the habit had taken root anterior to that time.

Mr. Strutt, a writer of credit, tells us, on the authority of William of Malmsbury, and Bartholinus, that the English used to spend whole nights in drinking without intermission, and that it was usual with them, in their religious festivals, to drink immense draughts in honour of the apostles and saints. Such, indeed, was the extent of this vice, even at this early period, that king Edgar, in order to prevent any one from drinking more than his share, enacted a special statute, that "knobs or pegs" should be placed at proper distances in each drinking cup, and whoever drank beyond these knobs suffered a severe penalty.

Tracing this habit in its progress to the present times, we find that as early as the reign of Henry the Third it had become an object with government to establish an excise. We discover, also, in the records of parliamentary proceedings, an infinite number of statutes filled with complaints and remedies against the growing practice of drinking intoxicating liquors. In one we are told, "the multitude and abuses of ale-houses had become intolerable, and still do and are likely to increase." In another it is set forth, that, "whereas the loathsome and odious sin of drunkenness is of late grown into *common use* within these realms, being the root and foundation of many enormous sins, as blood shedding, stabbing, murder, swearing, &c. to the great dishonour of God and our nation," &c. Penalties of the most

rigid nature have from time to time been denounced against this practice; yet still it appears, by the concurring testimony of all the writers on this subject, as well as from the multiplication of statutes under this head, that it has progressively increased down to the present time.

The author of a History of the English Poor,* an intelligent justice of the peace, a member of the Society of Antiquarians, and a most industrious as well as candid inquirer, in one of his letters, refers to a statement presented to the house of commons, in which the excise is estimated at five millions, two hundred and nineteen thousand, seven hundred and fifty-one pounds sterling. This sum, it was computed, was paid on liquors consumed by 8,500,000 people, that is to say, at the rate of twelve shillings sterling per annum a head. From satisfactory data, he supposes the number of labouring people, men, women, and children, in England is 6,250,000, and that the amount of their expenditure in liquors, exclusive of the vast quantities smuggled, was, at least, nineteen millions of pounds sterling! Another writer, whose means of information were undoubted, and whose authority is unquestionable, gives the following picture, as one which it is common to see exhibited in England.

"The period," says he, "is not too remote to be remembered, when it was thought a disgrace to a woman (except on holiday occasions) to be seen in the tap-room of a public house. But of late years obloquy has lost its effect, and the public tap-rooms of many ale-houses are filled with men, *women, and children*, on all occasions, where the wages of labour are too often exchanged for indulgences ruinous to health, and where lessons of profligacy are im-

* Thomas Ruggles, F. S. A.

bibed totally destructive of the morals of adults, as well as of the rising generation."*

The writers of a country in which such a state of manners exists should be careful of assuming any superiority over their neighbours, or charging them with vices of which itself exhibits the most gross and disgusting examples. They should recollect, that those who throw the first stone ought to have pure hands and unsullied consciences; and that the parent who upbraids the child for walking in his footsteps, is only calling down disgrace and recrimination on his own gray hairs. We have produced ample authorities to prove the deplorable extent of this practice of drinking in England, and, if any further example should be wanting, it may be found in the person of our laureat himself, who has sacrificed all the opinions and sentiments he formerly cherished, to the irresistible fascination of a butt of sack, and taken to tippling and scandalizing his neighbours most outrageously.

Another and a most serious charge is made by the Quarterly Review, involving the reputation of that sex which, we should suppose, none but a worthless recreant, whose crimes had banished him the society of virtue, would insult by a general imputation of a want of respect for the marriage vow. This charge is introduced by an advertisement of "my wife Betsey" by "one John Bolton," and is supported entirely on the authority of a most ingenious, as well as satisfactory, calculation of the witness from Newgate. "I once," says this libeller of both worlds, "cut out of all the newspapers we received for one month, the advertisements of all the runaway wives, and pasted them on a slip of paper, close under each other. At the end of a month the slip reached from the ceiling to the floor of a room more

* Colquhoun's Police of London.

than ten feet high, and contained one hundred and twenty-three advertisements. We did not receive, at most, more than one twentieth part of the newspapers of the United States. If a calculation be made from these facts, it will be found that there were about twenty-five thousand separations and elopements in a year; a calculation which I am certain is far within bounds." Was ever the reputation of womankind subjected to the criterion of such a calculation? It reminds us, by an irresistible association, of that ingenious problem proposed by honest Jack to ascertain the value of a cart load of turnips by the price of a pound of butter. The premises of the witness from Newgate are pretty much of the same kind, and we have no doubt that his conclusion is of equal accuracy with that which would have been the result of our honest tar's mode of comparison. There is something so grossly ludicrous, such a broad and vulgar grin on the face of it, that we cannot prevail on ourselves to treat it seriously. For the amusement of our readers we will try what would be the result of such a calculation as it respects England.

From the records of Westminster-hall, and the periodical works, newspapers, &c. published in England within a single year, we have been able to collect fifty-two cases of what used to be politely termed in former times a *tête-a-tête*, eighteen of which were of titled ladies; sixty-eight elopements, and thirty-nine instances of wives exposed to public sale, like cattle at Smithfield.* We are well assured that of the

* Here follows an account of the manner in which these sales are performed, extracted from a late British publication:

"Shropshire. The town of Ludlow lately witnessed one of those scenes *to which custom has attached the character of lawful transactions in the minds of the lower class.* A well-looking woman, wife of John Hall, to whom she had been married only one month, was brought by him in a halter, and sold by auction in the market for two-and-sixpence, with the addition of six-

law cases, we saw not (being no lawyers) one in twenty; of the periodical works, not one in five hundred; and of the newspapers, not one in five thousand. Now, if the calculation be made from these premises, it will incontrovertibly appear, that at least eight hundred and eighty thousand women in England are divorced, run away, or are sold by their husbands at public auction! Admitting there are one million of married females in that country, it will result that rather more than eight tenths are in one or other of these predicaments; a calculation, we think, very much within bounds! We beg forgiveness of that sex whom it is in our nature to reverence and admire, for the levity with which we have treated this subject. But there are propositions so absurd, that they can only be exposed by others still more extravagant; and imputations that men would only render their characters questionable by condescending to refute.

The angry and abusive laureat next proceeds to assert, that of taste, the people of this country have very little; of manners, not much; of literature, still less; and of genius, none at all. Franklin not only acquired his knowledge, but some way or other picked up his genius, in England; Rittenhouse was a tolerable measurer of land; and General Washington "an honest man!" Let us see what we can make of all this miserable verbiage.

By taste seems to be here meant, not only the power of forming a proper estimate of works of literature, but also our pursuits, when disengaged from business, we are at liberty to consult our inclinations in the choice either of employment or amusement. And first, with respect to our taste for works of literature. The laureat affirms, rather ironically,

pence for the rope with which she was led. In this sale the customary market fees were charged—toll, one penny; pitching, threepence."

New Monthly Magazine, for Sept. 1814.

that the love of literature is gaining ground in the United States, because a man happens to advertise a stolen book; in the same way that we might infer the piety of the English nation from the well-known anecdote of the lady who, from pure love of religion, stole Tillotson's sermons from a friend. After this witticism, for which, as being the only one in the whole article, we give him great credit, the laureat proceeds to state that Shakspeare is much too monarchical, and too English, to please us. "His historical plays have, therefore," he affirms, "been given up as unfit for the American stage." It is altogether unnecessary to disprove what every body knows to be an untruth. The fame of Shakspeare, whatever this ignorant and uncandid writer may say, is as pure and as bright in this country as in England; his name is as familiar, and almost as dear, to every American reader, as to his own countrymen; and his historical plays are among those most frequently represented on all our stages. The editions of his works in the United States are almost as numerous, within a given period, as they are in England; and should the name of this illustrious and incomparable bard, peradventure, be buried under the increasing rubbish of notes, commentaries, and new readings; or trodden under foot by light-heeled pantomime, mixed melo drame, and nursery tales, it will still survive in this western world, and be visible, like the setting sun, long after it has disappeared in the east.

The same remarks may be extended to other English writers of celebrated name, whose beauties are here as thoroughly estimated as by the same class of readers in that country. True it is, we have few or none of those little Blue Stocking Clubs, or Litchfield, or Della Cruscan coteries, where literary ladies, and superannuated beaux, meet together to drink tea, or swallow gas, to praise each other, to fall asleep at the reading of a new poem, and to wither

with spleen, ennui, or envy of each other's fancied importance in the world. We have not, perhaps, arrived at what may be called the manhood of a literary taste, neither have we entirely passed it, and declined into the hopeless and irremediable weakness and frivolity of second childhood, as we apprehend is the case with some nations, whose exertions not unfrequently indicate rather a convulsion of expiring genius than the exercise of a wholesome and vigorous mind. We have not yet attained, and long indeed be it before we attain that piquant and refined gusto which insures a certain profit to a bookseller who publishes nauseous and disgusting letters of intrigue, which throw an indelible stain over the reputation of a gallant hero,* whose ashes are raked up, his very bones disturbed, and his glory obscured, to minister to the perverted taste of the nation on whose name he has conferred everlasting renown.

Unhappily, too, for the interests of elegant literature, we possess no D'Israeli† to pamper the liberal curiosity of the world, and glut its appetite for scandal, by laying open with his butcher's cleaver, the weaknesses, the irritability, and the jealousies of those whose frailties ought, for the welfare, as well as the honour, of our nature, to be buried in oblivion. If men of genius are jealous sometimes of the reputation of each other, it is because they value fame above all other acquisitions. It is a noble selfishness, which proceeds from a wish to monopolize as much as possible of that which is the object and end of their immortal labours. They expect little other advantage from their exertions, and of the only remuneration they anticipate, it is natural they should be jealous. But the contests of authors proceed, not in re-

* Alluding to the letters of Lord Nelson to Lady Hamilton, lately published.

† See "The Quarrels of Authors."

ality, so often from jealousy, as emulation, although, by the vulgar, they are for ever attributed to the former motive, because few can conceive the elevated influence of the one, while all can realize that of the other.

Among the most successful feeders of this increasing appetite for literary tattling and gossiping, which always marks the decline of a wholesome and vigorous taste, is the industrious inquirer who has lately favoured the present race of authors with an infinite number of anecdotes admirably calculated to diminish our admiration for their illustrious predecessors. By searching in the charnel houses of literature, he has collected ample materials to convince us that Warburton, Pope, Addison, Boyle, Bentley, and, indeed, almost all the writers who constitute the glory of England, however they may have benefited the world by their precepts, exhibited examples wonderfully adapted to diminish our admiration of their genius, and win us from that blameable idolatry with which we have been accustomed to worship their manes. He began first with the calamities of authors. This answered exceedingly well, and there was no harm in the exposure, because every body knew that calamity was their birthright, and that, like the saints of old, they were doomed to a life of suffering as the prelude to immortality. His next step was to compile into one single work the scattered monuments of their weakness and irritability, and if, as we are inclined to anticipate, the pure classical taste of the English public should duly encourage the author and publisher of those meritorious labours, we may next expect a companion-piece to the Letters of Lord Nelson, containing a copious detail of the intrigues, vices, and debaucheries of this ill-starred race, who, dead or alive, seem to be equally the victims of cotemporary jealousy, and posthumous curiosity. This will finish the whole plan in the most satisfactory manner, and confer a lasting obligation upon mankind, by taking from the noble

conceptions and precepts of the philosopher and the poet all the weight that might be derived from our ignorance of their examples. It is hoped that many ages will pass away before the vitiated curiosity of the nation will encourage such literature, or reward with its patronage the sacrilegious night prowler, who, worse than the stealer of inanimate bodies, rakes up, and scatters to the winds of heaven, the ashes of the illustrious dead.

In what are called the fine arts, we have as yet only produced a West, a Stewart, and a young Alston, to whom, it is said, England looks as a successor to West. The greatest historical, as well as the greatest portrait painter, now living, are both natives of this country, and it matters little where they live or have lived. When an English painter goes to Paris or to Rome for the purpose of improving his taste by contemplating the master-pieces of his art, he does not cease to be an Englishman, neither can his country ever be deprived of the honour of his birth or of his genius.

These suggestions are merely to show that this country can produce the *raw material* for excellence, in one of the fine arts at least. Whenever luxury, satiated with more vulgar enjoyments, shall call for the exercise of the pencil or the chisel, artists will start like figures from the canvass or the marble, to minister to this new taste of their munificent patrons. Fame and flattery, and the notice of the great, are the rewards that tempt the indolence, and overcome the bashfulness, of genius; and when these allurements are held out in America, the same consequences will result here as elsewhere.

But we are not anxious for that state of things, because, though the fine arts confer an artificial splendour upon a country, they are not the criterion either of refinement of manners or of human happiness. They seem to be coeval and coexistent with evils that counterbalance their beauty

and their use. They come like gout and apoplexy, in the splendid train of luxury, and may be called the beauteous handmaids that administer to the worn-out appetites of pampered debility. They are the sure precursors of decay, and, like the vivid glow on the cheek of consumption, indicate unerringly the approach of the last period of existence. Though not the cause of a nation's downfall, they may be compared to the lights that fasten on the vessel's shrouds, which, if they do not create the tempest, foretel that it is coming. For these reasons, we are not impatient or anxious for the period which will assuredly come, when our country will rival the elder nations, in the arts and in luxury. We wish her to arrive at no precocious maturity, that, like the rapid growth of the human body, indicates a short life, but to see her go through those natural and salutary gradations which mark the progress from infancy to manhood, from manhood to old age. We hope and trust that our country will sustain these different characters with honour, and are content with the certainty that free as we are, possessing every thing that man ought to wish, and abounding as we do in the noblest productions of nature, to animate art and inspire genius with emulation, we shall in good time, and in the natural course of events, perhaps when the glories of England shall be like those of ancient Greece, succeed to the sceptre that has fallen from her grasp, and, like the fabled offspring of Jove, become equally renowned with our once illustrious parent.

The laureat has combined the charge of deficiency in taste, with an imputation of grossness of manners, and a want of refinement in our amusements. He evidently labours to convince his readers that society in this country is everywhere a mixture of ignorance and brutality, and that we are totally and indiscriminately without the fine polish of English manners. That there may be some difference between the manners of the

well bred people in either country, we are willing to allow; especially, as we are by no means convinced that a diversity of modes bespeaks an inferiority either one way or the other. We have no knowledge of English manners, except from the exhibitions presented to our observation in plays which are said to be the truest pictures of existing life; and from the specimens afforded us by men of high rank, who have occasionally visited the United States. But our practical experience, small as it is, we may fairly presume, is fully equal to that of the Quarterly Reviewer, who, judging from his style of criticism, has never soared beyond the elevation of a manufacturing dinner, or a cockney tavern feast.

We are aware of that sly influence of habit, as well as that insidious vanity, which induces a nation to believe its own modes preferable to all others. Whatever differs from these is a departure from the genuine standard of excellence, and bespeaks an approximation to rudeness or barbarity. The minutiæ of fashionable manners, however, differ in every country, and among nations equally polished, because they are entirely capricious and arbitrary. They are, for the most part, the mere whims of some fashionable oddity luxuriating in the sunshine of fashion; some fair female novelty become wanton by universal admiration; or they arise from some peculiarity in the person of a great man. Dress, manners, nay, even the arts, have taken a direction from these causes. In one court no fashionable gentleman could possibly keep his head from dangling on one side, because his majesty had a wry neck: and the present fashion of high cravats not only took its origin, but derived its tenacity of endurance, from a royal scrofula in the neck. Painting in profile was invented to disguise the loss of Philip of Macedon's eye, an accident which, doubtless, placed a black patch over that of all his courtiers. Not long since it was fashionable, in England, for a beau to elbow his way into a ball room with his hat

under his arm, and a stick in the other hand; and, assuredly, it would be no imputation upon the manners of a nation to be found ignorant of this rare refinement, which certainly answered no other purpose than to incommode the company. It is more than probable that most of these preposterous follies arise from the vanity of those who are called people of ton, who, finding themselves equalled, or surpassed, in all the essentials of good breeding, by those they consider their inferiors, resort to some fantastic peculiarity of foppery for a mark of distinction, totally unconnected either with refinement of manners, or of mind.

Certain it is, that this indescribable something, as it has been called, because there is a certain evanescent nothingness in it that eludes description, and baffles the utmost dexterity of analysis, is altogether distinct from real politeness, which consists in a scrupulous regard for the feelings and convenience of others. In this view, good breeding is almost entitled to the dignity of a virtue. Mere fashionable caprice, on the contrary, is often connected with rudeness, indecorum, and a total disregard of the feelings of others, especially of those who are in inferior stations. An English writer, of great reputation, has affirmed, that in all his acquaintance with the world, and his experience of life and manners, he never saw any thing that equalled the thorough-bred insolence of a woman of fashion. It appears, then, that an unacquaintance with the mere minutiæ of high life bespeaks neither a want of good breeding, or of refinement in manners. Madame M. always exclaimed *bete!* whenever a gentleman went wrong in a cotillion, and a fashionable English diplomatist was accustomed to ridicule the gentlemen of this country for pulling off their hats to the ladies, instead of giving them a knowing nod, according to the then usages of Bond-street. If we recollect aright, he always pronounced a man "a regular built kiddy," or some such strange animal, who was guilty of a downright

bow. The mussulman calls the christian a dog, because he wears a hat instead of a turban, and abhors sitting cross legged; and the Indian stigmatizes the white man as a slave, because he prefers working to starving, is utterly insensible to the beauties of red paint, and refuses to wear copper rings in his nose. The anti-mahometan genii railed at the stupidity of mankind in preferring meat to bones, and the people of Abarimon, who, according to Pliny, wore their toes at their heels, laughed most outrageously at the Macedonians, because they had not that elegant peculiarity. There is no nation more deeply infected with this species of self-sufficiency than the English. They despise one people for not talking English; another, for not eating like the English; and a third, because they had rather see a bull worried by dogs than two men beating in each other's ribs, or knocking out their eyes, for the amusement of fashionable amateurs.

Far be it from us, however, to deny, that in many of the essentials of high breeding, and refinement of taste, the gentlemen of the United States are deplorably deficient. There is certainly not a gentleman in this country who could walk a thousand miles in as many successive hours, or spar with Captain Barclay of Urie, and we doubt whether, with the exception perhaps of one or two stage drivers, we have any such expert stable boys as the members of the Four in Hand Club: above all, we are altogether hopeless of producing so enterprising a pickpocket as the *Honourable* Mr. Crofton, who robbed Bradbury, the clown, of his watch and snuff-box. Candour, therefore, obliges us to concede the superiority in this enviable refinement to our rivals, and we are fain to acknowledge, that in many of the essentials of high bred ton, such as out-walking horses, out-boxing bullies, out-driving grooms, picking pockets, and running away with other men's wives, we are far from pretending to an equality with England.

One principal object of the Quarterly Reviewer, is evidently to exhibit such a general view of the manners, and situation, of the mass of the people in this country, as will operate to discourage emigrations from England. Not that so polite a writer as the laureat could be supposed to think it a matter of any consequence how the poor of any country subsist, but it is necessary to his purpose that the people of England should be kept in good humour by being persuaded they are the happiest nation in the world. It is not with a view of depriving them of the indulgence of this harmless vanity, or of seducing the people of that country from the happiness they enjoy, that we shall make the e nsuing observations. Though perfectly willing to afford them a shelter, we have no anxiety to people this country with Englishmen, or any other men, but those whom it requires no appeal to the laws of nations to prove, are citizens of the United States.

If the intention of the reviewer is really what we suppose, the method he has pursued, in the attainment of his object, is the most shallow and absurd that can possibly be conceived. He seems to have forgot that it is the poor of England that emigrate to this country, and that the very indiscriminate right of suffrage, as well as this absence of all distinction of rank, and equal participation of political privileges, which he so much reprobates, is precisely what will furnish the strongest temptation to the people who are presented with this alluring picture. There is not a landlord who will not be delighted with the prospect of eating dinner with such a great man as Squire Janson; a good housewife that will not pine to come over and vote for members of congress, or an aspiring mechanic that will not expand his crest at the idea of being a colonel, and making clothes for Peter Porcupine's clerk. These imprudent disclosures will, we fear, inspire all England, with the exception of the privileged orders, with a vehement desire to come over and figure in this

land of promise. It is singular that the laureat should have overlooked this obvious result. But nothing is more apt to overshoot its mark than the busy anxiety of new converts, whose zeal to make amends for former offences frequently does more harm to the cause they espouse, than they ever were able to do to that which they opposed.

However this may be, it seems to us, that in striking the balance between the relative happiness of nations, we should always look with a wary eye to the situation of that class of people which constitutes the great majority in every civilized country, the labouring class. It is not because a kingdom is spotted here and there with splendid palaces, that, like patches on the face of an antiquated belle, only serve to disguise the ravages of decay; and inhabited by nobles who spend a princely revenue in elegant luxury, or ignoble riot, that its situation is to be pronounced happy. The traveller may repine at his own humbler lot, and, putting himself in the place of this stately patrician, fancy that country must be happy which affords such means of splendid gratification. He does not take notice of the poverty which surrounds this great man, and never reflects at what an expense of the labours of his fellow creatures this luxury is supported; nor does it ever come across his mind, that the owner of this palace is only the great fish that swallows up the lesser fry. Or he has perhaps read some of those admirable theories lately invented to shut the mouth of clamorous poverty, wonderfully adapted indeed to the constitution of England, but probably not quite so well to that of human nature; and has learned to consider this monopoly of wealth, and this luxurious prodigality, as a great national blessing. Luxury has of late become a great favourite with this new race of economists, because it helps to distribute among the labouring class that superfluity of wealth which centres in the rich. In a country where there is such an immense disparity of

wealth, and where such extremes of riches and poverty are found as in England, it is obvious enough, that luxury, as a mean of distributing this superfluity of money, is so far beneficial; but still that state of society which renders such a questionable habit necessary, must be a bad one for the honest labouring poor at least. This subject would lead us into a discussion beyond the limits of this article; and we will content ourselves with observing, that luxury is very apt to waste its superfluities in indulgences, the price of which contributes nothing to the necessities of the poor, and that the profligate and worthless adventurer is much more likely to enjoy the benefits of this prodigality than the industrious labourer. Luxury wastes its blessings on idle and pampered servants, taken from the virtuous labourers of the field; on parasites, who obtain favours through the medium of administering to sated appetites; cringing dependants, who degrade their very souls to a miserable subserviency; or, what is very generally the case, on sharpers and black legs, who are enabled to prosecute their nefarious trade, and purchase the gratification of their vices, by the spoils of some luxurious spendthrift.

We would, therefore, venture to suggest, with great diffidence, that it is not the luxury of the few, but the competency of the many, that forms the test of national happiness, so far as that depends on national plenty. The rich live well everywhere, except in the cave of Sinbad, or the desert island of honest Quarles. Their occasional wants and privations are not of the necessaries, but the luxuries, of life; and although custom may have endeared these lost delights of appetite or vanity, still there is a radical difference between that which nature has made necessary, and that which habit has only made agreeable. Habit will enable us to dispense with what habit only rendered of consequence; but nothing can reconcile us to hunger and thirst. Time, that

diminishes our regret for the one, increases our impatience of the other; and what makes, at last, the one indifferent, renders the other intolerable.

Hence it is, that the distinction arises between the wants of the rich and the necessities of the poor; the former of which are mere artificial conveniences, the latter natural and indispensable requisites to existence. The poverty of the one is comparative, because it arises only from a comparison with a greater degree of luxury; that of the other positive, inasmuch as it involves the want of what the very constitution of our nature, as modified by the social state, absolutely requires for its support. There is an essential difference between the situation of the rich man who is obliged to put down his carriage, and the poor man who is forced to retrench a meal, or sleep in a roofless cottage, exposed to the inclemencies of winter. From this distinction between artificial and natural wants, as well as from the superior number of poor men in every society, arises the political axiom, that the situation of the labouring class is the true criterion of national happiness.

Not with a view to gratify any feelings of unmanly triumph over our enemies, but to retort their abuse, we will offer to the view of our readers an extract from a work which has already afforded materials for our undertaking. It exhibits a picture of the state of one ninth part of all the population of England, who, it is computed, receive their subsistence, either in the whole, or in part, from the parish.

"A necessary attention," says the writer, "to the duties of a magistrate, together with compassion for my poor neighbours, particularly for those who were employed in daily labour on my farm, had occasioned me to visit, at times, the sick cottager, and the miserable pauper in a parish workhouse. The situation of the first, whose narrow tenement forbad the possibility of separating the sick from the well,

the parent from the children, or the children themselves from each other; that miserable economy in fitting up the cottage, which too generally has denied the only bedroom either a fire-place, or a casement-window to ventilate the air; the noise of querulous children; the stench of confined air, rendered epidemic by morbid effluvia; the vermin too frequently swarming on the bodies and rags of the wretched inhabitants; all these causes, acting together, procrastinate affliction, prevent a return of health, and indicate a depth of misery, which hard labour and industry ought not, in sickness, to be liable to endure. Neither did the parish workhouse, the last sad refuge of miserable indigence, offer a less disagreeable spectacle. The clothes, or rather the covering, of the inhabitants; the improprieties arising from the two sexes, of all ages and dispositions, long kept together; the ignorance and filth in which the children are brought up; and the general spirit of rigid economy which the *contracting* master of the workhouse practises, as well in diet as clothing, lodging, and cleanliness, to scrape from misery, as soon as possible, a property which may enable him to retire from his disagreeable avocation, give propriety to the opinion, that a parish workhouse is a parish bugbear to frighten distress from applying for relief."*

Such is, with some few exceptions, the state of more than a million of human beings in England alone. And this distress arises, not so much from sickness, idleness, or prodigality, as from the absolute impossibility which a day labourer finds in supporting his family by his daily wages. We do not mean in supporting them comfortably, but in doing it at all. A writer, in this very Quarterly Review states, in a former article, that the poor of England do not know what it is to eat meat; and yet dispensing with that most material requisite of com-

* History of the English Poor, letter 46.

fort does not enable them to keep their families together, in such a hut, or their children from such a workhouse, as has been just described.

But this is a subject on which we do not wish to enlarge; neither should we have noticed it at all had it not been in a manner forced upon us by this indiscreet and violent attack of the belligerant laureat. The miseries of these poor people might have passed into oblivion, and if we could not relieve, we would have refrained, at least, from insulting their distresses. Nothing, indeed, but a determination, if possible, to sicken these miserable calumniators of our country, by showing them their own vulnerability, could have induced us, even for a moment, to cherish the idea of insulting poor old England with a repetition of her miseries. We do not wish to interfere with her rejoicings at the downfall of Bonaparte, neither should we have, otherwise, volunteered the task of hinting to that inflated nation, that high as it may think itself elevated above the changes of this ever-rolling world, it cannot escape the inevitable operation of these internal causes that lurk unseen, or, at least, unobserved, in the bosom of the land; and though they may be hidden from the view of strangers, will, like the theft of the Spartan boy, at length consume her vitals.

It is almost unnecessary to contrast this scene of poverty and distress with the healthy and wholesome prosperity of this buxom nation, the contemplation of whose auspicious youth is lost in the anticipation of what will be her prime of manhood. We need not ask our readers, who have looked this country in the face, if within its wide circumference there is one spot that presents such a picture of human misery as that given by the worthy magistrate, not as a solitary instance of rare and accidental distress, arising from some combination of wayward circumstances, but as

exhibiting the general outlines of that state which is common to the poor of England.

No calculations or statements are necessary where experience and daily observation verify the truth, as in this particular instance. Occasional examples of poverty, which is the inevitable consequence of idleness and debauchery in the labouring classes, are seen in this as well as in every other country. Of the numbers of these we remain ignorant, because they are so few that it has never been thought worth while to enumerate them. We have no such cottages or workhouses as the writer describes; and there is hardly a wandering beggar in the streets of our great cities, where alone a beggar is to be found, who would not consider the description of these receptacles of misery as an effort of the imagination rather than the result of the experience and observation of the writer. It is an undeniable fact, that out of our cities we have neither parish workhouse, hospital, or infirmary, because these institutions are altogether unnecessary; and we remain ignorant of the numbers of the parish poor, because, in most parishes, there are none, and the aggregate is so insignificant that no person has ever yet thought it an object of sufficient importance to merit an inquiry.

The next point in which the laureat has provoked a comparison, is the moral state of the people of the United States and England. In addition to the rare calculation of the witness from Newgate, which we have already treated with the contempt such a miserable fallacy deserves, the Quarterly Reviewer has quoted from one of our compilers the description of what is called *gouging;* a practice which, if it exists at all, is exceedingly rare, and confined to a single mountainous district of the south. By a most unlucky and ominous association, he has attempted to fortify the authority of the learned geographer by that of Mr. Janson, who says, that he "actually saw a crowd applauding a fellow,

while he held up his antagonist's eye in his hand." Of Mr. Janson we have already said sufficient to prove him utterly unworthy of belief as to any fact which rests upon his own assertion; and with respect to his liberal coadjutor, we will merely observe, that so far as the latitude and names of places is concerned, he may generally be depended upon; but when he comes to describe the manners and customs of the people, his description must be taken with this special allowance, that he praises every thing in New-England, and dispraises almost every thing in the south. The reader is welcome, after these observations, to give what credit he pleases to this apt association of the cassock and the gown; and if he wants any further testimony to the character of the reverend gossip, he may apply to Mrs. Hannah Adams, who will at least certify to his veracity.

The reverend geographer gives the following *humorous* description of the practice of gouging: "In coming to close quarters, each endeavours to twist his fore fingers in the ear-locks of his antagonist. When these are fast clinched, the thumbs are extended each to the nose, and the eyes gently turned out of the sockets. The victor for his expertness receives shouts of applause from the sportive throng, while the poor eyeless antagonist is laughed at for his misfortune." This is certainly given with infinite *naiveté*, and in the true style of an amateur. It would almost induce a belief that the doctor was a distinguished professor of this new science, or, at least, that he had been in the habit of attending these elegant exhibitions. The priests of ancient Rome had their *ludi pontificales;* and there are a great number of buck parsons in England, who are promising pupils of Jackson, whose morning levees, we are credibly informed, are attended by more noblemen than the house of peers.

For the purpose of gratifying our rural readers, and as companion pictures to those of Messrs. Janson and Morse,

we will extract an account of one or two of those fashionable exhibitions called boxing matches, which are common in the more polite parts of England. They are taken from the Sporting Magazine, which is considered the most genteel vehicle of information in that country. It is a work patronised by most of the nobility and gentry, who, if they happen to own a horse that wins a sweepstakes, or a hound that comes in first at the death, are sure of immortality.

"*Sporting Intelligence.*

"It has been customary to *amuse* the men of Kent with a fight on their coast; and in the instance we are now about to record, two men higher on the list than are usually exhibited in this part were pitted. Harry Harmer, of the Belcher school, a man of first-rate science; and Ford, whose former exhibitions have ranked him amongst the most formidable on the list. The place of combat was in the meadow of a Kentish yeoman, a mile to the east of St. Nicholas, a few miles from Margate.

"At twelve the men stripped for combat, and the seconds were Joe Ward and Bristol Hall for Harmer, F. Jones and J. Clarke for Ford. Betting current 11 to 8 on Harmer."

"Round 1. Harmer made play by making hits left and right, but the right only told, Ford having parried the left, and returned with about the same force."

As the detail is rather long, we will omit all but the *dashing* rounds.

"Round 3. Harmer made his right hand hit on Ford's head, which told severely; Ford, however, *bored* upon him, to set to in fighting, and he succeeded in doing so after other

blows, but he had the worst of the round, and was thrown. Betting as at the commencement."

"Round 4. Ford began to show bad training. He was open-mouthed, and straining for wind. Harmer, however, could not easily get at him. A tremendous right-handed blow on Ford's body was placed, and it was returned smartly on Harmer's head. Mutual advantages took place in the round, but Ford received a heavy fall. Two to one on Harmer.

"Round 7. Harmer was stopped at going in to rally, and Ford had the best of hitting, *but Harmer got him to the ropes, with his head under his left arm, and did much fibbing execution, and Ford at last extricated himself by dropping through his hands.*"

"Round 8. Ford maintained this round with much bravery, but he afterwards got to his staying system of fighting. Much bravery was displayed on both sides, but at length Ford went down by exhaustion, after having been hit to the ropes, when a trial of strength took place, and Harmer appeared fresh. *He exercised his trade of copper smith about the kidneys of Ford, who supported himself by the ropes, held up by the left hand of Harmer.*

"The fight continued thirteen other rounds, but to detail them would be to repeat that Ford had no chance, and in the 15th round he received a hit in the wind, which rendered him quite feeble after. He went down from weakness in every round, and received much additional punishment in protracting the contest.

"Gregson's man, and Joe Ward's Irishman."

"Gregson was second to Painter with J. Clarke for his bottle holder, and Joe Ward and Hall seconded Eong. To the astonishment of the ring, who treated the Hibernian's attempt

to fight as farcical, a most courageous and sanguinary battle was fought. The Hibernian, whom no one knew, displayed *science* which would not disgrace a Crib, and his gift of hitting was great. Painter, who had evidently set-to before, by some stops he made, was kept bleeding from every organ of his head from the first, which baffled sponge and cold water. He resembled a Kentish cherry, and yet his smile through the blood, compared with the reverend mug of Pat, formed a striking and ludicrous contrast.*

Our readers will bear in mind that these are not the accidental broils of taverns, which take place between half civilized mountaineers, warmed by whiskey, and spurred into the contest by momentary irritation, but the deliberate and scientific exhibitions of men fighting for money, in the presence of people of rank and fashion, who bet thousands upon either side, and who carry the victor on their shoulders, or in their carriages, from the field of battle. The sport, therefore, is high-bred sport, all in perfect good humour, and it is consequently not to be compared with the miserable, clownish exhibition of fellows who fight because they are angry, and not because they want money. It would therefore be presumption in us to bring forward such polite, elegant, and scientific exhibitions as an off-set to Dr. Morse's gouging spectacle. Our object was simply to show the singular improvements which vulgar and barbarous practices undergo when they come to be patronised by such a polished nation as England.

In remarking on the state of public morals in England, we purposely abstain from particularizing the innumerable modes of vice common among the lower orders of people, or specifying the strange and uncouth names by which they are de-

* Sporting Magazine for August, 1813.

signated by the writer,* who has entered most deeply into the investigation of the subject. The detail would not only be disgusting, but impolitic, inasmuch as it might serve to initiate the people of the United States into new modes and combinations of villany, with which they are, as yet, most fortunately unacquainted. It will be sufficient if we give the result of his calculations, with respect to the proportion which the quantity of thieves of different classes bears to the number of men employed in different avocations, and the aggregate amount of the whole combined fraternity of rogues in one city alone. The details of this indefatigable magistrate present a complete system of plunder and corruption. From the miserable vagrant that prowls along the water side, to the custom-house officer, whose express duty it is to prevent depredations, and the trusty watchman who is placed as a guard over the property he steals; there is a continued chain and combination of roguery, altogether inconceivable, and distinctly indicating that corruption pervades every vein and artery of society.

Mr. Colquhoun states, as the result of long experience, and most minute inquiry, that of 36,344 petty officers, lumpers, coal heavers, journeymen coopers, lightermen, watchmen, and labourers, employed either in protecting or removing cargoes, at least 10,800 are in the common practice of committing depredations upon the property from time to time placed in their charge, and that the whole number of persons in the city of London alone, who obtain a livelihood by vitious practices, amounts to one hundred and fifteen thousand. An enormous and unexampled proportion, to be

* Colquhoun enumerates the different classes, among which are Light Horsemen, Heavy Horsemen, Mud Larks, Game Lightermen, Scuffle Hunters, and divers other strange animals, whose names are more unintelligible than Chinese. The amount of their depredations on London vessels he estimates at 506,000 pounds sterling per annum.

found in no city, or spot of earth in the United States, and which is demonstrative of a state of morals as lamentable as incurable.

The profits arising from these depredations are equally divided among the members of each of these classes, and a general fund is set apart for the special purpose of extricating any one of the fraternity who happens, unfortunately, to fall into the hands of justice. As one, and by no means an extreme example of the height to which crimes have arisen in England, we will amaze our readers with the following statement, taken from the same author who has furnished us with the foregoing information.

"Of the copper coinage," he observes, "the quantity of counterfeits in circulation may be truly said to equal *three fourths* of the whole, independent of the daily emission." He adds, that they counterfeit the coin of all nations; Turkish sequins, Louis-d'ors, half joes, French half crowns, and Indian pagodas; which last are sometimes, we are told, detected in Hindoostan. "In short," he concludes, "nothing can be on a worse footing than the silver and copper coinage of this kingdom at the present period; for at no time can any person minutely examine a parcel of either one coin or the other, which may come into his possession, without finding a considerable portion of counterfeits." Before we leave this subject we cannot forbear noticing, for the amusement of the reader, a very singular class of swindlers, mentioned by this same writer, "who dress elegantly, personate women of fashion, attend masquerades, and sometimes go to St. James's."

England must do something more than establish bible societies,* societies for the suppression of vice, the con-

* Admiral Cockburn is a member of this society we understand.

version of the Jews and Hindoos,* before she can claim any very extraordinary portion either of piety or morality. We disclaim all intention of sneering at these benevolent and praiseworthy institutions, which do honour to any nation; all we would be understood to say is, that so many props to the national virtue, so far from indicating any moral superiority, rather give being to a suspicion, in our minds, that the purity which requires so strict a guard cannot be very immaculate. As in the physical system of man, so in the moral system of society, it is only necessary to resort to continual preventives and remedies when the constitution is either worn down by the natural infirmities of age, or vitiated by pernicious habits and indulgences.

The Quarterly Reviewer next enters upon the subject of our literature, of which he speaks, and perhaps with some reason, rather contemptuously, though we are not disposed to admit the conclusion that our deficiency, in this respect, is owing to want of originality of genius, as he affirms.

The learning, like the riches of the United States, is more equally distributed than in any other country, with the exception, perhaps, of Scotland, to whose learning, morals, and inflexible habits of propriety, we take this opportunity of bearing a willing and hearty testimony. Learning is seldom to be found here in great masses, but is diffused, in a certain degree, throughout the whole body of the people; and although we have few or none that have gone into the depths of knowledge, we have also few that have not skimmed the surface.

* It is somewhat remarkable that while such pains are taken to convert the Hindoos, the English East-India Company should pay the expense of keeping up the temple of Jaggernaut, at whose bloody shrine human victims are offered up to a Pagan God! We have seen, in a statement of the expenditures of the company, a charge for the support of this detested establishment, which is encouraged by that christian nation, for the sake of a revenue squeezed from the wretched pilgrims who resort thither from all parts of Hindoostan.

If we are without many profound scholars, we are also free from that mass of ignorance and stupidity which is to be found among such a large portion of the populace of England. In acuteness of intellect, in general intelligence, and in that versatility of genius which enables men to accommodate themselves to new situations, and enter readily into the details of untried occupations, the people of the United States are particularly distinguished. They have also more information, distinct and independent of the knowledge necessary to their daily employments, than perhaps any other nation.

Admitting, then, as we do, without hesitation, not for the purpose of making a parade of our candour by the acknowledgment of a self-evident fact, but to demonstrate that we are at all times ready to acquiesce in the truth—admitting that we are inferior to England in learned men, rather than in men of original genius, we at the same time feel strongly disposed to doubt, whether it is not much more important to the general welfare of mankind that they should all partake of a reasonable portion of knowledge, than that a few, perhaps half a dozen, should be profound scholars.

Were the world, indeed, to begin again, and there arise a necessity of once more building up systems, or creating, as it were, the sciences anew, perhaps the case might be different; but even there it is not learning, but genius, that leads the way, and all that learning can do is to collect, combine, and transmit to posterity, the discoveries of genius, and thus bequeath to one race of men the result of ages of experience.

Though it may subject us to the charge of vandalism, we will venture to question, whether Professor Porson's Greek, Doctor Parr's Latin, or Sir Humphrey Davy's fulminating powder, can make amends for the want of those common rudiments of education, among a vast portion of their countrymen, that may be called necessaries of life, any more than the Mar-

quis of Stafford's one hundred and sixty thousand a year makes amends to society for the poverty of thousands. In the present state of the civilized world, it is believed that it would be much more conducive to the happiness of mankind, that all should be able to read and write, than that one should be qualified to enter into the intricacies of Greek prosody, explain an obscurity in old Ennius, or blow himself up in a chemical experiment.

The dearth of celebrated authors in the United States has frequently before been attributed to a deficiency of natural or original genius. This imputation was at first connected with that of an inferiority in physical organization, both in the men and animals of this country. Because the aborigines wore no beards, and the forest produced no elephants, it was philosophically concluded upon that nature herself laboured under a sort of strange imbecility in this new world, and that being the last of her offspring, we stood in the same relation to others, that the little pig called a *runt* usually does to the rest of the litter. The digging up of the mammoth bones, and the discovery that this deficiency of beards was occasioned by their being pulled out by the roots, put this part of the theory to the rout, but the other half still remains to be combated by any one that thinks it deserves the trouble. For ourselves, we shall not consider it worth attempting, until England can show us, within the same given period of time, a philosopher superior in original discoveries to Franklin, a painter equal to West, or a greater triumph of mechanical genius than that exhibited in the steam boat. Perhaps it may be true, as the Quarterly Reviewer affirms of Franklin, that these men acquired their knowledge in England, but they certainly did not acquire their original genius there, for they were men before they left their native country. With regard to steam boats, we know it has been asserted that Mr. Fulton is not the inventor, and that they had been tried

in England previously to his first successful experiment in America. This new world has been the victim of many false pretensions. She lost her name through the imposture of a clamorous Florentine, and the glory of Columbus was for a time obscured by vague pretenders to the honour of his discovery. It was first asserted that Americus Vespucius preceded him, and next, that he became possessed of the secret of a new world, through the means of information derived from some obscure pilot. So, also, the French chemists endeavoured to deprive Doctor Black of the honour of his great chemical discoveries. But truth will prevail. The claim of Columbus, as well as of the great Scottish chemist, is now universally acknowledged, as we trust will be the case ere long with that of Mr. Fulton. It has been asked of those who disputed the pretensions of Mr. Fulton, why these vessels were not made use of in England, and it was answered, that the rivers of Great Britain were not calculated for this mode of navigation. No sooner, however, has Mr. Fulton succeeded in his experiment, than these same rivers accommodate themselves to circumstances with wonderful docility, and steam boats are put into operation upon them. The inevitable result of these facts is, that the experimentalists of England had never been able to construct a boat, capable of navigating by steam advantageously either to the public or the inventor, and that, consequently, the utmost they are entitled to claim, is the credit of having dexterously availed themselves of Mr. Fulton's discovery. If the previous application of steam to other uses is to deprive that gentleman of the honour of his discovery, then the ingenious housewife, who first practised the art of boiling potatoes with steam, is justly entitled to the whole credit of originality, and all the rest are mere plagiarists.

These observations are made merely from a wish to vindicate the claims of a man who has been the means of con-

ferring on his country many valuable benefits, and not with any view to parry the clumsy passes of a very indifferent writer. He who could suppose it was in his power to injure the fame of Franklin by bringing to bear against him the hackneyed plagiarism "that one half of his writings was stolen, and the other half not worth reading," must either have been gifted with a more than ordinary share of critical arrogance, or have calculated most liberally on the stupidity of his readers. As a politician, Franklin made himself many enemies, and by politicians he is variously estimated; but among philosophers and scholars, belonging only to the whole world, and free from the strife of petty ambition, as well as exempt from party feelings, there is but one opinion. His name is inseparably connected with an era in philosophical discovery of his own forming; and long as the thunder rolls over our heads, or the lightning flashes innocently in our eyes, the Jupiter Tonans of our western world will continue to be associated with the highest names of both hemispheres.

It may not, however, be altogether idle to inquire into those peculiarities in our situation, which have, as we conceive, occasioned the human mind in this country to be diverted, in so very uncommon a degree, from what may be termed the business of literature. The principal cause heretofore assigned by writers well acquainted with the state of our country, is the facility of acquiring wealth and distinction, by a thousand other means less laborious and more certain. That this is of powerful and extensive operation we are well satisfied, but it appears to us that the want of habits of study may be traced to a cause much deeper and more remote.

Among our adventurous and determined forefathers, who left their native climes to battle with the unknown dangers of an unknown world, were undoubtedly many learned men, especially clergymen, habituated to study and contemplation.

But from the moment they set foot in this new world, they encountered a series of obstacles that demanded every exertion of mind and body to surmount. Their days were consumed in providing against cold and famine, or in guarding against the fury and the wiles of the jealous Indian. Many years of danger and hardship elapsed, before they could sit down quietly, and resume their usual habits of life; and when this period arrived these habits were lost irrecoverably in the long struggle for existence. It is well known how tedious, slow, and lingering is the approach of a people to learning, and in how short a period they relapse into other pursuits. A few years of active and dangerous employment are sufficient for the creation of a hardy and warlike race, but generations must pass away, and ages of peace elapse, before a people, once drawn from the habits of study and contemplation, will probably ever resume them again. An active life, and one which associates danger with almost every step, is altogether incompatible with the nature and pursuits of the scholar, and it will be found that though in a few rare instances a man may retain his acquirements in such a situation, his posterity will never succeed to them.

A close inspection of the history of this country, from its first colonization to the revolution, which threw an everlasting barrier between the United States and England, will show that at no period whatever were the scattered people exempt from an actual state of warfare, either against savage men, or savage beasts. The first settler, in addition to his implements of labour, was obliged to carry his musket or his rifle, and his employment was always a combination of labour with danger. It is easily to be supposed that this was no period for learning to flourish, or for the human mind to take a direction towards literature, or the arts, except such as were necessary to subsistence or security. Men now living in the city of New-York can recollect the period

when the inhabitants were under continual apprehensions of Indian hostility. Yet such is the elasticity, and such the capacity, of young nations, as well as young children, to recover the effects of adverse accidents, that the genius of our country rose against the pressure of these obstacles; literary institutions began to spring up everywhere, and every year assumed new consequence, and a taste, at least, for polite literature gradually appeared wherever there was personal security. At the commencement of those disputes between this country and England, which at once monopolized, as it were, the minds of men, we had many elegant and accomplished scholars. They did not, it is true, write books, for every man was not then his own writer, but they had acquired stores of science and information that would have placed them high in any country.

At this point of time the stormy indications of a revolution appeared in the firmament, and drew the attention of the colonists from every other object. The questions which then agitated the minds of men, were such as involved considerations of sufficient magnitude to occupy them all, and to combine every energy in the pursuit of one single object. It will be perceived that there is a vast difference, and one materially affecting this inquiry, between a war carried into the territory of an enemy, and one that is brought home to ourselves. In one case it is only felt remotely, and is little more than a rumour of war; it endangers the personal safety, and interferes with the pursuits, only of those actually engaged on the side of the invading party. But in the other, it comes home to the bosom and business of every man; it howls at his door, invades his home, and forces him from his ordinary occupations to the defence of every object dear to his affections. For centuries past, though England has been almost continually engaged in hostilities, her wars, with the exception of the civil commotion which converted a very in-

different monarch into an illustrious martyr, have been carried on at a distance, and, consequently, did not interfere with the ordinary pursuits of a time of peace. During a lapse of ages she has seen but one hostile army, and in all that time, with the exception just made, the cultivators of literature as well as of the soil have remained undisturbed in their occupations. But it was otherwise with the people of America. Their wars have hitherto been wars for their altars and their hearths, waged, not for foreign conquest, but for defence against savages, or enemies exasperated into a fury that gave their incursions the character of an irruption of barbarians. Our struggle with England in the revolution, was hand to hand, foot to foot, and heart against heart. Every limb and sinew was strained almost to agony, and every vein of the country bled at different times. There was not an asylum in all the land where the student could retire to pursue his studies, free from the apprehension of danger, or out of hearing of the din of war; and if he studied at all, it was, like Archimedes, how to defend his home.

This "tug of war" lasted seven years; and in seven years, habits that have not taken deep root are totally eradicated. Those who are young, adopt new ones; and those who are too old to change, die. During this stormy period another race sprung up, and it is obvious that their pursuits would receive a direction from the circumstances of the times. The war ended at last in the establishment of our independence, but not in the immediate restoration of a state of things favourable to the revival of learning. It was followed by a long and interesting contest with respect to the adoption of a constitution, that was to form a bond of union between thirteen separate and independent republics. The different local partialities, the diversity of opinions prevailing among men equally eminent for talents and virtues, the mutual sacrifices necessary to be made, and the difficulty of ac-

commodating this opposition of interests and opinions, delayed for a long time the settlement of this most important question, which agitated every heart with anxiety. During this interesting period, it is not to be supposed that the minds of that class of men which usually furnishes the materials for scholars, would be sufficiently abstracted from the object on which, in their opinion, depended the good or evil result of their seven years' labours, to admit of pursuing any studies but such as would qualify them to support their political opinions. Accordingly, we find this period fruitful in orators and politicians, equal, perhaps, to any of the age; but very few, if any writers on subjects distinct from this great constitutional question.

Hardly had the minds of men become calm and settled after this struggle, when the revolution of France began to draw the eyes, to absorb the attention, and excite the passions of mankind in both hemispheres. It brought the democratical and monarchical principles into a dreadful contest that shook them both, alternately, to their centre; it divided the human race into two great parties, and converted the world into a coffee-house for political discussions. In its progress, it brought into action, and gave a stimulus to every turbulent passion of our nature; men, women, and children, everywhere whirled about in its vortex; individual and national antipathies acquired increasing bitterness; those who might have grown to be scholars became only politicians; and those who had already began to emerge from the current, fell back into the whirlpool to rise no more; or, if they regained the surface, appeared in some new form, like the Virginian rail, which is said to go down a bird in autumn, and come up a frog in the spring.

This rapid sketch of the history of our country may, perhaps, serve to account for the few specimens of literature and the fine arts to be found in the United States, witho

resorting to the mortifying confession of a want of original genius. The peculiar situations in which we have been placed during the short period of our existence, have drawn the mind continually from that calm and quiet self-possession without which few, perhaps we might say none, can ever hope to enter into the deep recesses of learning, or sport in the fair fields of poetical inspiration. Such pursuits and amusements require a mind abstracted from the labours of active life, and free from the apprehension of personal danger, as well as the temptations of worldly ambition. The allurements of knowledge are gentle, quiet, and unassuming: those of glory, wealth, and pleasure, glittering and obtrusive. It is the choice of Hercules; and as few men have the strength of body, so still fewer have the firmness of mind, or the judgment, to make a selection equally judicious with that of the hero. The business of a scholar is incompatible with any other excitement than the love of knowledge, and the hope of a pure and spotless immortality. To him, a mind undisturbed and free to pursue the object of his peculiar contemplation, is indispensably necessary; and the nation that does not already possess men who have acquired a decided vocation to study, must never expect them to be the product of a long succession of dangerous labours, fearful apprehensions, and bloody invasions.

While the people of America were clearing their lands of trees, behind which often lurked the watchful Indian to take his deadly aim; or resisting the encroachments of savage borderers, or struggling against civilized oppression, we left to England the manufacturing of our books and broadcloths, because we had other and more indispensable avocations. We had a new world before us; and in a new world men must adopt new habits. So many avenues to competency lay open to our choice, that necessity at least did not compel us to write, and consequently, if we wrote

at all, it was merely to please ourselves or our friends, rather than with any view to profit or fame. These little productions were either published in some obscure corner, and forgot, or, what was more often the case, destroyed when they had gone the round of the domestic circle. Many of these we remember to have seen, that would bear a comparison with any trifles of the kind ; but they are lost, and the only ground on which the poetical reputation of this country rests, in Europe, is the productions of Barlow and Dwight, which are assumed as the *ne plus ultra* of American genius. Whenever an English critic assails us in this very vulnerable point, he is sure to launch one of these ponderous missiles at our defenceless heads, that, like the rock of Ajax, would make the knees of a very Hector tremble under him. Among the great evils of a great and gaudy book, there is one that, so far as we know, has never been admitted into the catalogue, which is, that being such a conspicuous object, it becomes a mark for the enemy, like the commander of an army, who, though very often a mighty silly personage, is supposed to be of consequence from the splendour of his accoutrements, and is sure to be finely peppered whenever he comes in the way. Of the late Mr. Barlow's talents, as a poet, we do not wish to be understood to give any opinion, but must beg leave to observe, that when an author anticipates the public in the demand for a splendid edition of his book, he erects, not a monument to his fame, but to his vanity. As Americans, and zealous for the reputation of our country, we would also protest against Doctor Dwight's works as specimens of first-rate American poetry. The late William Clifton was, we think, infinitely more of a genuine poet than the reverend principal, and so was also Robert Treat Paine and Philip Freneau. It is not because a writer collects and publishes his works in a book, that he is to be taken as the standard of literature in his native

country. However incomprehensible it may appear to a laureat, certain it is, that some of our writers can afford to publish their works at their own expense, and consequently the publication of a great book is no indication of its popularity. Bulk, or weight, is no criterion of excellence. A man may write four quarto epics, like the laureat, and still the people of this rude country, at least, will prefer the precious little specimens of Campbell and Byron to all the plenteous and exuberant verbiage of Mr. Southey.

We will venture here to observe, that there never was a nation placed in circumstances so unfavourable to originality in literature as the people of the United States. We appear on the stage when every sentiment and character has been exhausted by other writers in that very language which is common to us all. Accustomed, from our earliest infancy, to English models, we have not acquired sufficient confidence in ourselves to be original, even though avenues were open to us. The small portion of writers which this country has produced, have, as it was hardly possible they should not, undoubtedly imitated those of England, because their minds had become fettered by the habitual contemplation of English authors, and more especially, because our language and manners are the same. That which distinguishes the literature of one nation from that of another is not so much a difference of thought as of expression, arising from some distinct peculiarity in each language. The same thoughts expressed in different languages will each possess an air of originality, a peculiar character and grace, which cannot be transferred from one to the other, and which demonstrate, that however great may be their resemblance, there can be no plagiarism. The sense of either may be translated, but that which constitutes the identity of thought is lost. The people of the United States, we therefore conceive, labour under peculiar difficulties in establishing a distinct and cha-

racteristic national literature. They may invent new combinations of events, and new associations of ideas, but they must always think, and talk, and write English. There will always be something in these productions so like what we have read before, so much resembling the character of English writing, as to take from them a great portion of the charm of originality.

The few original writers of every country, and their number is everywhere as one to infinity, are always to be found in that class which is least conversant with foreign writers. It is in the nature of man to imitate, and it is only where he has no models that he will resort to his own conceptions. It is then that he follows the bent of his own genius, modified, as genius always is, by custom, habit, and education, and becomes the great original of a distinct and characteristic national literature. Those who come after him, though they may extend, diversify, and polish, are still to be traced up to this great model, which lays at the source of all that is truly original, all that constitutes the radical difference between the literature of cotemporary nations.

Had Greek been the native language of all mankind, we should perhaps have had no Shakspeare. We say *we*, because Shakspeare belongs to the world. We also speak doubtingly, because there appears to have been in that man a capacity to burst the chains of imitation, however they might have been riveted by language. He who could make supernatural things seem and be natural, would have formed an era in the history of literature, under any circumstances. We believe, however, that few books would in that case have been written, except upon the Greek model. The bounds of science, of thought, and of speculation, would have been enlarged to the extent perhaps that they are now, but there would have been a family likeness in every work of taste or imagination, for this very natural reason, that children who

read at all, would have formed their taste, and adopted their idiom from the Greek, just as those of America do from the English tongue.

Labouring as we do under these peculiar difficulties, and opposed by obstacles that are not in the way of the nations of Europe, who each write in a language distinct from their neighbours, we shall venture to consider, that the want of a school of national literature is no argument of a want of original genius. Our difficulties have not yet been altogether overcome, but they assuredly must be, and the victory will be one of the noblest ever achieved by human genius.

We have now touched on the principal charges brought forward by the Quarterly Review, in the manner which we originally adopted. It is believed that we have sufficiently exposed the uncandid mode in which he has endeavoured to stain the character of this nation by making one extreme, as well as very doubtful example of vice or indecorum, the criterion of morals and manners. We have shown that the authorities to which he has referred are either doubtful, or infamous; that in the only two facts with respect to the nature of our political institutions, which could be brought to the test of truth, he has betrayed a total ignorance of his subject; and we believe have turned his own style of reasoning pretty effectually against himself. The task has been an Herculean one, more from its tediousness than its difficulty. It was the abour of the Augean stable, rather than that of the Næmean Lion, or the adventure of the Garden of the Hesperides. There remain, however, a few straggling stories that have either escaped us in the examination, or were omitted in their places, from being a sort of random shots not levelled exactly at any particular object.

"A standard," says the laureat, "belonging to the sixty-eighth regiment of James City light infantry, was taken at the attack on Hampton" (we marvel that any Englishman

should venture to mention even the name of this place) "by a party of marines, and carried to England. On it is represented a female figure with a helmet on her head; in one hand she holds a poniard, with which she appears to have stabbed a robust male figure prostrate on the ground, on whom she treads with her right foot; a crown lies near, to designate the figure as a representative of the King or Prince Regent," &c.

This, as the lion said to the statuary, is only a picture; let us compare it with a real spectacle, exhibited at this same Hampton.

After the successful attack upon that unfortunate place, and while the soldiers were roaming about, ravishing and plundering, one of these christian freebooters entered a room, in one corner of which was a bed, where lay an old man, and at the side of which sat his wife. This old man was, and had been a long time, unable either to walk, or sit up in the bed where he was lying. The fellow, after taking what he wanted without opposition, and without speaking, or being spoken to, went out of the room; but on second thoughts, returned to the door, deliberately levelled his piece, and shot the sick old man dead, as he lay in his bed. Nothing had passed in the interval of his stepping out and returning, to irritate this murderer, who went away laughing at the joke. This scene has not, it is true, ever been represented on a standard, or painted in a picture; but it is engraven in the hearts of our people, never to be forgot, perhaps never to be forgiven.

Following the story of the obnoxious standard, we have an advertisement extracted from a Providence Gazette, in which a reward of one hundred dollars is offered by the people of Alleghany county, to any inhabitant who should produce a hostile Indian scalp with both ears. This the Reviewer brings forward as a justification of his government for ha-

ving previously associated its cause with that of the Indians, who were incited by pecuniary rewards to scalp and murder our citizens wherever they were to be found. It was in consequence of this temptation, that very soon after the commencement of hostilities, the people of the state of Ohio, on which Alleghany county borders, were many of them barbarously murdered and scalped by the savages, who were continually making nightly inroads, and destroying women and children, for whose scalps they received a stated price from General Proctor.

In self defence, and, it may be, in just vengeance for these horrible outrages, they offered this inducement for the destruction of those enemies whom no rule of civilized life, and no feeling of humanity, would restrain from the murder of unoffending innocence. And yet the Quarterly Reviewer can see no difference between instigating these savages to scalp the very people he himself calls the children of England, and reproaches with ingratitude, and a measure of self defence, as well as of righteous retaliation. It is thus that the advocates of religion, morality, justice, refinement, and taste, are compelled to reason in order to get rid of the eternal opprobrium which covers the conduct of themselves and their allies. Such weakness of argument bespeaks a corresponding weakness in the cause it attempts to uphold, or a debility in the writer that affords a presage of speedy insanity. The critic who descends to such a desperate subterfuge, must either labour under an incurable incapacity to make distinctions, or be animated by such an indiscreet ardour to make good his cause, that he forgets he is resorting to the most obvious means of failing in the attainment of his object. False reasoning raised upon the assumption of doubtful facts is but a poor foundation for the temple of truth It had better be built on the sands—the flood may come and

carry it away, but it will at least be able to stand alone when neither the waters rise, nor the tempest roars.

In the course of his remarks on the judiciary of the United States, the laureat retails a story of an indecorum that took place in New England, where a fracas happened between a judge and a man who had a cause to be tried. Whether such an outrage ever took place in England we know not; perhaps the stately forms of the court, and the formidable wigs of the judges, may awe the populace into civility and respect. Thus much do we know, however, that we never had a chancellor more vulgar in his manners, and indecent in his vices, than a scullion; nor one that committed suicide for his political apostacy; nor two or three convicted of taking bribes; nor a right reverend bishop, whose intrigues with a married lady of quality have been brought before the public.* Nor, last of all, have we ever had a chief magistrate who has had ballads written upon his royal disaster in being soundly cudgelled for debauching the wife of his counsellor and friend.

Again, if the students of Williamsburg did, as the reviewer affirms, in a moment of popular indignation, pull down the statue of Lord Bottetourt, it was an act in the highest degree indecent and barbarous. In short, it almost equals the English practice of stealing the heads of their dead kings,† disturbing the bones of their immortal poets,‡ or exposing the bodies of their illustrious champions|| at the price of a shilling a head.

We notice, in this heterogeneous mass, several imputations that are either too ludicrous to deserve a serious answer, or have become unimportant in consequence of the late political changes in Europe. The latter are of a nature to ex-

* See the letters of Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton.

† Henry V. ‡ Milton. || Lord Nelson.

cite party spirit; and in a work of this kind, intended to answer a national attack, we would wish to appeal only to national feelings. We are aware that by criminating England we shall give offence to many; but we are little anxious for the good opinion of those Americans whose sensibilities cannot endure such a vindication of their country. The old story of French influence is brought up again, for instance, by the reviewer, but without being supported by any new arguments. We will, therefore, pass it by with this observation, that a union of interests between two governments, whose interests happen to be the same, bespeaks no undue influence either on one hand or the other, but is a very natural result, arising from an accidental combination of circumstances. The first thing, therefore, to be proved in this case is, that it was not the interest of the United States to circumscribe the British naval power, which is at this moment threatening our shores from Louisiana to Maine.

Under the head of ludicrous charges, we will just notice the complaints of the Quarterly Reviewer, on account of the friendly reception given to Mr. Emmet, and other Irish emigrants; and his ridiculous anger because Mr. Jefferson once gave as a toast, "the independence of Ireland." The critic seems to have forgot entirely that we are not Englishmen in America, and consequently may, without any very heinous offence either against morality or decency, be a little susceptible to the wrongs of our fellow creatures. We never divided the plunder of India, or shared in the sweets of Irish oppression; we are, therefore, not obliged to suppress every feeling of humanity, or be deaf to the claims of exiled patriotism.

The history of Ireland's unhappy connexion with England, exhibits, from first to last, a detail of the most persevering, galling, grinding, insulting, and systematic oppression to be found anywhere except among the helots of Sparta.

There is not a national feeling that has not been insulted and trodden under foot; a national right that has not been withheld until fear forced it from the grasp of England, or a dear and ancient prejudice that has not been violated in that abused country. As christians, the people of Ireland have been denied, under penalties and disqualifications, the exercise of the rites of the Catholic religion, venerable for its antiquity, admirable for its unity, and consecrated by the belief of some of the best men that ever breathed. As men, they have been deprived of the common rights of British subjects, under the pretext that they were incapable of enjoying them, which pretext had no other foundation than their resistance of oppression, only the more severe by being sanctioned by the laws. England first denied them the means of improvement, and then insulted them with the imputation of barbarism.

That the people of the United States, who, having once felt, know what English oppression is, should be guilty of the miserable inconsistency of condemning men for what they themselves feel a pride in having done, or that they should shut their doors against those whose doors were never shut against a stranger, is among the ridiculous expectations of overweening selfishness, consulting only its own little narrow prejudices, and having no other standard for the sympathies of mankind than its own stubborn, unyielding hardness. For ourselves, we hope and trust that our country, and the hearts of our countrymen too, will ever be open to receive such men as Mr. Emmet, come whence they will, and that unblemished integrity and superior talents may here find an asylum, from such oppression as is poured upon the heads of the Catholics of Ireland. We can easily perceive the motive which prompts a ministerial advocate to attack the reputation of Ireland and Irishmen, but are entirely at a loss to account for the general abuse cast upon them by a certain

class of writers in this country, unless it should be on the score of their uniform opposition to England and her adherents.

The laureat, in the course of this his predatory warfare, affects to ridicule us occasionally, for a certain propensity to boasting, which we undoubtedly inherit from our English ancestors. Having the example of that country before us, and such good reason to be proud of our victories over the most potent naval power the world ever saw, it is somewhat excusable, if, in the moment of exultation and surprise, some of us should have gone a little beyond the line of sober praise. It is not every nation that can beat England on her own element, and if we feel more than a common pride in the achievement, it is rather a compliment to English prowess than to our own. We were like a young stripling, who having overcome a redoubtable veteran, had not sufficient command of himself for a moment, to disguise his well-founded pride. We maintain that this display of excusable vanity was the greatest compliment that could be paid to England; and so far from the laureat being offended, he ought to thank us for thus endeavouring to reconcile the English to their defeats in this truly magnanimous manner. The people of the United States never, on any occasion, felt more honest pride, even in the midst of their regrets for the gallant Lawrence, than when they learned that Captain Broke had been knighted for his really slpendid achievement, and that the people of England stared at him as if he had performed something almost supernatural. They considered, and with great justice, that such unusual demonstrations indicated that the enemy over whom this solitary triumph had been gained was held in more than usual respect, and that this extraordinary exultation bespoke a proportionate degree of previous despondency.

In speaking of the causes that led to this "unnatural war," as the English papers call it, the laureat expressly charges the people and government of the United States with cherishing a most unprovoked hatred to the English nation, and pays the following delectable compliments to the doting forbearance of this kind mother towards her refractory and ungrateful offspring.

"America," he says, "was a young nation, therefore she must be humoured. She was wayward, therefore she must be won. Such was the doctrine. There were those indeed who did not see any symptoms of the existence of such a sympathy between the parent state and her alienated offspring, but they kept their doubts to themselves. The general cry was too strong for them. The national councils were evidently swayed by it. The poor old mother went on doting and drivelling on the score of natural affection, and kindred habits, and similitude of language, and so forth; until, in the hour of her trial and utmost need, the sentiments of this hopeful child towards her were manifested in a way not to be mistaken."

There is something in this poor attempt to colour the injustice of England, to throw the blame of provoking hostilities upon the United States, and to give a factitious colouring of ingratitude and enormity to the war, that excites indignation, and justifies a departure from that temperate style of remark which we have hitherto endeavoured to preserve. Our ancestors knew, and their posterity will never forget, the proofs of natural affection bestowed on them by this "doting" parent. She is such a parent as the crocodile, who devours his offspring in the very egg, and no doubt weeps while he devours them. Like the stern grandsire of Perseus, she exposed her offspring on the waves of the ocean. She sent them naked into the woods to combat unknown dangers. She took no care of them in their infancy, and

like the twins of the Vestal, they may be said to have been cradled on the waves, and suckled by the wolves of the woods. Her earliest notice was that of oppression—her first parental cares were limited to sharing the fruits of our prosperity—and her last remembrances are acts of remorseless vengeance. Such, indeed, was the severity of her doting kindness, that, like the sons of Alcmæon, we were brought to pray that we might suddenly grow into manhood to punish the oppressor of our fathers. Our prayers were granted, and this doting parent was obliged to resign a claim to obedience which she had never merited either by her kindness or protection. What her conduct has since been it is unnecessary to say. It will be found in the detail of piracies on the water, man stealing on land, and in a thousand insults and injuries, all growing out of a fantastic claim to the dominion of the ocean, founded pretty much like that of Neptune, upon legendary traditions, and tarpaulin songs.

What claim, then, has England either to our gratitude or affection? She gave us nothing that she could withhold, and the only favour we have to acknowledge is the unintentional blessing we derive from the persecutions of this doting parent, which drove our forefathers from their homes, and enabled their posterity to enjoy the freedom and plenty of this liberal land. Is it, then, a matter of surprise or reproach, that while we acknowledge a pride in our affinity, remembering what England once was, we should have lost every trace of those feelings that spring not so much from the mere connexion of blood as from that interchange of good offices which is the usual concomitant of such a connexion?

The whole history of our intercourse with England exhibits a series of arrogant pretension on her part, and patient, if not silent, endurance on ours. If, then, as the reviewer expresses it, in the "hour of trial," when England was struggling for her existence, which, it seems, depends on univer-

sal blockade, and indiscriminate impressment, the government of the United States took advantage of that favourable moment to commence hostilities, not to oppress a fallen enemy, but to obtain justice from an overbearing one, it was a policy consonant with the strictest rule of right, and the practice of all governments. No one, we believe, ever heard it asserted, that the situation of England at that time imposed upon the United States any moral obligation to submit to wrong or insult, and this is the first time it was ever insinuated that there was any peculiar enormity in taking advantage of the embarrassments of our overbearing enemy, to obtain satisfaction for injuries and future security. If England, as has been of late so often said, was struggling with France for existence, instead of universal dominion on the ocean, and conceived herself placed in a situation which justified a resort to means that are only defensible, on the plea of self-preservation, and which involved the rights and interests of other nations—this, however it might be an excuse for her conduct, would certainly not impose upon those nations any obligation to submit to such violations. We know of no moral maxim, or rule of national courtesy, that demands such sacrifices. The thief may perhaps feel himself justified, on the plea of his necessities, in robbing the coffers of his neighbour; but if his neighbour is able to resist this invasion of his property, we believe it would be considered no very great crime, if, in so doing, he chose the most favourable moment for that purpose.

Another most laughable and curious accusation against the government of the United States is, that Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Madison have had the unparalleled effrontery to talk of the "high destinies" of this country, thereby insinuating that we shall one day be a great and powerful nation. The blustering reviewer reprobates this assumption of prospective greatness, and seems to consider it as a gross insult to

England, which has, of late, assumed a prescriptive right to the monopoly of all moral, intellectual, and political greatness, past, present, and to come. In humble extenuation of this offence, we would beg permission to observe, that possessing, as we do, a vast extent of territory, comprising almost every variety of climate, capable of producing every thing necessary to the wants and wishes of mankind, free in its institutions, admirable in its geographical situation, and inhabited by a people active, intelligent, acute, and valiant; we can see but one cause that, in the usual course of events, can possibly prevent the United States from becoming, ere long, a great and illustrious nation. That cause is the dissolution of our national compact, which alone, of all the events to be reasonably anticipated, can destroy the fairest prospect that ever dawned upon the infancy of a state. It is believed that the people of America know and feel this momentous truth, and that it will be long, very long, before the intrigues of disappointed ambition, baffled in its attempts at distinction in the national government, will be able to succeed in acquiring a petty and ignominious consequence, founded on the destruction of our bond of union.

We trust that those distinctions which have been set up by little demagogues to excite local jealousies, and give themselves a consequence at home, to which their talents would not entitle them abroad, will wear away by collision, instead of acquiring additional asperity by opposition; and that our auspicious union will resemble that of the Missouri and Missisippi, whose waters, after forming a junction, flow for a while distinct from each other, but at length incorporate into one mighty stream, everlasting in its duration, and irresistible in its course.

Before we conclude this examination, it may not be altogether useless to notice one of those vulgar and disingenuous artifices, which, though common with the meaner class of wri-

ters, we consider altogether beneath the dignity of a Quarterly Reviewer. A writer, not only destitute of real candour, but deficient in talents, and conscious of that deficiency, will, indeed, sometimes descend to the meanness of attempting to gain credit for a thousand misrepresentations, by the occasional admission of a self-evident, or, at least, incontrovertible fact. However mean and little may be such an artifice, and much as it is unworthy the reputation even of a laureat, still he has condescended to resort to it more than once on this occasion. He has sought to gain credit for his abuse of Franklin, by his candid acknowledgment that Washington, "he believes, was an honest man;" a most singular specimen of liberality, which we should be most happy to emulate by paying the same compliment to the present efficient head of the British government, were we not afraid of bringing our veracity in question. Again, this candid writer acknowledges, that on the ocean he must "fairly confess we have much to commend in them," (the people of the United States,) "and we have still something to redeem." This confession, however, is closely followed up by its antidote, and he adds, speaking of our operations on the land, "their threats and performances have followed each other in ludicrous contrast." We feel a pride in being able, at this moment, to turn this sneer against its author. When the battles of Chippewa, of Bridgewater, the sortie at Erie, and the disgrace of Champlain, shall be known in England, perhaps we may hear a different story. Above all, when the famous retreat of that renowned knight Sir George Prevost, which, like that of the ten thousand, would require a second Xenophon to do it justice, is told, we should like to hear what the laureat will say. We doubt whether it will not require a superabundance of his beloved sack to elevate his spirits to the "sticking place" of a birth-day ode, and are under

serious apprehensions that he will not shout so vociferously in his next, as he did in his last composition.

Disguised, garbled, and falsified, as their accounts will be, according to custom, all the shuffling of hackneyed writers, grown gray and dexterous in the arts of misrepresentation, will not be able to hide the bitter, mortifying truth, that they have been three times beaten on the land by inferior numbers, and again annihilated on their own element, as they foolishly call it, in sight of two armies. They will be obliged to know the mortifying fact, that their boasted veterans, commanded by their boasted generals, lost on the banks of the Saranac the laurels they gained on the shores of the Guadalquiver, were stripped of their *Hesperian* spoils, "and ran and roared" with such lusty vigour as to baffle the swiftness of our light-footed mountaineers.

When these truths shall be known among the inflated and intoxicated people of England,* they may perhaps act as a warning voice, whispering in their ear, that they are mortal. They may enforce the necessity of moderation in prosperity, and go far to convince them, that we, too, have not only the blood of the lion, but of the young and vigorous lion in our veins. They may serve to recall the recollection of the story of Saturn, whose empire, though it extended over the earth, the sky, and the waters, was at last overturned by his own sons; and renew the remembrance of the catastrophe of Ænetus, who perished through excess of exultation at the moment he became victor at the Olympic games. All history is filled with examples of nations and individuals that have fallen victims to their want of moderation in prosperity; and it would be well for England to bear in mind, that the man

* One of their late writers thus speaks of the people of England, in allusion to their late conduct: "When they were beaten, their pride and arrogance rendered them intolerable to other nations, and now that they have some cause to rejoice, they have become intolerable to themselves."

at whose downfall she is now rejoicing, was himself a memorable instance of preposterous ambition.

Such examples may serve to invigorate our confidence, and check the ill-founded hopes of England, who, if she determines to continue this war, in the fallacious expectation of forcing the United States to dismember their territory, and abandon those lakes that have become more precious than ever to the hearts of Americans, as the scenes of their national triumphs, will waste her blood and treasure like the rivers of the desert, that sink into the sands without producing either vegetation or fertility. Should we be at last forced to purchase a peace at the price of such sacrifices, the repose thus dearly bought will be but a resting spell on our part to recruit our vigour for a more bloody and desperate contest. Whatever we give up, we must take back again. But of such a peace we feel no apprehension. The resources of England, great as they may be, are neither eternal nor inexhaustible; and although she seems to have arrived at that unnatural and abhorred state, in which war is absolutely necessary to her existence—an existence so supported, cannot last for ever. Like the sons of Ishmael, whose hands were against every man, every man's hand will be raised against her, as the common enemy of the repose of the world. Her efforts to impede the rising prosperity of this country will serve no other purpose than to create an everlasting barrier to the revival of either confidence or good will, and awaken a bitter and immortal antipathy between two nations, one of whom, let it be remembered, can expect no accession of strength from the lapse of time, the other yet in its cradle, but even there too strong to be crushed, and to whose youthful frame every year adds vigour and elasticity.

The fortune that presided over the destinies of England, was she whom the ancients represented with wings, standing on the prow of a ship, and holding the rudder in her hand;

but our tutelary goddess is she, who was pictured bearing the horn of plenty, and crowned with stars. The fortune of England has already quitted her ship, and even the populace of that country are conscious of the ominous truth. They no longer applaud, at the theatres, the songs that are sung in honour of their once gallant tars, and hear with indifference or disgust those sentiments to which it was once their pride to listen. A few months ago, a piece called, we think, the Privateer, was played at the Lyceum theatre in London, in the course of which there occurred a compliment to the British navy. An attempt was made to applaud, as was usual in former times, but it was overpowered by a hiss, and a person in the boxes was heard to exclaim, "That character is forfeited." When, too, at the Regent's late grand gala, a mock battle was represented on the Serpentine river between an American and an English frigate, the former of which, after a hard struggle struck her flag, it was observed by the populace, "They'd better have let that alone." Trifling as these anecdotes may seem, they furnish surer omens than the flights of birds, or the smoking entrails of sacrificed beasts. They are the croakings of the raven that sits among the ruins of some magnificent pile, and while he records its ancient splendours, foretells its future downfall. They indicate that the pillar of England's glory, the support of her national pride, and the foundation of her power, is mouldering at its base.

The people of England already begin to discover that they will not reap the advantages they anticipated from the downfall of Napoleon Bonaparte. Whoever is king of France must be the enemy of England. The continental system has already produced effects that will be most severely felt in Great Britain. By loaning large sums to manufacturers at an interest of two per cent, and by other means of encouragement, the French emperor had already enabled them to manufacture calicoes, hosiery, and other articles, not only

superior to those of England, but to supply the continent of Europe, even to the confines of Siberia, at a rate of twenty-five per cent cheaper than the inferior productions of the English trade. It is preposterous in the extreme to suppose that England, by no means a cheap country, and where the imposts upon manufactures, as well as the taxes on labour, are higher than anywhere else on earth, can continue to undersell the rest of the world. Every new tax upon the productions of labour must necessarily increase the price of that labour, as well as of its product, or the labourer must starve. With a load of taxes which thus inevitably enhances the price of every article, not only of labour, but of raw material, and with a national debt the interest of which can only be raised by this system of taxation, or by subjecting the trade of the whole world to ignominious restrictions, in order to monopolize its benefits, we see no reason why we are to shrink from a competition, or submit to dishonour, in order to escape the grasp of this imposing shadow of greatness, which is only kept from bankruptcy by perpetual wars to engross the commerce of the world. The late shipments of British goods to the continent have resulted in the ruin of the adventurers. The reason assigned by the English papers for these failures, is the poverty of the continent. But there is a deeper as well as a more permanent cause. The French manufacture cheaper and better themselves, and the present government, pursuing the wise policy of Bonaparte, the most fatal enemy that England ever had, is determined to protect these rising institutions. Nothing can be a stronger proof of this determination than the following unquestionable fact: One of the first acts of Louis was to order the reëxportation of several cargoes of British goods which had been imported into Bordeaux, under a special permission and promise of protection from the Duke of Angouleme. These goods were ordered to be immediately reshipped, the government of France allowing five

per cent on the invoice to cover charges. A close inspection of the trade of England, for the last years, will show that it made a much greater figure in the books of the custom-house than in those of the merchant. The trade to Buenos Ayres was a losing trade; that to Tonningen was the same, and so has been that to France since the conclusion of the European war. The manufacturers became at last reduced to the alternative of not manufacturing at all, or reducing the wages of their workmen. This is the secret of that distress which has within the last few years fallen so heavily upon the labouring class in England. Experience and inquiry have already traced this effect in a great measure to the loss of the American market, regularly increasing, and affording a regular profit, almost as much to be calculated upon as the income arising from so much money invested in stock. The consumption of English manufactures is nearly at an end on the continent of Europe, and a few years of hostility will for ever put an end to it on the continent of North America, with the exception of the English colonies. So sensible is the British government of this approaching crisis, that it is preparing the way for opening the ports of South America, by taking part with the insurgents. It is not, perhaps, generally known, that Capt. Hillyer offered, in the name of his government, his mediation between the two parties in Chili, and obtained the submission of the insurgents on condition *that their ports should be opened to all British vessels and British manufactures.* This submission was refused by Ferdinand on these terms, and here is the true secret of the enmity of that monarch to England, as well as of the downfall of the Cortes, which consisted of the creatures of the English ministry. The King of Spain perceived that the object of this insidious mediation on the part of England, was merely to create an excuse for intermeddling in the affairs of the Spanish colonies. The result of all this is obvious.

The insurgents, on the receipt of this disavowal, again take up arms; and England, under pretence that her honour is implicated in seeing the terms of this mediation complied with, comes in for the whole trade of Chili as the price of guaranteeing its independence.

A government reduced to such petty shifts to dispose of its haberdashery, ought to be no mighty object of apprehension to us, who require no other advantages than those which justice and right bestow, to sustain ourselves with honour as a nation. The means which God and nature have given us are amply sufficient for the support of this country if they are not divided by the arts of faction, or withheld by cowardice or scruples of pretended conscience, but real interest. Let England, then, take her choice of peace or war. Let her, like the proud ambassador of Rome, throw her javelin into our territory: she will never get it back again, if we are but true to ourselves, and to the advantages we possess. But even should we be destined to lose a limb by the gradual progress of corruption, the loss of a gangrened limb, so far from impairing, adds to the vigour of the constitution.

But we forbear to enlarge upon this subject, because we believe that the opposition to which we allude is in its last moments. When men cease to reason, and begin to substitute quips and quirks, and clamour, and general invective, it is a proof that their cause is desperate, and that this is felt by its supporters. Another motive for not pursuing these observations is, that our great object is to awaken a national feeling, distinct, as much as possible, from local interests and partialities. For this purpose we have occasionaly indicated to the people of the United States, the superior happiness they enjoy beyond every other community in the world. We have compared their situation with that of the great mass of the people of England, and by showing them how blest they are, if they did but know it, have endea-

voured to incite them to unanimity in defending their invaluable inheritance. We have incidentally pointed out and discriminated between those things of which they ought to be proud, and those which, being the natural and inevitable consequence of their peculiar situation, ought not to make them ashamed. Some of the evils under which they labour may be remedied by their own exertions, and others must be left to time, which, by gradually introducing new changes in society, will pave the way for their abolition. We have, in short, laboured, so far as the limits of this work would permit, to lay a solid foundation for national pride, by contrasting the advantages we possess, and the disadvantages under which we labour, with those of England. A national confidence reared upon such a basis, equally removed from fantastic vanity on one hand, and unmanly inferiority on the other, ennobles a people, awakens and matures a lofty feeling of patriotism, and is the foundation of lasting greatness. That miserable, poor-spirited acquiescence which arises from an habitual feeling of inferiority, may sometimes ward off the hour of destruction, but cannot preserve a nation from everlasting contempt; while that senseless vanity, which is the product of a total ignorance of ourselves and others, is sure to be ruined in the first contest, because it leads to the neglect of those precautions that alone can ensure success.

We shall close with a few remarks upon the style of the article to which we have attempted a reply, however presumptuous it may seem to criticise the writings of a man whose very vocation it is to criticise those of others. If England has no stouter champion, though we may not find an antagonist to dispute the title of the Prince Regent to the throne of his ancestors with that trusty and thrice valiant knight Sir John Dymock, assuredly it will not be long before we find one to dispute the sceptre of literature, if it be in the keeping of the Quarterly Review. There is a superlative

style of vulgarity, which cannot be replied to without forgetting what we owe to our own character, or exposed in its true colours, without offending against decorum. This is precisely the case with this coarse critic, who stigmatizes us with a want of refinement in language that would disgrace any writer but one whose hard fate it is to write odes in praise of a royal master who cannot venture into the streets of his own capital without being hissed by his subjects.*

The criticism of the laureat reminds us of the abuse of a boisterous boor, little solicitous of any other glory than that of overcoming his antagonist by his superior command of the vulgar tongue. There is a sort of swaggering and ill-bred arrogance about it that cannot be adequately described without a resort to indecorous comparisons, and would almost induce us to believe, that it had been written in one of those unlucky intervals when the laureat, having indulged himself rather indiscreetly over a cup of sack, nature, finding discretion fast asleep, took the opportunity to peep out and expose herself most indecently. Every page of this vituperative article displays the broad stamp not only of misrepresentation, but of vulgar misrepresentation, proceeding from the undisciplined and unpolished malignity of a rude and blustering bully, bawling his abuse across the streets, and neutralizing the effect of his assertions by his evident contempt of candour as well as decency.

As well wishers to the cause of literature, the interests of which are universal, and independent of national hostility, we cannot help sincerely regretting, that a critical journal, the professed object of which is to polish, purify, and direct, not only the public taste, but the public morals, should be thus degraded into a mere common sewer of low-bred abuse and

* This happened more than once to his royal highness, who now seldom ventures abroad, except under the protection of Lord Wellington.

acrimonious invective. The last number* of that work, in particular, was so unworthy of its former reputation, that it has been rumoured the publisher in this country applied to one of our literati to revise it, who declined, under the plea that such an undertaking might offend his majesty's ministers, and protract the war. The insults of such indifferent writers are in truth peculiarly grating to our feelings. We had borne without shrinking the attacks of Porcupine, Janson, Parkinson, Moore, and the rest; and if we are now wrought up to a sensation of peculiar bitterness, it is because we feel ourselves in the predicament of the old lion, who submitted without a murmur to the insults of more respectable beasts, but was at last roused to indignation by the kick of an ass.

The most unreflecting reader will perceive the injury that must inevitably result from the perversion of these literary tribunals, whose presiding judges thus make use of their influence over the public mind, for no other purpose than to disseminate prejudices, to forward the local and temporary views of party, rather than the eternal and universal interests of truth, and like the Daunian dogs who fawned upon their high priest, but barked at all the world beside, had rather libel the whole human race, than lose the patronage of a minister of state. For ourselves, we confidently anticipate the decline of this prostituted institution, and that the period is not very remote, when the people of America will no longer indulge in that preposterous prodigality which pays for the coarsest manufacture of foreign abuse, and purchases, with disinterested avidity, the most worthless and worst written libels upon themselves and their country.

* No. 20.

FINIS.

REMARKS

ON THE

REVIEW OF INCHIQUIN'S LETTERS,

PUBLISHED IN THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW;

ADDRESSED TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE CANNING, ESQUIRE.

BY AN
INHABITANT OF NEW-ENGLAND.

(Timothy Dwight.)

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL T. ARMSTRONG,
No. 50, Cornhill.

1815.

Checked

SEP 5 1973
NEW-YORK.

DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS—To wit:
District Clerk's Office.

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the eleventh day of April, A. D. 1815, and in the thirty-ninth year of the independence of the United States of America, SAMUEL T. ARMSTRONG, of the said District, has deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as Proprietor, in the words following, *to wit:*

"Remarks on the Review of Inchiquin's Letters, published in the Quarterly Review; addressed to the Right Honourable George Canning, Esq.

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, intitled, "An act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies, during the times therein mentioned;" and also to an act intitled, "An act supplementary to an act, intitled an act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies during the times therein mentioned; and extending the benefits thereof to the Arts of Designing, Engraving, and Etching, Historical and other Prints."

WILLIAM S. SHAW,
Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

PREFACE.

WHEN the following Remarks were almost finished, I was informed, that Strictures on the Review of *Inchiquin's* Letters had been just published in *New York*. As I have not read the Work, I can say nothing of its merit: but some of my friends, who had seen it, urged me to finish what I had proposed, and to send it to the press. I have also been told, that some Observations have been published in one of the *Boston* news-papers on the same Review; but have not seen them.

The general subject of these Remarks has become possessed of considerable importance. *Great Britain* and the *United States* are naturally friends; and their friendship to each other cannot fail, if it should exist, of being mutually and extensively beneficial. It has its foundation laid deep in the common origin, language, manners, laws, and religion; and scarcely less deep in the common interests. Its consequences can only be good: an interruption of it can only be mischievous: the destruction of it will be an evil, which cannot be measured. Nor will the injury to the *United States* be greater, so far as human foresight is able to divine, than to *Great Britain*.

I have ever considered those, who on either side of the *Atlantic* have been willing to alienate these nations

from each other, as governed by passion and prejudice, or as acting from ignorance or thoughtlessness. In both countries they have been sufficiently numerous. Here, as writers, they have appeared chiefly in Newspapers. In *Great Britain* they have assumed graver characters. Both the Travellers and the Literary Journalists of that Country have for reasons, which it would be idle to inquire after, and useless to allege, thought it proper to caricature the *Americans*. Their pens have been dipped in gall; and their representations have been, almost merely, a mixture of malevolence and falsehood. As they have been long continued, and very often repeated, it cannot be unkind, or in any sense improper, to examine their character.

A great number of these abusive effusions have been published in *British* Reviews. They began in Sentences, and Paragraphs: they have now become the materials of extended discussion, and indicate with sufficient evidence, a settled hostility against this country.

That *Britons* should feel the common resentment of enemies towards us, during the existence of the present war, is certainly to be expected. But men, whose minds are professedly enlarged with literature and science, are fairly required to know, that what they write is at least probably founded in truth, and to assert nothing which is not well sustained by evidence. To such men prejudice and passion ought, at least during their sober lucubrations, to be strangers. By such

men contempt and sneers ought to be admitted into their writings with reluctance. But in the Reviews, which I have mentioned, the Writers, in their Observations concerning this Country, have uttered little beside the language of contempt and ill nature.

The existing Government of these States has laboured for a long time to alienate its citizens from *Great Britain*, and to attach them to *France*. The attempt has to some extent been blasted, hitherto: but it may be renewed with fresh vigour at no distant period. The only means of rendering it finally successful, of which I can conceive, will be the co-operation of *Britons* with the existing *American* Government in its favourite design. In such a co-operation these Writers have embarked with an ardour, scarcely to have been expected. Few measures could with equal efficacy bring forward such a catastrophe. Their writings are extensively read in this Country; and, wherever they are read, produce a resentment and indignation, not easily forgotten. Very naturally, they are supposed to be the sentiments of the *British* nation; and the supposition easily exhibits every prospect of future conciliation as hopeless, and even the wish for it as idle and childish: for who can rationally desire any connexion either with an individual, or a nation, capable of such sentiments?

The account, given, in the course of this Work, concerning the manner, in which the *British* Reviews are conducted, and concerning the character of the Re-

viewers, will go far towards persuading the people of this Country, that they are not to receive their effusions as being the sentiments of the *British* Nation, but as ebullitions from inmates of the *Fleet*, *King's bench*, and *Newgate*, prisons; or from other base and despicable hirelings, employed to aid the dirty purposes of a dirty bookseller. The Nation has not lost its former nobleness; and Reviewers are not the organs of its will. It still contains a multitude of great, and wise, and good men, who, when the present paroxism is over, will, I trust, act towards us, as such men may be fairly expected to act.

The Review of *Inchiquin's* Letters, as I have been very lately informed, has in this country been attributed to Mr. *Southey*. I can hardly admit the supposition, that a man, possessing the reputation of this gentleman, can have been the author of so unworthy a production. If it is his; I can only say, I regret it, for the sake of human nature.

The attention paid in the course of these Remarks to Mr. *Jeffrey*, the Conductor of the *Edinburgh* Review, has been abundantly merited by the indecent sneers, and slanders, issued in that Journal concerning the inhabitants of the United States. *Scotchmen*, and *Scotland*, have been treated here with every expression of good will; and we deserve from them nothing, but to be "paid in kind." But in a Work, which from the beginning has either openly, or insidiously, been hostile to good Government, and Christianity, who, not

destitute of Common Sense, can expect any thing, which is just, or honourable. As to Mr. *Jeffrey* himself, the civilities, which he received here, turned his head; and have been requited only with insolence. Nothing better could rationally have been expected from a man, who had wickedness enough to go into the field, in order to gain the reputation of a duellist, and baseness enough to agree beforehand with his miserable antagonist to fight with powder only. The *Edinburgh* Review sometimes exhibits superiour talents; but, as a whole, it is a nuisance to the world.

It is time that the people of this country should begin to estimate the foreigners, who visit it, more justly. Nine, out of ten, so far as their observations are published, are mere common slanderers; and appear to cross the ocean for little else than to bely us, as soon as they leave our shores. If they dislike our country and its inhabitants, let them stay at home. We shall not molest them. Here they claim, and receive, an attention, due only to persons of worth; and then repay our civilities with contempt and abuse. It is sufficiently painful to be ill-treated by men of respectability; but to be subjected to the heels, and the braying of such creatures, as *Janson*, *Ashe*, and *Parkinson;* and that, in a sense voluntarily, is to be humbled indeed. It is to be hoped, that *Americans*, before they again open their houses, and their hearts, for the reception of foreign stragglers, will demand some evidence, that they are not scoundrels. Every worthy man, from

every country, I would welcome; and wish my countrymen to welcome, to every good office. But it is time, that we should begin to select from so corrupt a mass, such parts, as are at least not putrid.

If we can be connected with *Great Britain* on terms of mutual good will, and mutual respect; I shall hail the connexion with the most sincere pleasure; but, if the people of that country are only to regard us with malignity and contempt, and to treat us with abuse and slander; the sooner, and the farther, we are separated, the better.

Feb. 1, 1815.

CONTENTS.

	Page.
Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Madison,	14
The War,	15
Honourable character of the British Nation,	16
Conduct of the War,	17
Comparison of British and American Rulers,	21
Congress compared with the British Parliament,	27
American Elections,	29
English Elections,	32
New England Elections,	37
English Electioneering,	38
Talents in the House of Commons,	40
Matthew Lyon,	41
Duels,	42
Courts of Justice,	44
Toleration,	45
Justices of the Peace,	47
Miranda,	ib.
Professional education of Lawyers,	ib.
of Physicians,	48
English Lawyers,	ib.
Stealing,	49
Separation of the church from the State and its consequences,	50
Fanaticism of England,	52
Education of young men for the ministry in America,	54
In England,	56
Character of the English Clergy,	64
Of the American Clergy,	70
Of American Merchants,	ib.
Of British Merchants,	71
Morals and Manners of the Americans,	72
Landjobbers,	ib.
American rudeness,	73
Taverns,	74
English Taverns,	77
American Women,	79
American Slavery,	80
English,	81
West India,	83
Redemptioners,	86
American intemperance,	87
English intemperance,	88

Gouging, - - - - - - - - - 90
Amusements of the English, - - - - - - 91
Morals of Manchester, - - - - - - - - 92
of Birmingham, - - - - - - - 93
of London, - - - - - - - - 97
Mediocrity of wealth in America, - - - - - 101
Genius and Learning of Americans, - - - - - - 106
Barlow's Columbiad, - - - - - - - 107
Mac Fingal, - - - - - - - - - ib.
Dr. Franklin, - - - - - - - - - 108
Dr. Rittenhouse, - - - - - - - - 109
Hadley's Quadrant, - - - - - - - - 111
City of Washington, - - - - - - - - 112
Naval Efforts of the Americans, - - - - - - 113
Debates in Congress, - - - - - - - - 114
In the British Parliament, - - - - - - - ib.
Lord Lauderdale, - - - - - - - - ib.
Lord Stanhope, - - - - - - - - 115
Sir Gregory Page Turner, - - - - - - - ib.
Lord Stanhope, - - - - - - - - 118
Mr. Drake, jun. - - - - - - - - 119
Earl of Abingdon, - - - - - - - - 121
Morals of Parliament, - - - - - - - - 123
Lord Cochrane, - - - - - - - - 124
Decency, - - - - - - - - - 126
John Elwes, - - - - - - - - - ib.
Lewdness in Great Britain, - - - - - - - 128
Edinburgh Review, - - - - - - - - 129
Conductor of it, - - - - - - - - 130
Language of the United States, - - - - - - 133
of Great Britain, - - - - - - - 140
Account of British Reviews, - - - - - - - 144
Remarks on this account, - - - - - - - 153
on this abuse of the Americans, - - - - 163

REMARKS, &c.

SIR,

YOU are reported, in this country, to have instituted, and to controul, a literary journal, published in *London*, under the title of *The Quarterly Review.* Whether the report is just, or not, I am unable to determine. If it is just; the following observations are intentionally directed to you. If not; the proper application of them will be made to some other person, probably unknown to the public as the principal patron.

In the twentieth number of this work, Art. 11th, is a review of a production, styled "*Inchiquin the Jesuit's Letters, during a late residence in the United States of America.*" The title you consider, and I presume justly, as fictitious; and attribute the work to a *Philadelphian*, named *Ingersoll.* There is a man of this name in that city, whom the inhabitants, in one of those fits of delirium, which often seize upon large cities, sent as their Representative to Congress. Here he rendered himself in a very short time both odious and contemptible; and received such a flagellation from the Hon. *Mr. Stockton*, of *New Jersey*, as neither he nor his countrymen will soon forget: a flagellation, you will permit me to add, (since you are so ready to accuse us of manual violence,) administered, not with the hand, but with the tongue. That this silly man may have written the book, of which you speak; and that it may be a very silly book; I am not disposed to question. As the only knowledge of it, which I possess, is derived from this review, I am not

warranted to contradict any assertions concerning it, which are made by the reviewer. Had your strictures been confined to *Inchiquin's Letters;* you would never have heard from me.

In an early part of this paper you inform us, that the book has suggested to you, that "it might not be uninstructive, or unamusing to enquire a little into the character of the people, whom its Government are thus endeavouring to inflame into unextinguishable hatred against us, and whom we are so desirous of conciliating." "In doing this," you tell us, "we do not profess to take *Inchiquin* for our only guide; but shall avail ourselves of many partial, and scattered, hints towards a correct portrait of the people of the United States, which are to be found in the works of their own artists, as well as in those of foreigners, who have preceded this jesuitical author." This is a task, upon which you have entered pretty extensively heretofore; and which has been assumed by several other literary journalists of *Great Britain.* The spirit, with which it has been executed, has been the same: and it may be asserted without the least fear of well founded contradiction, that it is the very spirit, which you censure with so much severity; equally causeless; equally malignant; equally dishonourable to him, by whom it is cherished.

There are two subjects, on which you have remarked extensively, and about which I shall give myself little concern. These are *the characters,* and *the administrations,* of *Mr. Jefferson* and *Mr. Madison.* I am a federalist, and a *New Englander;* a *Yankee,* as a multitude of your countrymen choose to style us, with the same gentlemanly spirit, with which they call the *French* frog-eaters; the *Italians,* fiddlers; and the

Russians, bears; with which they see nothing in the *Scotch*, but dirt and the itch; in the *Irish*, nothing but bulls, and lies; and in the *Dutch*, nothing but smoaking, cheating, and stupidity; with which *Dr. Clarke*, otherwise a worthy man, and plainly possessed of respectable talents, declares, that every *Russian*, whom he met, was a rogue; that both sexes in that country, and those even of high rank, are encrusted with filth, and covered with vermin.

There is not, I presume, an *Englishman*, who regards the character, and politics, of *Mr. Jefferson*, and *Mr. Madison*, with less approbation than myself. The former I consider as a cunning, the latter as a weak, man; and both, as hollow in their professions, insincere in their declarations, disposed without reluctance to sacrifice their country to the acquisition, and retention, of power, and actually sacrificing it, so far as they have been able, for the accomplishment of horrid, and despicable purposes. In the progress of their measures I know not one, which wears even the appearance of patriotism, or principle.

The war, existing between *Great Britain* and this country, of which you complain with the best reason, is in my opinion unnatural, impolitic on our part, causeless, and unjust. I do not mean, that you have given us no grounds for complaint. Your Orders in Council were, to say the least, of a very questionable nature; and the treatment, which our commerce has received from you, both before and since that period, is incapable of any vindication. But we, also, had acted in a manner, equally censurable towards you. It is unnecessary, that I should recite the provocations, which we have given you. Suffice it to say, that *France*, to whom with a spirit of drivelling infatuation we at-

tached ourselves, had injured us ten times, where you had done it once; and in a degree, which outran calculation. *Mr. Jefferson*, a *Spaniel* where *Bonaparte* was concerned, and, while he thought himself safe under the imperial and royal protection, growling and bristling in a manner, somewhat formidable, at *Great Britain*, thought, poor man! that *Great Britain* would certainly cease to be an independent nation within twelve months from the date of the treaty concluded by *Messrs. Munroe* and *Pinckney*. This, he himself declared to *Dr. Logan*, was the reason why he rejected that treaty: a reason, for alleging which a child ten years old, if such a child could have been found, who would have alleged it, ought to have been whipped.

At this time the *British* nation was employed, and had for many years been employed, in defending what was left of the liberty, and safety, of the human race; the protestant religion; and the remains of literature, arts, science, civilization, and happiness; from the jaws of the *Corsican Cyclop*. The expense, which she incurred, the bravery of her fleets and armies, the skill and conduct of her officers, the wisdom and firmness of her councils, and the unanimity, patriotism and perseverance, of her inhabitants, outrun all praise; and surpass every preceding example. Blasted be the wishes of the man, who desires to see your nation in any other than prosperous circumstances; and who will not rejoice to see it free, virtuous and happy. The human race are your debtors: and to you, under God, it is owing in a great measure, that the inhabitants of this country are in possession of their own liberty and independence. I say this, because it is true: and not one of my own countrymen, although I am well

aware that many of them will deny the position, will be able to refute it.

In this situation, that the *American* Government should wish success to *Napoleon* was equally a proof of profligacy, and madness. Should he succeed; the only boon, which could be expected for the inhabitants of this country, was to be eaten up last; and the period at which they were to be devoured, was at so small a distance, as to render the postponement of the crisis scarcely a privilege.

This single fact tinctures the war, deeply, with the character of ingratitude. We were neutrals: but we had the same interest in its issue, as if we had been a party. *You* were defending *our* interest; while *we* were opposing it. Heaven blessed you with success: and glory be to the Author of all blessing, that he was pleased to give it in so bountiful a manner.

Far, very far, however, is this from being a complete account of the merits of your countrymen. They have done more to define, and perpetuate, liberty; to form a wise, upright, and stable government; to improve agriculture, arts, and manufactures; to extend learning, and science; and to advance the interests of morality, and religion; than any other nation, ancient or modern. Your judicial system is an exhibition of more wisdom than can be found in the internal police of any spot on the globe. The *British and Foreign Bible Society*, if there were no other monument of your nation to be left, would transmit your character to future generations with a glory, which will expire only with the ages of time.

With *the Conduct of the war*, on our part, I am but little better pleased than with the original declaration. The plan of conquering *Canada* was equally iniqui-

tous, and absurd. The inhabitants of *Upper Canada* were chiefly emigrants from the United States; and left behind them brothers and sisters, parents and children. Those of *Lower Canada* were perfectly friendly to us. Neither of them had done us any wrong. Yet these were the people, who were to undergo the principal sufferings of the war; and no reason could be assigned, at the suggestion of which an upright man would not blush, why we should be willing, that they should suffer at all. The acquisition of *Canada* would have been only injurious to us. To govern it has cost you immense sums. The United States it would have cost much more. To you the possession of *Canada* was safe. Were that country ours; we should be exposed to the discontent, turmoil, and insurrections, of the inhabitants: evils, to which no limits can be foreseen; and the expense of blood, and treasure, which would be necessary to quell, not to say exterminate, them, it would be very difficult to estimate: to omit what is much more important; the immeasurable guilt of bringing the miseries, inseparable from such a process, upon a people, to whom we owe nothing but good will.

Our Government was ill informed, and weak, enough to believe these people their friends: and under this persuasion resolutely attempted, at the commencement of the war, to detach them from their allegiance, and their interests. Alternately, they were threatened, and courted: and the same hand held out to them the torch and the olive branch. The *Canadians* wisely disregarded both; and, unterrified by that preeminent specimen of barbarism, the proclamation of *Gen. Hull*, (dictated for that officer, as I am told he declares, at *Washington,)* adhered to their

interest, and their Sovereign. Since that period we have done what was in our power to alienate them still further, and, it must be acknowledged, have been eminently successful. They now hate us as cordially, as we can desire; and, it is to be hoped, that even the unsusceptible mind of *Mr. Madison*, illustrious as he is for pertinacity, has already, or will soon, become a convert to this opinion. If not, let him send *Gen. Peter B. Porter* on two or three more Indian excursions into that country; and all the difficulties in the way of his conversion will vanish.

Gen. Hull, who was sent at the commencement of the war to subdue Upper *Canada*, and who had acquired an honourable character as a field officer in the *American* Revolution, particularly in the resistance made to *Gen. Burgoyue*, was hurried off to *Detroit* with an expedition, which indicated, that his employers supposed he had nothing to do, after his arrival, but to say "*Veni, vidi, vici;*" and the work would be done. He found at *Detroit* half an army, half victualled, half clothed, miserably furnished with the means of making war, and with little provision for their own safety, health, or comfort. The disastrous issue of the enterprise was an equal, and signal, proof of the folly of those, by whom it was originated, and of the justice of God.

A similar character must be given of the succeeding attempts of *Gens. Dearborn*, *Hampton*, and *Wilkinson*. An examination of them, here, would be unnecessary and tedious. I shall not, therefore, weary myself with writing, nor you with reading it. It will be enough to say, that by our various expeditions into *Canada* we have lost much, and gained nothing. We have, indeed, inflicted many evils upon *you*. Of

this we ought to be ashamed; and for it we have been, and hereafter probably may be still more, severely punished. We have destroyed your people; and you, ours. You have boasted of your victories, and so have we of ours; and both, often without any reason. We have burnt your villages; and you have burnt ours. We blew up the parliament house at *Little York;* and you blew up the *American* Capitol, and the President's house, at *Washington.* The destruction was in both cases causeless, and wanton; and both parties exhibited themselves as mere barbarians. Yet I confess, we set you the example. *Sir George Prevost,* however, in a solemn proclamation, published after the destruction of *Buffaloe Creek,* and its environs, declared, that the work of retaliation had been carried sufficiently far. From this time nothing had occurred, which could justify the ravages at *Washington.*

In your attacks upon *us* you have had little more success than we in ours upon you. The bargain has been a losing one on both sides; and the sooner it is terminated, the better. A little common sense, and a little good nature, would easily bring the controversy to a close. But it is questionable whether your government, or ours, will very soon possess enough of either to effectuate so desirable a purpose. That ours will, I confess, I have no expectation.

Your History of the progress of the *American* government is in some respects just, and in some erroneous. If you wish to see the subject correctly stated; you will find it exhibited in a masterly manner by the *Hon. Robert Goodloe Harper,* in an Address to his fellow citizens, assembled at *Annapolis,* to celebrate the victories of the Allies over *Napoleon.* Permit me to recommend this work to you, although it is an *Amer-*

ican production, and written in a country, which you think a land of barbarism and blunders. It will afford you much useful instruction, which you cannot get elsewhere; and will teach you to write with a better spirit, and in better language. At the same time it will gratify your spleen against one class of the *Americans* by shewing you the unworthy character, and disgraceful conduct, of the leaders of that class; and the base manner, in which they collected, and arranged, their political party. The expectation of being gratified in this respect, will, I hope, induce you to read the book.

The first theme of your censure is made up of our Rulers, and their Administration. On this subject I presume you will hardly demand of me more liberal concessions than those, which I have already made. Let us now turn our eyes to *Great Britain;* and see whether in this respect our character will suffer by a comparison with yours. Mr. *Jefferson* and Mr. *Madison* are, we will suppose, weak men. To the former, indeed, you allow a plausible address, and considerable talents: and it must be acknowledged, that he possesses, in no contemptible degree, the talent, which is styled Cunning. As to talents of any other nature, I will leave him to display and his friends to admit them. Place both these Magistrates as low as you please. Were they weaker men than your *John, Stephen, Henry III, Henry VI, Edward II, James I, Charles II,* and *James II?* Could not as many, and those equally ridiculous and contemptible, things be written, even now, concerning each of these men, as concerning the two *American* Chiefs? Were not both their private conduct, and their public policy, at least

as despicable; *Englishmen* themselves being the Judges.

But "the *American Rulers are grossly vicious men.*" The private deportment of Mr. *Madison* is, I believe, altogether decent, so far as what is commonly styled morality, is concerned. It is true, he makes no pretensions to the character of a religious man. But, I believe, he never swears, gets drunk, frequents the gambling table, nor keeps a mistress. How small, Sir, do you think, is the number of your princes, of whom this could be said with truth? Look back, if you please, upon the list which I have set before you; and tell me how many it contains, who were not blots, and brands, upon the character of man.

You complain, and justly, of *the hypocritical politics, and false professions*, of these Presidents. Mr. *Madison's* hypocrisy is clumsy, and awkward. Mr. *Jefferson's* is adroit, and sits upon him like an accomplishment; and, visible as it always was to men of sense and integrity, has nevertheless satisfied his party, and kept them in order. That of *Charles II*, though he was plainly inferiour to Mr. *Jefferson* in talents, was equally efficacious in controuling the principal men, and the great body, of the *English* nation. Not only did they unite very generally in his profligate and ruinous measures, but addressed him, and spoke of him publicly and privately, in terms of the most exaggerated and fulsome adulation; such as on a modern ear produces effects, very similar to those, which are experienced by the palate, when tasting Ipecacuanha. A few of the distinguished Ministers of your church, and a few illustrious Laymen, opposed the abominable measures of this fiend in human shape; but the rest; your Clergy, Nobles, Parliament, and People; united

together in a vast mob, and followed with a hue and cry of applause this vile man, who was labouring to destroy at once their liberty and their religion.

You complain of *the injustice of our Rulers to Great Britain.* Admit it. Turn your eyes, if you please, upon your own country. Recollect the miseries, which you have brought upon the people of *Hindoostan,* and upon the wretched inhabitants of *Africa.* Follow for a moment your Slave-factors, prowling through this unhappy region, like a collection of wolves and tygers, and destroying by the wars, which they kindled, an endless multitude of the inhabitants, for the purpose of selling another endless multitude into hopeless, agonizing bondage; of whom one half perished on the way, and the other became victims, at no distant period, to toil, and torture.

You will tell me, perhaps, that *we* are equally, and even more, interested in this charge than yourselves; that we have not only been active in this infamous traffic, but have bought, and kept, and still keep, these miserable people in bondage. Softly, Sir. Our own share in this business was all begun, and carried on, under your patronage, and controul. When we formed our National Constitution, the States stipulated, in effect, that after the year 1808 the importation of slaves should cease. To this stipulation the slave-holding States were parties: and it was the earliest dereliction of this iniquitous traffic, to which they would consent. Blame them for this part of their conduct as much as you please. I shall feel no inducement to refute the charge. The other States either abolished slavery in their Constitutions at the first moment of their political existence; or exterminat-

ed it by the earliest emancipation, which was in their power. This was particularly true of New England.

You will perhaps reply, that *Great Britain* has performed the same act of justice in a manner still more efficacious. I rejoice in it. The name of *Wilberforce*, *Sharp*, *Clarkson*, and their associates, I regard with all the respect, which can be due to mere men; and hail with inexpressible delight the triumph, atchieved by them at the end of a war, of near 20 years, over *Liverpool* slave-dealers, over *West Indian* slave-holders, and over all the phalanx of avarice, barbarity, and oppression. They have erected to themselves a monument of glory, *ære perennius.*

At the same time I remember with no small mortification the hostility, the abuse, the base passions, and the despicable sentiments, which through this long period they were obliged to encounter; not only from the *West Indian* slave-holders, and the *Liverpool* slave-merchants, who, together with their friends, found their way into your Senate, but in many instances, also, from the independent Gentlemen, and even from the Noblemen, of your country. We accomplished the business with much less difficulty; notwithstanding a great part of our Convention, and afterwards of our Congress, was composed of those, whose property consisted extensively in slaves.

In *Hindoostan* your public conduct was for a long period, and until very lately, so oppressive to the miserable inhabitants, that persons of the first distinction in *Great Britain* branded it with the deepest shame. You have begun a reformation, at which every good man rejoices. Our conduct toward the *Aborigines* of our country, though scandalous, is far from being equally infamous with yours towards the *Hindoos;*

and the name of *Harrison* will go down to posterity with less infamy, than those of *Clive*, and *Sykes*. But, in this respect, you have begun to reform: we have not.

Very unpleasant tales hang upon the private character of *Mr. Jefferson;* but he never sacrificed his own daughter, as *James the 1st.* did the wife of the *Elector Palatine;* nor his own friend, as the same miserable prince did Sir *Walter Raleigh:* and his life, with the utmost enormities attributed to it, cannot be placed by the side of that brute in human shape, *Charles the 2d.* Nor did he more directly, more universally, or more wantonly, sacrifice the interests of the country, which he governed. It has not yet been proved, that he was a pensioner of *France;* nor was his servile dependence on *Bonaparte* so servile as that of *Charles* on *Louis 14th.* Nor is the war, in which we are now involved, more despicable, or more directly injurious to our interests, than the second *Dutch* war, carried on by *Charles* in obedience to *Louis*, was to those of *Great Britain. Charles's* whole private life was a mere mass of putrefaction.

While we are on this subject, let me turn your attention for a moment to the behaviour of some of the members of the present reigning Family. Recal to your remembrance for a single moment the story of Mrs. *Fitzherbert;* the present situation of the Princess of *Wales;* the story of "*The Book;*" the history of the Marchioness of *Yarmouth;* and a few other items, of the same unfortunate nature; particularly the whole history of the Duke of *York.* It is enough for me to direct the eye of an *Englishman* to these objects. I shall not insist upon them.

To these, however, I could, as you very easily know, add a terrible list, if I were to go back through the history of your Government. To say nothing of the infernal spirit of *Mary the 1st*, the capricious and brutal violence of her Father, and the enormous avarice of her Grandfather; what do you think of the execution of *Mary*, Queen of *Scots*, and the barbarous treatment of several of her own subjects, by your "good queen *Bess*." If the character of rulers is to stamp that of a nation; there are, I fear, very few periods of your history, which will bear an examination. How few of your *Edwards* and *Henrys*, of whom you boast so much, although several of them possessed great talents, were men of even a decent character. Antecedently to the present reigning Family, three or four princes will, I suspect, be all, whom you would choose to name as persons of unblemished reputation.

You cannot but observe, Sir, the tenderness, with which I have treated your country, nor failed to have remarked the contrast, exhibited in it to the brutal Billingsgate, with which you have insulted mine. The facts, which you have alleged, you have drawn almost wholly from British travellers; who, with a few exceptions, have either from ignorance, or dishonesty, or both, so extensively violated truth, as to persuade the inhabitants of this country *to doubt the soundness of all books of travels.* The proverbial language, here, concerning this subject is, "What reason have we to suppose, that other travellers are more honest than these; or that they are better informed? Both their mistakes, and their falsehoods, are innumerable. Their works, instead of being portraits of this country, are caricatures. If they have drawn other countries in the same manner; we know them from these writ-

ings, only as we know the character of a man from the calumnies of his enemies, or the ribaldry of his satirists."

There is, however, another source of error, from which both they and you, take occasion to indulge the love, and the malignity of misrepresentation, with some advantage to yourselves, and gross injustice to us. Your travellers lay hold on a news-paper paragraph, an abusive pamphlet, or a scandalous tale, which they heard recited in conversation; and from one or other of these sources derive some fact, or facts, which have really existed. The facts themselves, in which only one, or a few individuals were concerned, you attribute to classes of men; and derive from them conclusions, which you fasten on the whole *American* people.

With the same equity you seize upon a custom, or characteristic, existing in a greater or less degree in some part of this country, and without qualification attribute it to the inhabitants universally. With equal truth might you ascribe the manners of *Kamschatka* to the people of *St. Petersburgh*, and those of the *Cornwall wreckers* to the citizens of *Westminster*. In this manner what is originally true in your details is changed into falsehood; and facts are perverted to the purposes of slander.

Your second attack is made on our *National Legislature.* You sift the character of the Electors, and their Representatives; and inform us from *Peter Porcupine*, (Pray, Sir, did you go to the gaol, in which he lay confined by one of your courts of justice, for libelling your Government, to get this tale from him?) that "in *America* the man of the people is one, who frequents the grog-shops, smokes a cigar, and harangues the pop-

ulace with violent abuse of the hostile faction." You then tell us of a man, "who had married a free black-woman in the *West Indies*, had several children by her, robbed and left her, went to the U. S. married another wife, and, "with all these blushing honours thick upon him," was elected a member of the Senate." We have undoubtedly scandalous members in our Congress. "Pray, Sir, what think you of *John Wilkes*, elected into your Parliament by the proud city of *London;* of which you and your countrymen boast in much the same terms with those, in which *Nebuchadnezzar* boasted of Babylon; of *John Wilkes* elected a member of Parliament by the city of *London;* expelled by the House of Commons, and by the same city elected a second time; of *John Wilkes*, who wrote the *Essay on Woman*, a mass of corruption and impiety, such as probably the world never saw before; of *John Wilkes*, elected at the very time when this putrid production came to light, and thus sanctioned and supported, in this stupendous iniquity, by the public voice of that great city?-What think you of *Sykes*, who was elected member of your Parliament, after having starved in *India* one million of people by purchasing the rice, on which alone they were to live, and refusing to sell it again till he could obtain the price, put upon it by his own avarice? What think you of *Sir Francis Burdett*, the representative of your polite city of *Westminster?* For his character I need not refer you to the books, whence I have learned it. I refer you to your own knowledge. Now, Sir, permit me to ask, Do you believe, that any scoundrels in the *American* Congress are greater scoundrels than these; or that any Orator of a stump in the Southern States, or any backwoodsman in

Kentucky, Ohio, or *Tennessee,* ever deserved to be hanged half as many times?

Let me remind you, also, that this custom of haranguing a mob, as means of obtaining an election, is derived from *Great Britain;* that the names of *Fox,* and *Burke,* are enrolled, as well as those of *Wilkes* and *Burdett,* among your field orators; and that although they did not mount a hogshead, or a stump, the difference of the rostrum makes no difference in the practice, to the eye either of morality, or taste; that, although they were probably more eloquent than the *Ciceros* of *Kentucky,* or *Tennessee,* and somewhat more learned; and thus were able, like *Virgil,* "to toss about their dung with an air of majesty;" yet the superiority of their character serves only to display the conduct with more deformity; and that the higher your claims of intelligence and refinement are, the deeper is your disgrace on account of this barbarism Permit me further to inform you, that this practice has no existence north of *Maryland.*

You observe that "every free man in *America,* aye and *free woman too,* is a voter, and every one is free, who declares himself to be worth fifty pounds;" and, you add, "None thinks of boggling, if required, to swear to this qualification; none more expert at an evasion or equivocation than a citizen of the United States."

These declarations, Sir, are, it must be owned, very candid, and very gentlemanly. Some of them I will examine here: others I shall notice in the sequel. You say that every freeman in *America* is a voter. If you intend, that every man is a voter who is not a slave, the assertion is a falsehood, supremely scandalous to you, because it is hardly possible, that you

should not have known it to be false; and because such ignorance would be scarcely less disgraceful to a man of your political character than the untruth. If you intend, what the word is used to denote in this country, that every man who possesses the right of voting is a voter; the assertion is true: and I congratulate you on the profoundness of the discovery.

But you say "every free-woman in this country is a voter." In the Constitution of *New Jersey*, phraseology, admitted, as I understand, by mere inadvertency, was supposed by some of its inhabitants to give the right of voting to women: and in a very small number of instances,* and within very limited districts, women have acted as voters. This, Sir, is the only foundation on which rests your broad assertion, that every free-woman in *America* is a voter. From a person who sports with truth in this manner, what can be expected, but such a foul mass of falsehood and abuse, as is contained in the Review of the Letters of *Inchiquin?*

The terms on which men are admitted to the elective franchise in this country, are far from according with my own wishes. In some of the States they are better, and in others worse, than in *Great Britain.* In one respect they are immeasurably better. We give the right to men of every description, who possess the personal character, and the pecuniary qualifications, specified by the law. We do not confine the election to *particular trades*, nor to *particular spots of ground.* We have no *Old Sarums*, where one man sends two members to Parliament; and no *Birminghams*, where eighty thousand do not send one. Every

* I know but one instance.

thirty five thousand freeborn inhabitants are empowered to send one member to Congress, and every man in this list, who possesses the personal character, and pecuniary qualifications, required by law, either has, or may at his option have, a right to vote for this member. Now, Sir, we *Americans* believe, that this is a more equitable method of conferring the right of election than that, which is adopted in *Great Britain.* That, as described by a writer,* to whose authority you will not object, is the following. "The House of Commons consists of five hundred and forty eight members; of whom two hundred are elected by seven thousand constituents: so that a majority of these seven thousand without any reasonable title to superiour weight or influence in the state, may, under certain circumstances, decide a question against the opinion of as many millions. Or, to place the same object in another point of view: if my estate be situated in one county of the kingdom, I possess the ten thousandth part of a single representative; if in another the thousandth; if in a particular district, I may be one in twenty, who choose two representatives; if in a still more favored spot, I may enjoy the right of appointing two, myself. Or thirdly, to describe the state of national representation as it exists in reality, it may be affirmed, I believe, with truth, that *about one half of the House of Commons obtain their seats in that assembly by the election of the people; the other half by purchase, or by the nomination of single proprietors of great estates.*" This picture, Sir, is deformed: the original cannot be very beautiful. It may be beyond *your* power to adopt a better mode. It was within ours; and we adopted it.

* Paley's Mor. Phil.

Yet you say, "The popular representation in the United States is a great fallacy, and a complete fraud, on the people: and we agree with him, (the Jesuit,) that the *Turkish* Constitution, which calls a leader to his post by acclamation, may just as well be called a popular representation." And do you really believe, Sir, that our representation is not as fair, as that, in which the one half of the representatives obtain their seats by purchase or by the nomination of single proprietors of great estates? I should not have thought that even a Reviewer, accustomed as he is to say every thing, which may gratify the passions and prejudices of himself, and his party, could have said this without recalling, at least for one moment, the blush, so long exiled from his cheeks.

If our people are not as fairly represented as those of *England*, the want of fairness must be derived, not from the principle, but from abuses of it in the practice. That we are guilty of many such abuses, I am not disposed to question.

Read, if you please, Sir, the following account of an election in *Coventry*, in the year 1805; written by a gentleman of more respectability than all your travellers in *America* united. "I had heard much of *English* elections, and thought myself very fortunate in having an opportunity to see the bustle of such an occasion. But I am quite satisfied with one exhibition of the kind; nor do I wish ever to behold another. For *never before did I witness such a scene of drunkenness, uproar, and riot.* The genius of Mac Fingal, or of Hudibras, alone could convey to you an adequate idea of a state of things, in which was most forcibly exhibited the majesty of the sovereign people, exercising the right of unbiassed suffrage."

"It seems, that the voters at *English* elections do not necessarily reside on the spot; many live in remote towns; and, when the period of election arrives, are transported to the place by the candidates, whose cause they espouse, and are maintained by them free of expense during the contest, which frequently lasts two or three weeks. It is stated in extenuation of this practice, that some of the electors, and especially mechanics and labourers, cannot afford to leave their homes, and pursuits, to travel to a distant county, and remain at their own charge during a contested election; and that, therefore, it is but reasonable, that the candidates should sustain this expense. However plausible this statement may appear, it is certain, that it is only an apology for an indirect species of bribery, not less effectual than the direct giving of money. For under the pretence of maintaining their voters, the candidates buy them with wine, whiskey, and dinners: for he is always the best patriot, who gives the people the most good things."

"The poll was held in a building, which appeared to be the market; and the respective parties were striving, each to prevent the other from getting up to the poll, to give their votes. For this purpose they did not hesitate to use every degree of violence, short of blows. The contest was principally in *pushing*. The two contending parties were arranged in opposition like two armies. When they came up to the poll, the two fronts met; and in every instance a violent contest ensued: hands to hands, face to face, and shoulder to shoulder: and when one party gave way, the other would press tumultuously on till all fell in a promiscuous heap. Then the victorious party rising from off their fallen antagonists, would shout, vociferating

huzzas, throwing their hats into the air, and making it ring with *Mills! Mills!* or *Parry! Parry!* according as one or the other prevailed. In these contests, which appeared to be in the main rather good natured, individuals occasionally kindled into a rage; and bloody noses and torn coats and shirts were usually the consequence. I saw one man who had lost half his coat, and half his shirt; and his bleeding back and face were marked with the talons of some rival voter."

Such, Sir, is the description of one of your elections. Were such an one to exist in New England; it would form an æra in our history; would cover with infamy both the electors and the candidates; and so long as it was remembered, would scandalize their posterity. I have lived long in this country; and have never yet known a single shilling given to purchase a vote. That it may have been done in solitary instances, since the æra of Mr. *Jefferson's* inauguration may be true: but the instances must have been very few. Compare this with the following declaration of the same gentleman. "The parties were very nearly equal in numbers: the contest had already continued several days: and it was thought it would cost *Mr. Parry twenty thousand pounds.*" You will remember, that this is not one of those elections, "which," *Dr. Paley* informs us, "are obtained by purchase."

But we are not at the end of our progress. The writer goes on: "I know not whether this election is to be regarded as a fair sample of similar things in *England;* but I heard a gentleman say, at *Liverpool,* that these contests sometimes end in blood; that he had seen them on some occasions unpave a whole street; when every window, and lamp, would fly to pieces."

And again: "The mob were all monarchs: for they were all noisy, and all drunk." "The alternate victors, in the intervals of the contests, sung a kind of chorus, with loud acclamations, frantic gestures, and convulsive expressions of joy in their features. The bottle went round merrily over the heads of the populace; and it was amusing enough to see the address, used to get it to the mouth. The crowd was so great, and such the eagerness to seize the bottle, that it was constantly held up at arm's length above the head: and thus it was moved on in the air; one man wresting it from another: and sometimes half a dozen had hold of it at once. At length some one, more resolute than his neighbours, or less drunk than they, would grasp the bottle; and, when with much effort it had acquired a determination towards a particular throat, so great was the jostling, and shoving, that the wide-mouthed expectant would sometimes make several unsuccessful attempts to close his lips upon the nozzle; and in the mean time the liquor would be running in streams into his face and bosom."

You should not complain of *American* rudeness: you live in a glass house.

Still we are not at the end of our progress. The same Writer goes on: "Even the softer sex seemed to be inspired with the madness of the occasion. They were to be seen standing on heads of barrels, on the street railings, and wherever else they could find situations a little more elevated, and secure, than the ground: and occasionally they mixed with the crowd, joined in the strife and acclamations, and encouraged their husbands, brothers, and lovers, by reproaches and praises, frowns and applauses, according as the

parties whose cause they favoured, were victorious or defeated."

It seems, Sir, that although *the free women* of *Coventry* are not *voters*, they esteem it no impropriety to appear at your elections; are seen *standing on heads of barrels* like the *American orators*, whom you mentioned above; that *they climb the street railings*, and take other positions of the like delicate nature; that occasionally they mix with the crowd, join in the strife and acclamations, and encourage their husbands, brothers, and lovers, by reproaches and praises, frowns and applauses. Certainly, Sir, you ought to have summoned a little prudence, if not a little truth to your aid before you put this unfortunate declaration upon your paper: "Every free woman in *America* is a voter" *No free woman in America "stands, Sir, on the head of a barrel; climbs a street railing; mixes with a drunken crowd*, over the heads of which a bottle moves on in the air, until one less drunk than his neighbours grasps it, and gives it a determined direction towards his own throat; or, being disappointed, turns the stream into his face and bosom." *Coventry*, Sir, is one of your cities; not a frontier settlement in the wilds of *America*. It is the see of a Bishop. If these are the manners of it's citizens; if this is a *Coventry* election; if such is the conduct of the free women in *Coventry;* what are we to suppose concerning those of your villages?

The *American* free women do not seat themselves in their coaches, (for coaches really exist in this barbarous land, and free women sometimes ride in them,) and ride through the streets of *Philadelphia, New York*, or *Boston*, to beg votes for a candidate, as did *the Duchess of Devonshire through the streets of Westmin-*

ster to solicit them for the right honourable *Charles J. Fox:* nor, when solicitations fail, *do they present their lily hands, much less their ruby lips to be kissed by a butcher;* as did the same beautiful spouse of one of your prime Nobility. Really, Sir, you should not have meddled with this subject. Let me advise you, the next time you take up the employment of bespattering the people of the *United States,* to let their elections, and their free women, alone.

Permit me now to inform you in what manner elections are conducted in *New England:* the part of the *United States*, with which I am best acquainted. On the morning of an election day the electors assemble either in a church, or a town-house, in the centre of the township, of which they are inhabitants.

The business of the day is sometimes introduced by a sermon, and very often by public prayer. A Moderator is chosen: the votes are given in with strict decency; without a single debate; without noise, or disorder, or drink; and with not a little of the sobriety, seen in religious assemblies. The meeting is then dissolved; the inhabitants retire quietly to their homes, and have neither battles, nor disputes. Pray, Sir, have you any such elections, as these? We have very many. Probably, all are not such: but we have no *Coventry* elections. Nor do I believe, that *a single woman, bond or free, ever appeared at an election* in *New England* since the colonization of the country. It would be as much, as her character was worth. Indeed, Sir, you should not have meddled with this subject.

But, lest you should think I am not warranted to rely on *American* testimony concerning British transactions, I will present you with a few passages from

a writer of your own. In the 44th Letter of *Espriella*, you will find the following observations.

"*Electioneering*, as they call it, is a game, *at which every kind of deceit seems to be lawful.* On these occasions men, who at other times regard it as a duty to speak truth, and think their honour implicated in their word, *scruple not at asserting the grossest and most impudent falsehoods*, if thereby they can obtain a momentary advantage over the hostile party. A striking instance of this has occurred with respect to the election *for Nottingham*, a considerable town in the middle of *England*, where the contest has been violent, because party spirit has always been carried to a high degree there. Some years ago the mob *ducked those who were most obnoxious to them, and killed some of them in the operation.* This was not forgotten. The opposite party had the ascendancy now, and those who were noted as having been active in this outrageous cruelty were severely handled. In such cases of summary justice the innocent are liable to suffer with the guilty; and the rabble, when they had got the power, abused it. Whoever voted for the obnoxious candidate, *had the skirts of his coat cut off*, and it was well if he escaped without further injury."

After reciting the false story, told by an advocate of the unsuccessful party, *Espriella* styles it "a pious fraud to answer a party purpose," and observes, "*On such occasions no frauds pious or impious are scrupled.*"

Again, "*Any thing like election in the plain sense of the word, is unknown in England.* Some seats are private property; that is, the right of voting belongs to a few householders, sometimes not more than half

a dozen; and of course these voters are commanded by the owner of the estate. The fewer they are, the more easily they are managed. Great part of a borough in the west of *England* was consumed some years ago by fire, and the lord of the manor would not suffer the houses to be rebuilt for this reason. It is not uncommon *to see a seat in a certain house advertised for in the public newspapers. In this manner are a majority of the members returned.*"

"In other places, where the number of voters is something greater, so as to be too many for this kind of quiet and absolute controul, the business is more difficult, and sometimes more expensive. The candidate then, instead of paying a settled sum to the lord of the borough, must deal individually with *the constituents, who sell themselves to the highest bidder.* Remember that an oath against bribery is required! *A common mode of evading the letter of the oath, is to lay a wager.* "I will bet so much," says the agent of the candidate, "that you do not vote for us." "Done," says the voter freeman,—goes to the hustings, gives his voice, and returns to receive the money; *not as the price of his suffrage, but as the bet which he has won!!* It is said, that at *Aylesbury a punch bowl full of guineas stood upon the table, in the committee room, and the voters were helped out of it.* The price of voters varies according to their numbers. In some places it is as low as forty shillings, in others, at *Ilchester* for instance, it is thirty pounds. A set of such constituents once waited upon the member whom they had chosen, to request that he would vote against the minister. "D—m you!" was his answer. "What! have not I bought you? And do you think that I will not sell you?"

"A great proportion of the inferiour voters are necessarily under the absolute controul of their employers; but *there are always many, who are to be influenced by weighty arguments, applied to the palm of the hand;* and the struggle for these, when the parties happen to be well balanced, leads to a thousand devices. The moment one party can lay hold on a voter of this description, *they endeavour to keep him constantly drunk till the time of the election,* and never to lose sight of him."

"The qualification for voting differs at different places. At *Bristol* a freeman's daughter conveys it by marriage. *Women enter into the heat of party even more eagerly than men, and when the mob is more than usually mischievous are sure to be at the head of it.* In one election for that city, which was violently disputed, *it was common for the same woman to marry several men.* The mode of divorce was, that as soon as the ceremony was over, and the parties came out of church, they went into the church yard, and shaking hands over a grave, cried, Now "death us do part"—away then went the man to vote, with his new qualification, *and the woman, to qualify another husband at another church.*

"The house of Commons *has not, and cannot have, its proportion of talents.* Its members are wholly chosen from among persons of great fortune. It is known both at schools and at universities, that the students of the privileged classes are generally remiss in their studies, and inferior in information, for that reason, to their contemporaries; there is therefore less chance for finding a due proportion of knowledge among them."

"There are two ways in which men of talents, who are not men of fortune, find their way into parliament. The minister sometimes picks out a few promising plants from the university, and forces them in his hotbed. They are chosen so young, that they cannot by any possibility have acquired information to fit them for their situations; they are so flattered by the choice, that they are puffed up with conceit, and so fettered by it, that they must be at the beck of their patron. The other method is *by way of the law.* But men, *who make their way up by legal practice, learn in the course of that practice to disregard right and wrong*, and to consider themselves entirely as pleaders on the one side. They continue to be pleaders, and partisans, in the legislature; and never become statesmen."*

After several very coarse, and false assertions concerning the lawyers, "who," you say, "principally compose the House of Representatives," you tell us *the story of a rencounter between Mr. Griswold and*

* If *Mr. Southey* is the author of the Review of *Inchiquin's* Letters, the passages, here quoted from *Espriella*, must cover his face with crimson. The Review is principally a comparison of *British* respectability with *American* baseness and degradation. Yet here he informs us, that *Englishmen* regard all kinds of deceit as lawful in electioneering; that they scruple not at asserting the grossest and most impudent falsehoods; that at a *Nottingham* election the mob ducked some, and killed others; that on such occasions no frauds, pious or impious, are scrupled; that any thing like an election in the plain sense of the word is unknown in England; that a Majority of the Members of the House of Commons are returned by the most corrupt influence; that seats in that House are not uncommonly advertised in newspapers; that, although oaths are required of the voters, they are evaded by the grossest means; that votes are publicly bought and sold; and that the House of Commons has not, and cannot have, its proportion of talents.

If these things are true; where is the country, whose elections in a comparison with those of *England* will not become white? What sober man must not suppose the author of these assertions to have been delirious, when attempting such a comparison?

Matthew Lyon. This rencounter was disgraceful to our country, and to the Congressional House of Representatives. It was supremely disgraceful to *Lyon:* but it was not disgraceful to *Mr. Griswold.* This I could easily prove to *you,* with all your prejudices against the United States. *Mr. Griswold* is since dead. Few men possess superiour talents; and none more noble, honourable, or delicate sentiments, probably in the world: and no man is more respectfully remembered by all, who knew him. The story, told with truth and justice, would be too long to be inserted here: it may perhaps be told hereafter. As it is exhibited in *Ashe's* travels, it is almost merely a collection of falsehoods.

Lyon was an *Irishman.* It is not strange that an ill-bred man, who comes to this country, should bring with him his ill breeding. That this man was found in the list of National Representatives was owing to the same party spirit, which put Sir *Francis Burdett* into your House of Commons, a man in every respect more unfit for the place than *Matthew Lyon.* Indeed, you do not very often send us men, so respectable, as Matthew Lyon; gross and brutal as was this outrage upon decency.

You next attack us on the *score of Duels.* One would think this subject ought not to have been mentioned by a man, *who himself had so lately fought a duel with Lord Castlereagh,* and had thus assumed, to the eye of God and of his own conscience, (if his conscience has an eye left,) the character, and the guilt, of a wilful murderer. You ought, Sir, to have remembered, that Mr. *Pitt* had very lately fought a duel with Mr. *Tierney;* that Mr. *Fox,* the other great man of your nation, fought a duel with Mr. *Adam;*

and that the *Duke of York* fought another with Col. *Lenox* When duels are fought by the most splendid Orators and Statesmen, of *Great Britain;* nay, at the side of your throne; and when those, who were parties in them, are elevated to the stations of Embassadors and prime Ministers; is it strange that the example should be contagious? Is it not strange, that in the midst of these scenes of assassination, and infamy, a man should be found looking on, and himself a primary Actor, who should yet turn his eye coolly off, to mark the stains of others. Look, Sir, at the rencounter between Col. *Montgomery* and Capt. *Mac Namara:* each of whom hazarded, and one of whom lost, his life, to finish a quarrel between two dogs Look back, Sir, to the duel, fought by Mr. *Anderson* and Mr. *Stephens*, because the one insisted, that a window sash should be shoved up, and the other, that it should be pulled down. Look at the duel between Lord *Camelford* and Mr. *Best*, which issued in the death of the former, and which was produced by the intrigues of a prostitute, who had lived as the mistress of them both. I acknowledge all the guilt, and all the shame, which can attach to my countrymen from duels. Load them with as many imputations, as you please; and I will subjoin, Amen. At the same time, Sir, forget not those of yourself, your statesmen, and your princes: and let the brand be burnt equally deep on your own forehead, theirs, and ours. Until this is done, I think the pot ought to treat the kettle with rather more civility.

In *New England*, before the year 1812, there were eight duels fought: one by two servants of the *Plymouth Company*, within the first year after they landed; one by two *West Indian* youths, who were at school

in *Stratford*, in *Connecticut;* one by two officers of the *American* army in the State of *Rhode Island:* three by young men of *Boston* and the vicinity; one by an officer of the navy and a young man of *Boston;* and one by two citizens of *New York*, who crossed the line into *Connecticut*, in order to avoid the sentence of law in their own State. Thus in 192 years there have been but five duels fought in New England by its own inhabitants. Since the year 1812, it has been said, (whether truly or not I am ignorant,) that one or more duels were fought in the neighbourhood of *New London*, by some of the officers, or the Midshipmen, of the frigates blocked up in the *Thames*. These, also, were strangers. Will *Great Britain* furnish you with an opportunity of telling the same story concerning any part of her territory?

You next attack *our Courts of Justice;* and assert, that our judges are not independent of the Executive power. The assertion is partially just. In *Connecticut*, *Rhode Island*, and *Vermont*, and, I believe, in one or two of the Western States, the judges are dependent, not on the Executive, but the Legislature. So far as this defect extends, it is a very serious one; and is lamented by all the wise and good men of this country. In *Connecticut*, however, the injury, naturally derived from this source, has not been felt.

The judges have been invariably elected until their death, or resignation, except in one or two cases of supposed, or real, misbehaviour; not, indeed, in their official character, but in some transactions aside from their professional business.

In all the other States, the judges are independent; holding their offices during good behaviour, and being secured in their salaries while they continue in office. The salaries, also, are generally ample.

The judges of the United States, (those, to whom you evidently refer,) are appointed by the President and Senate, as you suppose; but their office is holden during good behaviour; and they cannot be removed from it, except by an impeachment, of which the House of Representatives are the authors, and a subsequent condemnation by the Senate. Their "Salaries" also, "are adequate, and permanent, as contended for by *Mr. Hamilton.*" They are, therefore, not "the creatures of the President and Senate." Your information concerning this subject has been erroneous, and your eloquence, lost.

Generally, our Courts are both learned and upright. Some of them, I have no doubt, are defective in both particulars: and a very few of them, I believe to have been scandalously so. In the great body of them the Community confides without suspicion, as well as without complaint.

Permit me to remind you, that your tribunals have not always been unstained Look if you please at the trial of the seven Bishops; at the tribunal of the Star chamber; at the history of *Jeffries.* We shall not blush at the comparison. How long, Sir, did your nation struggle before its Judges were made independent? *Porcupine* had the same reason to complain of our Courts, as of yours. One of our Courts fined him 5,000 dollars for a libel on *Dr. Rush;* yours, beside fining, imprisoned him for libelling your Government.

That our Courts have at times done injustice, and that our legislatures have at times been oppressive in their laws, is certain. The treatment of the Quakers at *Boston,* and of the Witches at *Danvers,* cannot be vindicated: but if you will look back to the reigns of *Charles II,* and *James II,* you will find more acts of

injustice done within a little period, than would be done by our Courts and Legislatures in a thousand years, if they were to sustain the same character, which they have sustained hitherto, and were to pursue similar conduct. You ejected, imprisoned, reduced to beggary, and banished, within a small part of this little period, more than two thousand nonconformist Ministers; many of them among the first ornaments of your nation; and that, after his Majesty had thus solemnly said, "We do declare a liberty to tender consciences, and that no man shall be disquieted, or called in question, for differences of opinion, which do not disturb the peace of the kingdom."

What think you, Sir, of the conventicle Act? which enacted—that every person above sixteen years of age, present at any meeting under pretence of any exercise of religion in other manner than is the practice of the church of England, where there are five persons more than the household, shall for the first offence by a Justice of the peace be recorded, and sent to gaol three months, till he pay five pounds; and, for the second offence six months, till he pay ten pounds; and the third time, being convicted by a jury, shall be banished to some of the *American* plantations, excepting *New England*, or *Virginia.*" The very people, Sir, who were banished by this Act, and by the preceding and succeeding furious measures of your Government, came to *New England*, and planted it at an immense expense of toil, treasure, and blood. At all times they allowed the most absolute toleration to the Episcopalians, the authors of all their sufferings; and, after they became independent, placed the Episcopalians, and all other classes of religious on the same foundation of absolute ecclesiastical liberty with themselves. Were

such a tale, as this, to be found in your history; it would be boasted of by every *Briton* as the glory of his country; as you now boast of the toleration, actually exercised by your Government. To tolerate, is, perhaps, all that you can do: happily, we can do more.

"The justices of the peace," you say, "are not, as with us, respectable country gentlemen. No such character, in fact, is known in *America.*" We have no entailed estates in *America;* and no eldest sons, residing upon them, who inherit by law the whole landed property of their fathers: but we have many *gentlemen* residing in our country towns, who are magistrates: men, as much superiour to your numerous list of fox hunters, who in your language are country gentlemen, and form a large part of your justices of the peace, as these country gentlemen are to scavengers; superiour in intelligence, in knowledge of law, in morals, and in manners. Your country gentlemen have been so often described; and so many Americans have seen them in England; that we are not ignorant of their character, even on this side of the *Atlantic.* As to *the scheme of obtaining this office,* subjoined to the above quoted declaration; it has no existence, but in your own imagination.

You mention with severity *Mr. Jefferson's interference in the business of Miranda.* With my consent you may say what you please concerning *Mr. Jefferson;* and, when you have done, you may, also, set down by the side of *Miranda,* the expedition to *Copenhagen;* and ask a discreet *Dane,* which of them was the most dishonourable to human nature.

You observe in the following page, that "for any of these callings, (Law, Physic, Surgery, and Divinity,) no preparatory course of study, no testimonial of com-

petency, no kind of examination, no particular qualifications, no diploma of license, are required." You should not have made these assertions, Sir, in this round manner, without better foundation.

In most, and, I believe, in all the States, Lawyers are obliged to study, in some two, and in others three years, before they can be admitted to practice. They then undergo an examination. This I know to be strict in some States: and believe it to be so in others. There are two regular law schools in this country; and the instruction, given in them, is given with a degree of ability, and skill, which would not discredit *England* itself.

There are at least eight Medical Institutions, and if I mistake not, nine, in the Union; in which almost all the physicians are educated. The lectures, read in them, are given by learned and able men. I presume that they are inferiour to the similar Institutions of *London* and *Edinburgh*. Still they are useful, and honourable, to the country; as honourable, the date of our colonization being considered, as those of *Great Britain* are to her. No physician, so far as my information extends, is empowered by law, except in two or three of the States, to collect his debts for Medical practice, unless he has been educated in one of these Institutions.

Concerning the education of persons, destined for the Ministry, I shall make some observations hereafter.

We will now, Sir, see the estimation, in which some of the lawyers of your own country are held, at least by one of your Nobility. In the house of Lords, June 17, 1794, Lord *Abingdon* said, "The reform I allude to is that of *those locusts in the law*, the pettifogging attornies of this country; who, like the locusts

in *Africa*, fall like a cloud upon the earth, and eat up every thing they meet with." Again, "I, as a member of this House, am led to invoke the aid, and to excite the endeavours, of your Lordships in assisting me to stop the progress of this growing evil; the evil of all others, perhaps the very only one in the State, most assuredly the most crying evil in the State, that calls for and requires reform." Again, "The greater, the higher, the richer, you are, the more prone are you to its consequences, and the surer of becoming sooner or later the victims of its all devouring avarice." Once more, "*Hic niger est*, my Lords; but black as this *qui tam* gentleman is, and still blacker could I make him, he is not half so black as those rotten limbs of the law, who have aided and assisted him in this political conspiracy, conducted by pettifogging artifice."

Had my *Lord Abingdon* lived in this country, I am persuaded he would never have made, nor ever have found any reason to make, such lamentations as these. Lawyers in this country, whatever information you may have received concerning them, are an honourable, and liberal-minded, class of men; and are considered by their countrymen as sustaining a very fair and unimpeachable character. Among them there are undoubtedly rogues; resembling those complained of by *Lord Abingdon:* generally they possess a fair reputation.

You tell us a story concerning "a set of fellows, who got into *Parkinson's* garden, and began to pluck the fruit." This Parkinson, Sir, has told the world, professedly from *Mr. Jefferson*, that *an acre of wheat in Virginia, yields only two bushels and a half.* Did you believe this story? If you did; you supposed that a *Virginian* farmer ploughed an acre of land, and

then sowed a bushel and a half of wheat, in order to gain another bushel. How long did you imagine, that this profitable agriculture could go on? You knew that this story was a lie; and that the man, who told a lie, in a case so palpable, would lie in every other case, where he found any inducement. Why did you quote from such an authority?

That there are people in *Baltimore*, and in other places, who would take fruit unlawfully, I have not a doubt. In a country, where fruit abounds as it does in this, and where it is often given away in large quantities; and, when it is not, is often, in large quantities also, made the food of swine; it is no unnatural thing for persons in humble life, unpossessed of nice moral feelings, or distinct apprehensions of what Morality demands, to suppose, that they may take fruit, to some extent, without any great offence. In *England*, where fruit is comparatively scarce, and both the law and the landholder hedge it about with great care, it may well be supposed, that such license would be less frequently permitted. At the same time, you hang a man for stealing thirteen pence halfpenny. We value life at a higher price; although your laws have determined, that the life of an *Englishman* is worth only this sum.

Still, thefts are far less common here than they are with you. The business of your Magistrates in preventing and punishing, what you call poaching, is more extensive than that of the whole criminal police of this country; and, unhappily, is the business of a part of your *Clergymen*, as well as of Lay magistrates.

In speaking concerning *the separation of Church and State*, you say, "It is almost needless to add, that this divorce has been productive of a pretty numerous

crop of illegitimate* sects; all equally thriving under the salutary and fostering neglect of the parent State. To recount them would be endless. Presbyterians baptists, methodists, universalists, episcopalians* and congregationalists, quakers and moravians, dunkers and shakers; with a multitude of others, whose names it would be as unprofitable to enumerate, as it would be difficult to assign their characteristic differences of doctrine or disbelief; exhibit all together as satisfactory a view as can be desired, of the fanatical extravagancies, to which the bulk of mankind would be driven by the raptures of visionaries, or the arts of impostors, or by the mere necessity, and craving, of the human mind for some intercourse with its Creator—in the absence of a national church and an established worship."

Now, Sir, if you will please to look at the 29th of *Espriella's* letters, you will find all these sects, declared by one of your own countrymen to exist at the present time in *England*, and sixteen more; sixteen, I mean, beside those, which, to make out his list of forty-three specified, and the indefinite number, included under his et ceteras, he has blended together with intentional inaccuracy. Yet in *Great Britain* the Church is not divorced from the State. Pray, Sir, whence came this numerous train of sectarians in your own country? Is it true, that the union of the Church with the State, and the separation of the Church from the State, produce exactly the same effects? This has not usually been the operation of opposite causes.

To us, Sir, all these sects came from *Great Britain*. They are your own offspring. From you came to

* Are Episcopalians an illegitimate Sect?

this country Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, Universalists, Episcopalians, and Congregationalists, Quakers, and Moravians, Dunkers, and Shakers, "together with a multitude of others, whose names it would be unprofitable to enumerate."

The *Camp-meetings*, of which you make such eloquent mention, are derived from *Great Britain.* The very Bishops of Methodism, whom you sent over to this country, the travelling ministers, who came from *England*, have given birth to these shameful extravagancies: and these extravagancies, notwithstanding their public, solemn declarations to the contrary, are, with the highest probability, secretly cherished and supported by the leading Methodists in *Great Britain. Here*, by the great body of sober men, they are held in contempt and abhorrence. But they have been means of indulging the spirit of propagandism; and have actually contributed to swell the muster-roll of Methodism, by adding to it, annually, a considerable number of miserable wretches, easily made victims through their profound ignorance, the dictates of a vivid imagination, and ardent feelings, to the vociferation, and anathemas, of their itinerant exhorters. I doubt not, that the sober and virtuous men of this class, (for such, it is fairly presumed, there are,) really disapprove of these excesses; and are reluctantly induced to wink at them, from the mere spirit of propagandism: a spirit, which, when once imbibed, is too powerful to be resisted by any ordinary human virtue.

The real effect of what you are pleased to call the divorce of Church and State in this country, is to make all men feel, that they possess the same religious rights; to induce them from this consideration to feel

the same interest in the prosperity of the government which equally protects them all; and to live quietly and pleasantly by the side of each other.

Please now, Sir, to turn for a moment to the letters of *Espriella;* and cast your eye over the story of *John Wright* and *William Bryan*, and their visit to the prophets of *Avignon.* Thence proceed through the story of *Richard Brothers*, and of Mr. *Halhed*, a member of your Parliament, and a man of no despicable talents, a convert to the phrenzy of *Brothers.* Thence proceed to the next chapter; in which you will find the story of *Joanna Southcot:* and then say whether you believe, that any country, even the United States, ever produced specimens of religious delirium, equal to these. Remember, that among her early believers were three clergymen; one of them a man of fashion, fortune, and noble family: not dissenting Ministers; not Presbyterian Clergymen: but Clergymen of your own Church. Did you recollect, Sir, when the Review, which is the subject of these strictures, was written, and particularly the paragraphs immediately under consideration, that *Joanna Southcot* was an *English* woman, that her rude, vulgar rhapsodies; "*the vilest string of words, in the vilest doggerel verse; which has no other connection than what the vilest rhymes have suggested;*" were believed by several thousand persons, besides these Clergymen; that She was believed to be commissioned "to destroy the devil," and "was ordered to set down all his blasphemies, and show to the world what the language of hell is;" that she announced herself to be *the female Redeemer of mankind; a bone from Christ*, the second *Adam;* the Bride of the Apocalypse; the promised Seed, who is to bruise the serpent's head;

that she disputed with the devil, and wrote down the conversation; and that she seals those, who in the Apocalypse are styled the hundred and forty four thousand servants of God. If you did recollect these facts, could you fail of subscribing the following declaration of *Espriella?* "We must acknowledge, that there never was any age, or any country, so favourable to the success of imposture, or the growth of superstition, as this very age, and this very *England.*"

I promised to take some notice of *the Education, in this country, of persons,* intended for the Ministry of the Gospel. You say, that "the office of Judge in the supreme and district courts, is conferred upon persons, who have not gone through any previous disdipline, or practice, to qualify them for discharging it; and that the same holds good with regard to those, who are destined to be lawyers, physicians, surgeons, and *teachers of the divine word. For all or any of these callings,*" you say, "*no preparatory course of study, no testimonial of competency, no kind of examination, no particular qualifications, no diploma, or license, are required.*"

The justice of these declarations I will now examine. All the students in our colleges, unless some of the new ones are excepted, and some, I know not how many, in the Southern States, are taught Theology in form as a science. In addition to this, every individual, admitted to a license in the Congregational and Presbyterian Churches, and, I presume, in the Episcopalian also, studies Theology professionally; either with a Professor of Divinity, or with some Clergyman of reputation. At the termination of these studies, the candidate for a license, in the two former Churches, is regularly examined, before he can receive

it, by an Association of Ministers, or a Presbytery, until the examiners are satisfied of his competency, and, let me add, of his piety also. This has been the state of things with respect to this subject from the first colonization of *New England.* When he becomes a candidate for ordination, he is examined again, in both respects, in the same manner; and usually by another Presbytery, or Association. There is, however, one exception. A body of divines, how numerous I am ignorant, but small in proportion to that, whose conduct has been here described, does not, as I am informed, usually insist on such examinations. These are chiefly found on the eastern shores of *New England.* But these, and all others, require the study, and ample testimonials of the competency and general character of the candidate: and a diploma is almost absolutely indispensable.

Thus, Sir, this business was established from the beginning. In modern times four Theological Seminaries have been founded in this country: one at *Andover* in *Massachusetts*, by Congregationalists; one in *New York*, by the Associate Scotch Reformed; one at *New Brunswick* in *New Jersey*, by the Dutch Church; and one at *Princeton*, in *New Jersey* also, by the Presbyterian Church. At *Andover*, students are never admitted, except in extraordinary cases, unless they have been liberally educated; nor without certificates of an irreproachable character; nor without a formal examination.

After admission they are placed under the tuition of three Professors; of Theology, of Sacred Literature, and of Sacred Rhetoric. Their term of study is three years. In each of these years they are publicly, and critically examined. Then, in order to obtain

a license, and afterwards, to be admitted to ordination, they must in each case pass through the Associational, or Presbyterial examination, mentioned above. What is true of the Seminary at *Andover*, is believed to be true, substantially, of all the other Institutions of this nature.

I ought to add, that the foundation of a Theological Seminary is begun in the city of *New York*, for the professional education of young men destined to the Ministry in the Episcopal Church.

Now let me request you to look back to the paragraph, which has occasioned these remarks; and to ask, What am I, and what is the World, to think of the assertions, which you have made; assertions, without any foundation in truth, and without any appearance of decency. I think you yourself cannot but admit, that they are rash and unhappy. Of the same nature are very many of the other declarations, which are contained in the review of *Inchiquin's Letters.*

We will now, if you please, turn our attention to *the manner, in which young men are educated for the Evangelical Ministry in England, and in your own Church.*

In the *Christian Observer* for November 1811, is a Review of "The state of the Established Church, in a Series of Letters to the Right Hon. *Spencer Perceval,* Chancellor of the Exchequer," &c. As I have not the Letters, I shall take my quotations and references out of the Review, and such parts of the Letters as are transcribed.

On the state of your Universities, the author makes the following statements. "I believe, Sir, you cannot be ignorant of the manner, in which those systems are carried into effect, or rather are neglected; that

the example of too many among the preceptors, and the looseness of conduct suffered among the students, prove how widely our colleges have departed from the intentions of the founders; so that, *instead of religion, they too often confer habits, and opinions, destructive to the individuals, and baneful to those, whose eternal happiness is hereafter to be entrusted to persons, so little qualified, or accustomed, to appreciate their own.*" p. 1.

Again. "*There are more vice and profligacy countenanced at our universities, where a direct and obvious check exists, than would be suffered to take place among its members afterwards, when they arrive at situations in life, which present no positive restraints;* and the scenes of riot and debauchery, *which pass unnoticed (or at least are ineffectually noticed) by those, who cannot be ignorant of them, would, in this metropolis, subject the perpetrators to the correction of the police.*" p. 20.

The Christian Observer proceeds, "Religion the author conceives to be equally neglected." "Christianity forms little or no part in the regular plan of instruction. Contrary to our experience in every other profession, candidates for our Ministry are taught every branch of science, but that in which they are to practice. *Chapel is not attended till it is half over. Many go there intoxicated as to a kind of roll call: and though the assumption of the Lord's supper is peremptory upon the students, no care is taken to teach them its importance,*" &c. p. 22.

Letter III opens with similar statements in respect to *examination* for orders. "Our future clergyman, having taken his degree, (to which the principles of religion form at *Cambridge* no step whatever, and at

Oxford a very trifling one,) and having, often by Euclid alone, attained that object, announces himself a candidate for holy orders." Then "*so very lax has become the examination for orders, that there is no man, who has taken a degree at the university, who cannot reckon on ordination as a certainty, whatever his attainments in learning, morals, or religion,* &c."—"Speaking generally, I believe *the only qualifications are to construe a chapter in the Greek Testament, and answer a few questions out of Grotius.*" A specimen of these answers is then given in the answer of a young man to the question, *Who was the Mediator between God and man?* Answer. "*The Archbishop of Canterbury.*" pp. 24—26. Speaking of the difficulties, he would, on the contrary, oppose to the attainment of orders, he says, "I shall, perhaps, be answered, "How hard to throw a young man back upon the world! that school learning is not of so much consequence, as the moral character of a minister, &c." " To which he replies 1st. by hoping, that, if a change in the mode of examination were once known, candidates would come as well prepared for the latter, as now unprepared for the former; and that, 2dly, it is actually "the want of attention to moral character, which is at present most to be deplored, and which he could wish to see commence even before the time of ordination, &c." This cursory wish, with a single page in Letter X, is the whole of the remedy, our writer has to propose for the cure of such numerous, inveterate, and complicated disorders. "The first step to a reform in the church establishment," he tells us, "should be an entire and total revision of the system of our universities. A knowledge and rigid practice of the duties of religion should be rendered indis-

pensable. *Vice should be not only checked, but made after a certain limit a positive obstacle to ordination. A preparation, and examination for orders should be a part of the collegiate system, not left to Bishops, or their chaplains; decent attendance on the church service prescribed;* and young men, intended for the church, should declare such intention on their admission to the university." pp. 123—126.

You will please to remark, Sir, this account is substantially admitted by the Editors of the Christian Observer. For they say "We might have stirred to jealousy our English universities by a close comparison of the youth, there under tuition for holy orders, with those in foreign establishments. We might have referred our venerable pastors to that, which is daily asserted without contradiction, the incomparably greater learning, both literary, and more especially theological, to be found in the youth of our sister ministry in Scotland to that, found amongst our own. Their eyes might have been directed nearer home to instances of religious education, successfully conducted even in this our own land amongst a class, whom it is alike its own misfortune, and ours, that we must consider as in rivalry with ourselves; and they might have been intreated to consider what ground has been offered for others to assert that even a large majority of regularly educated dissenting ministers are better versed in the common places of theology, and that knowledge of their Bible, on which as a science it rests, than even a small minority of our rising ministry. Our address would then have humbly. but practically, suggested it to the conscience of each authorized instructor of youth, or superintendant of the church, how far the wished-for reform be not dependent, within its own

sphere, wholly and solely upon himself. We should have advised no waiting here for general regulations, for legislative innovations, or metropolitan societies for the education of the clergy on Dr. Bell's plan, to be simultaneously adopted throughout the kingdom. The change, we should have hinted, as in our minds the only practicable one, would be the private, and perhaps unperceived change, which each collegiate, or episcopal dignitary should at the very next recurrence of public examination think himself bound in duty to adopt in regard to his own charge. We should press upon them (with all due deference to an authority, whose difficulties can only be understood from its exercise) *the shameful instances of abuse in these respects, which we are constrained to fear, are often known to slip by those, who observe, and who might prevent, them, but do it not.* Upon the heads or tutors of colleges, or professors, might be urged the immense advantage, they respectively possess, for impressing on the minds of their pupils the nature of that holy office, into which many are to pass from their hands. And even on the most venerable order itself might be urged its own absolute and uncontroulable power, for repelling any, (if they please without a reason) who shall dare to approach them uninformed, unqualified for the sacred office, with lips untouched by the flame of holy zeal, or censers unhallowed, to bear incense in the house of the Lord. Some living example, to this effect, and some who live but in grateful recollection, might have been cited, whose salutary exertions *still rescue episcopal examination from absolute contempt.* And finally, we should have pointed to that great day "when the Chief Shepherd shall appear," and asked, if any temporal ease, or temporary applause for crimin-

al levity, in the discharge of their important duties would be well purchased by a burdened conscience in the recollection of past negligence, or by a single frown from His countenance, before whom "the heavens and the earth will flee away, and there will be found no place for them."

Nor, as it would seem, is this deplorable state of education for the Ministry in your Church any thing new. "By reason whereof," says *Hooker*, that is, "the rash and careless ordaining of every one, that hath but a friend to bestow some two or three words of ordinary commendation in his behalf; the church groweth burdened with silly creatures more than need; whose noted baseness and insufficiency bringeth their very order itself into contempt."

"Our Ember weeks," says *Bishop Burnet*, "are the burden and grief of my life. The much greater part of those, who come to be ordained, are ignorant to a degree, not to be apprehended by tose, who are not obliged to know it. The easiest part of knowledge is that, to which they are the greatest strangers; I mean the plainest parts of the Scriptures, which, they say in excuse for their ignorance, that their tutors in the universities never mentioned the reading of to them; so that they can give no account, or at least a very imperfect one, of the contents even of the Gospel. Those, who have read some books, yet never seem to have read the Scriptures. Many cannot give a tolerable account even of the Catechism itself, how short and plain soever. They cry, and think it a sad disgrace to be denied orders, though the ignorance of some is such, that in a well regulated state of things they would appear *not knowing enough to be admitted to the holy sacrament.*"

I hope, Sir, that when you and your brother journalists shall have read these statements, we shall hear no more of the want of education, or of examinations, or of diplomas, or of testimonials of competency, or of any other qualifications, in the young men, destined to the Ministry in this country. I presume you have not read them hitherto, if you have, your attack upon us is as shameless, as it is unfounded.

That you may not suppose me to place an undue reliance on these testimonies, respectable as they are, I will point you to one or two others. In the 46th Letter of *Espriella*, you may find the following declarations "There is to be found every where a great number of those persons, whom we cannot prove to be human beings, by any rational characteristic which they possess, but who must be admitted to be so by a sort of *reductio ad absurdum*, because they cannot possibly be any thing else. They pass for men in the world, because it has pleased God for wise purposes, however inscrutable to us, to set them upon two legs, instead of four; to give them smooth skins, and no tail; and to enable them to speak without having their tongues slit. They are like those weeds which will spring up, and thrive in every soil, and every climate; and which no favourable circumstance can improve into utility. It is of little consequence whether they shoot water fowl, *attend horse races, frequent the brothel, and encourage the wine trade, in one place, or another;* but as a few years of this kind of life usually satisfy a man for the rest of it, it is convenient that there should be a place appointed, where one of this description can pass through his course of studies out of sight of his relations, and without injuring his character, and from whence he can come with the advantage of

having been at the University, *and a qualification, which enables him to undertake the cure of souls. The heretical bishops never inquire into the moral conduct of those, upon whom they lay their unhallowed hands: and as for the quantity of learning, which is required, Mr Maillardet, who exhibits his Androeides in London, could put enough into an automaton.*"

As these letters are believed to have been written by one of the gentlemen, who write in the Quarterly Review; the testimony, which he gives on this subject, will be readily admitted by you. But what must be the men; what, particularly, the Clergymen; who merit this character; and who, secluded from the world, and "out of sight of their relations" spend their time, without injuring their character, in shooting water fowl, attending horse races, frequenting the brothel, and encouraging the wine trade?" And what must be "the quantity of learning, which is required to qualify them for ordination, when *Maillardet* could put as much into an automaton?" And what must be the Bishops, who never inquire into the moral conduct of those, upon whom they lay their hands?

On Monday, June 18, 1810, the Earl of *Harrowby* delivered a speech in the House of Lords upon a clause in the Appropriation act for granting the sum of 100,000 pounds for the relief of the poorer Clergy. In this speech is presented to the public an extensive, minute, and very melancholy view of the state of your parishes. Among the different painful exhibitions, made by his Lordship of this subject, that of the non-residence of your Clergy is I think the most painful. He informs us, that of incumbents, in eleven thousand one hundred and sixty-four benefices and dignities, there were only five thousand and forty legally or

virtually resident; and of course there were six thousand one hundred and twenty-four livings, on which the incumbents did not reside. In this land of barbarism, and blunders, it is difficult to avoid asking, Where were these six thousand one hundred and twenty-four Ministers of the Gospel? Every one of them declared, antecedently to his entrance into holy orders that *he verily believed himself moved by the Holy Ghost* to assume the sacred office. For what did these men believe the Holy Ghost moved them to take upon themselves the Evangelical Ministry? Was it to assume the office, and forget its duties; professedly to take the charge of the flock, and then leave them to "strangers, who care not for them;" to gain a right to the living, without performing the service to which it is annexed; to spend their life in pleasure, and leave the souls of their congregation to perish?

The true reasons for this shameless violation of all their vows, this prostitution of their office, this abandonment of their duty, are, I strongly suspect, found in the following passage, in the Review of the Letters to Mr. *Perceval.*

"We presume to propose a similar style of address to the Clergy at large, upon the subject of another leading complaint, urged in this pamphlet—against their negligent discharge of the pastoral duties. But let us first hear, and offer a few remarks upon the language of this complaint itself. "A great proportion of our Clergy," he tells us, "are *a set of men, wrapt up in secular pursuits, with a total indifference to the spiritual duties of their calling.* Many of them seem to consider, that they are appointed to a life of sloth and inactivity, or merely to feed upon the fat of the land; and that in return for immense and growing

revenues *they have only to gabble through a few formal offices*," &c. Many exceptions indeed he speaks of. and congratulates us on the learning and piety of many in the higher offices of the church. "But for all this I fear a great proportion of the Clergy are the very reverse of these high examples—*and betray an indifference of conduct, and dissoluteness of manners, which, whilst it is most shameful to them, would not be borne with in any other state of life*" He then talks of "*the reverend associates, and abettors, of public corruption and profligacy, walking about our streets, unsilenced, and unchastised. A horse race, a fox chase, or a boxing match, is never without its reverend attendants; and the man, who in the house of God hurries over the offices of devotion, as beneath his attention, will be seen the next day the noisy toast-master, or songster, of a club.*" "Their professional indolence, but one degree removed from positive misconduct," he next contrasts with "*their occasional activity at a county election in a cathedral county town. You have the honour of finding yourself in such contests acting in concert with deans, chancellors, archdeacons, prebendaries, and minor-canons without number. On such occasions grave, very grave, persons are to be seen, shouting the chorus of some election ribaldry*, whose zeal, or even common industry, upon more important topics he had never witnessed."" pp 37—40.

After attributing the success of the dissenters to the luke-warmness of the established clergy, our writer proceeds, in page 60, to state "*the great abuse of single duty*—some-times only every other Sunday;" which he declares to be the case in as great a proportion of livings above, as below, five hundred pounds

per annum. Advertisements to this effect he mentions, though perfectly irregular, yet as appearing in the very face of the diocesan. &c." "Of the manner, and the time, also, in which single duty is performed, it is equally necessary to speak; often at ten, sometimes at nine, in the morning; leaving all the rest of the day to revelling and drunkenness, or, what is more common now, to the itinerant enthusiast. And as to manner; *A clergyman, who gallops to the church, gallops through the service, and gallops away again, is generally too unique in his ideas to conform to others, though sworn to obey them; and has of course a liturgy and a rubric of his own. The Decalogue is hurried over in the desk with as little ceremony, as the detail of a fox chase.* And in many parishes the whole morning service does not (including the sermon) occupy three quarters of an hour. The infrequency of the sacrament is likewise alluded to, and the excuse justly reprobated. that there are no communicants, which only implies a further neglect in the clergyman—also the neglect of catechizing contrary to "the Methodists." There a great part of the Sabbath is set apart for the instruction of children in their particular tenets. And often, *while the parish priest is lolling on his sofa, after the imaginary fatigues of his unusual exertions*, under his very nose are these intruders zealously undermining the establishment, which gives him bread." *Original composition*, it is next observed, *is scarcely known among them;* and even their selections are represented as injudicious, and so often repeated, as to be quite familiar to the audience. And finally, "pastoral visits are not only greatly neglected, or wholly discontinued, but even their obligation is denied; and the clergy are

convinced that the duties of hospitality, and of domestic instruction and consolation to the young, the depraved, the decrepid, and the dying, form no part of the demands which their parishioners have upon them." pp. 68—70. To all which the state of the London clergy is represented as affording a faint, though laudable exception." p. 74, &c.

Now, Sir, when "the principles of religion form, at *Cambridge* no step whatever, and, at *Oxford*, a very trifling one, to a degree;" when the student has "often by *Euclid* alone attained that object, and become a candidate for holy orders;" when "*so very lax has become the examination for orders, that there is no man who* has taken a degree at the university, who cannot reckon on ordination as a certainty, whatever his attainments in learning, morals, or religion;" when "the only qualifications are to be able to construe a chapter in the Greek Testament, and answer a few questions out of *Grotius*;" when one of these young men to the question, "Who was the Mediator between God and man?" answered "*The Archbishop of Canterbury;*" what must be the future character of the Clergy, thus inducted into their sacred office? Must not "a great proportion of them be, as asserted by this Letter-writer, "a set of men, wrapt up in secular pursuits, with a total indifference to the spiritual duties of their calling?" Is it strange, that "many of them seem to consider that they *are appointed to a life of sloth and inactivity, or merely to feed upon the fat of the land;* and that in return for immense and growing revenues they have only *to gabble through a few formal offices?* Can we be surprised that *the reverend associates, and abettors, of public corruption and profligacy* walk about your streets, unsilenced

and unchastised; that a horse race, a fox chase, or a boxing match," which I suppose are in the list of clerical amusements in *Great Britain*, "is never without its reverend attendants, and that the man, who in the house of God hurries over the offices of devotion, as beneath his attention, will be seen the next day, *the noisy toast-master, or songster of a club?*" Are we to be astonished, when we consider "*their professional indolence*, but one degree removed from positive misconduct, as a contrast to *their occasional activity at a county election in a cathedral county town;* or that in such contests *you have the honour of finding yourself acting in concert with deans, chancellors, archdeacons, prebendaries and minor-canons without number;* or that *on such occasions grave, very grave, persons are to be seen, shouting the chorus of some election ribaldry?*"

Can you, Sir, can any *Englishman*, wonder, that, when such is the manner of induction into the sacred office, "single duty should be sometimes performed only every other Sunday, at ten, or even at nine, in the morning, leaving all the rest of the day to revelling and drunkenness; or that a Clergyman, *who gallops to the church, gallops through the service, and gallops away again;* that he has a *liturgy and rubric* of his own; that *the Decalogue is hurried over in the desk with as little ceremony as the detail of a fox chase;* that in many parishes the whole morning service does not (including the sermon) occupy three quarters of an hour; that the sacrament should be unfrequently administered, and that it should be alleged, as an excuse, that there are no communicants; or that original composition is scarcely known among these Ministers; that even their selections are injudicious, and so

often repeated, as to be quite familiar to the audience; or that pastoral visits should not only be greatly neglected, or wholly discontinued, but even their obligation be denied; or that the Clergy should be convinced, that the duties of hospitality and of domestic instruction and consolation to the young, the depraved, the decrepid, and the dying, form no part of the demand, which their parishioners have upon them?"

To these remarks, the Letter-writer mentions the London Clergy as affording a faint, though laudable exception. Is it, then, true, Sir, that the London Clergy furnish *the only exception*, found in any considerable body of your ministers, to such a story as this? And is that only exception *a faint one?* What man, Sir, besides a Reviewer, and he, sheltered under his anonymous character, could ever be induced, with this picture of the Clergy in his own country before him, to attack, or even to censure, those of any other country? Where is the country, of which this story could be truly told a second time?

With these things in view, the account of Lord *Harrowby*, in itself apparently surpassing all belief, is easily explained. It ceases to be a matter of astonishment, that many of your Clergy should be non-residents. We should not, indeed, suspect, nor without the most authentic and decisive information believe, that the number of unprincipled Clergymen, so forcibly characterized by the Letter-writer, could, out of eleven thousand one hundred and sixty-four, be six thousand one hundred and twenty-four. The fact is wonderful. The number of instances, to which it is extended, is portentous. Most ardently must every good man wish, that it may be rapidly diminished.

In answer to all these observations you may possibly ask how great a proportion of Ministers are non-residents in the United States. In *New England* there is not one: there never was one: and, so far as my knowledge extends, there is not one in any part of the *American* Union. I speak of regular and settled Ministers, and not of Methodists, and other wandering preachers, professedly unsettled. *Our* Ministers, also, perform all the duties, which the Letter-writer complains of, as being neglected by *yours*. They preach sermons, composed by themselves, twice every Sabbath. They are not guilty of what the Christian Observer calls "*that very pernicious ministerial delinquency; preaching habitually other compositions than their own.*" "*This practice,*" says the able Reviewer of the Letters above mentioned, "*fraught with every deadening principle, and whose only excuse is that which intimates a man to be no credit to his profession, is, we verily think, the only means, by which the last degree of ignorance and insensibility can be made compatible with the sacred office.*" This practice, Sir, would ruin any man, who appeared in the desk, and has neither credit, nor place, here.

"*The Merchants of the United States, with the exception of New England,*" you say, "are a very different class of men from those, who follow that profession in *Europe.*" As a Yankee, I might fairly excuse myself from paying any attention to this subject; and leave it to the merchants in the other parts of the Union to defend themselves. I will, however, make a few observations concerning this professedly superiour character of your merchants.

Liverpool, the second trading town in *England*, has derived a great part of its wealth, and even of its

existence, from the most abominable of all traffic, that which is charged upon *Babylon*, in the Apocalypse, as one of its tremendous crimes; *dealing "in slaves, and the souls of men."* You will perhaps say, and may undoubtedly say with truth, that the *Americans* have been guilty of the same traffic. But, Sir, this traffic has here been confined to a few spots, and a very few hands; and, since we have had power to punish it, to such hands only as the diligence of law could not seize: an evil, which will certainly create no surprise in a country, where smuggling is so extensively carried on, as in *Great Britain.* Your little finger has been thicker than our loins. Such has been the fact from the date of our independence.

Of the trade, which about the year 1810 you carried on with *France*, your own writers declare,* that *"it was carried on by means avowedly fraudulent; with false oaths and forged certificates; and diffused profligacy and corruption through the different ranks of the mercantile world;* that those employed in it, were a various and motley race of men, possessing, many of them, a strange ubiquity of character; were Jews and Gentiles; traders who were at once *Englishmen* and *Americans;* transforming themselves into every imaginable shape, as the occasion might require." They say, "this commerce was carried on through the medium *of false custom-house entries, or declarations, made either by the merchants, or those employed by them."* *"Many of the captains*, employed by your merchants," they say, "were placed in the unhappy predicament of *being obliged to substantiate, by oath, any false declaration, which had been previ-*

* Christian Observer.

In answer to all the only made concerning the subject of commerce." They also say, that the practice of using false papers, at sea, was another subject for animadversion: and one of your writers says, he had heard, that "*a manufactory of these documents was carried on to a prodigious extent by certain individuals, who were well skilled in the art of forging them.*" He subjoins, "there are *a thousand other frauds, subterfuges,* and *contrivances, by which commercial objects are pursued in these unhappy days* of the mutual prohibition of traffic among nations. Property, it is pleaded, must be covered. He, that pushes *British* manufactures into the Continent, is called a benefactor to his country; but there is *a whole mystery of iniquity* which involves many of these transactions; *and few,* as I fear, *among our foreign merchants,* are now able to say, that they "have the testimony of their consciences, that in simplicity, and godly sincerity, they have their conversation in the world."""

Circumstanced as this subject is, it will be sufficient to have made these observations. What would have been its appearance, had *you* traced its serpentine progress, through all the various windings, with the same spirit, with which you have attacked the people of the United States?

From your collection of travellers, you then proceed to give an account of *the Morals, and Manners,* of the inhabitants of this country. Your first complaint is of our *Landjobbers.* In behalf of these men, I have little to say; and concerning most of them entertain an opinion, as unfavourable as yours. The number of them is inconsiderable. Some of them are probably, indeed I know some of them to be, men of irreproachable characters. Others are rogues: and your

countrymen, as well as mine, have suffered severely from their frauds. Both have, therefore, a right to complain, without any animadversion from me. At the same time *you* have no lands for sale, by the purchase of which men can become landjobbers; and, therefore, are on this score safe from any censure. But, Sir, from this inconsiderable number of men, amounting probably to less than five hundred in the United States, you ought not to have taken the character of a nation.

You then inform us, that "the moment a foreigner sets his foot on the quay, he is surrounded by a set of idlers, who very familiarly ask him a thousand questions," of which you give us a string sufficiently long. Permit me to inform you, Sir, that if you believe this tale of a cock and a bull, your confidence has been abused; and that such a set of questions was never asked of any foreigner, in these circumstances, since *America* was discovered. Foreigners are here treated with more civility than they ordinarily meet with in *England*, and with incomparably more than most of those, who visit us, deserve.

"The unfortunate man," you then inform us, "hastens to make his escape to the tavern. Here," you say, "he is forthwith beset by a swarm of speculators, of a superiour order. Having run the gauntlet through these, he is left, but, alas! not to a quiet fireside, and a solitary meal. His landlord and landlady," you say, in language, sufficiently coarse, "seat themselves at table with him, together with their dirty children, and perhaps too with their servants; and the children seize the stranger's drink, *slobber in it*, and often snatch a dainty bit from his plate." More quotations are, I presume, unnecessary.

All this you have said with *Lambert* in your hands: for you have quoted from him a passage, which you thought might aid your attempts to scandalize this country. Had you possessed the least candour, you could not, I think, have failed, (in the midst of the numerous aspersions, which you have heaped together from every dirty source, within your reach,) to quote the following passages from that sensible and fair-minded writer.

"Much has been said by former travellers of the familiarity, and rudeness, of the *American* people. I will not attempt to contradict their assertions; but for myself I must declare, in justice to the *American* character; that I experienced the utmost civility and even politeness from the inhabitants in every part of the country through which I travelled. The coachmen were civil, *and the tavern-keepers attentive; and wherever I had occasion to mix with the country people, I never met with the least rudeness, or shadow of impertinence on any occasion:* on the contrary, they were civil and obliging."

"At the taverns and farm houses, where we rested on the road, we found the people extremely civil and attentive. *We were treated with as much respect, as if we had been at our own houses: and the landlord, his wife, and daughters, waited on us in the most obliging manner. I do not mention this as a solitary instance: it was general, at every house, where we stopped.* Neither have I drawn my conclusions merely from the reception, I met with at taverns, and other places of public resort, *but from my observations upon the people in general, with whom I had frequent opportunities of mixing, whether they belonged to the highest, or the lowest, orders of the community.* I believe it

is generally allowed, that for a traveller, who wishes to make himself master of the real character and disposition of a people, it is not sufficient, that he associates only with the *grandees* of a nation. He must mix with the *plebeians:* otherwise he acquires but false ideas of the country, and its inhabitants. "The great mass of nations," *says Dr. Johnson,* "are neither *rich* nor *gay. They,* whose aggregate constitutes the *people,* are found in the *streets* and the *villages,* in the *shops* and the *farms:* and from *them, collectively considered,* must the measure of general prosperity be taken." From these I have judged of *the real character* of the *Americans;* and I found it *as difficult to discover a single particle of rudeness, in the behaviour of the men, as it was to discover an ugly face, or bad teeth among the young women.*"*

I hope, Sir, these testimonies from the only *British* traveller in the U. S. within my information, who has united intelligence, candour, and veracity, will be admitted even by you, as a proof that the senseless, and brutal calumnies, which you have assembled with so much diligence, are not a just representation even of American taverns.

Our inns, I feel assured, are inferiour to yours;† but I am informed by authority, which, if I were to name it, even you would respect, that they are superiour to those of any country on the *European* Continent. At

* Lambert, vol. iii, p. 98.

† "It is not common to find poor inns in *England;* but in this instance we were served with miserable tea, and miserable bread, and attended by a surly waiter. I came to the house with extreme fatigue, and left it with extreme disgust." *Sill. Journ.* See on this subject the travels of *M. Morier,* a *Prussian* Clergyman. The truth is; the inns in *England* are good wherever there is sufficient travelling, (and that of wealthy people,) to support the expense of costly accommodations: where there is not, they are bad; as in other countries.

the same time your inns are enormously expensive; and may well afford to furnish many gratifications to an epicure, which are not found, because they cannot be afforded, in ours. Our inn-keepers cannot build so large houses, and of course cannot furnish such a multitude of rooms; nor can they keep such a train of servants. Travellers, here, are not generally rich enough, to be at the expense of such costly accommodations.

Concerning the food in our inns, take, if you please, the account given by *Lambert.** "We put up for the night at a very good tavern, where we were supplied with an excellent supper, composed of as great a variety as we met with for breakfast at *Shelburne, and which is customary at all the taverns throughout the northern States.*"

Again. "At the better sort of *American* taverns, or hotels, very excellent dinners are provided, consisting of almost every thing in season. The hour is from two to three o'clock; and there are three meals in a day. They breakfast at eight o'clock, on rump-steaks, fish, eggs, and a variety of cakes, with tea or coffee. The last meal is at seven in the evening; and consists of as substantial fare as the breakfast, with the addition of cold fowl, or ham, &c. The price of boarding at these houses is from a dollar and a half to two dollars per day. Brandy, hollands, and other spirits, are allowed at dinner; but every other liquor is paid for extra. *English breakfasts, and teas,* generally speaking, *are meagre repasts, compared with those of America:* and, as far as I had an opportunity of observing, *the people live, with respect to eating, in a much more*

* Vol. ii, p. 122.

luxurious manner than we do; particularly in the great towns and their neighbourhoods."*

The price of your accommodations would certainly furnish very genteel living in this country. They are stated by the *American* traveller, whose Journal I have several times quoted, at the following rates;

	l.	*s.*	*d.*
Bed,	0	1	6
Breakfast of tea, or coffee, with toast, and an egg,	0	1	8
Tea at evening,	0	1	8
Dinner, of two dishes, with a frugal desert,	0	5	0
Glass of beer,	0	0	8
Bottle of Sherry,	0	6	0
Of Port,	0	5	0
Of Madeira,	0	9	0
Waiter, *3d* a meal,	0	0	9
Chambermaid, each night, for making your bed,	0	0	6
Boots, for every pair of shoes, and boots, which he brushes,	0	0	2
Ostler, each night,	0	0	6
Porter for carrying baggage, in and out,	0	0	6

And these are the lowest rates, which a gentleman can possibly pay; and none of them can be refused.

I have stated these rates, also, at the lowest estimates, mentioned by this gentleman. This, Sir, makes the ordinary expense of a traveller, with one horse, and without a servant, a guinea a day at a moderate computation; or more than one thousand seven hundred dollars a year. This sum, in *America,* at least in *New England,* would purchase a very liberal supply of Epicurean enjoyments for a large family.

* Lambert, vol. ii, p. 132.

Less than half of it does actually purchase them for a single traveller.

But there is another fact, which illustrates this subject in a different manner. "The servants at the public houses in *England,*" says the gentleman, mentioned above, "are paid by the guests, and not by their employers. They not only receive no wages, but many of them pay a premium for their places: that is, the masters of the hotels farm out to their servants *the privilege of levying contributions;* and the consideration is their service. At our hotel *(The Liverpool Arms)* the chief waiter assured us, that he paid one hundred pounds per annum for his place, besides paying two under waiters, and finding all the clothes brushes, and some other et ceteras of the house. He had moreover, if we might credit his story, a wife and five children to support. The head waiters are commonly young men of a genteel appearance, and often dress as well as gentlemen."*

Were the servants in our inns *to pay for their places,* we might undoubtedly be furnished with an assortment of them for every inn upon very easy terms. But the custom of taxing travellers in this manner is unworthy of the character of a civilized nation; a despicable mode of plundering strangers by a set of harpies.

The remaining part of your Review, Sir, is chiefly made up of attacks, founded on the Works of *Ashe, Janson, Porcupine,* and *Priest.* I am not in possession of *Priest's* Travels; and can, therefore, say nothing concerning them. With *Porcupine* you are sufficiently acquainted. The works of the other writers

* Sill. Journ. vol. i.

are as little entitled to credit as those of Sir *John Mandeville*, of whom I remember to have seen this character given, when I was a boy, that *he was the greatest traveller and the greatest liar*, in the world.

You accuse us of having *civil and military officers for our inn-keepers.* I admit the charge, that such persons are in some instances found in this list. Pray, Sir, will you please to inform me what there is in the fact, disgraceful either to them, or to the country. Inn-keepers are, here, generally men of very fair reputation; and why they may not hold these offices, and keep inns, at the same time, cannot be explained; unless you can prove that your manners, only, are right, and that we are obliged to conform to them.*

Your attack on *the Women of this country* is equally false, and brutal. I have heard an advantageous character of the women of *Great Britain;* and believe it to be just: but I fear not the result of a comparison between the fair sex in this country and in any other. There is no country on the globe, where women are more unspotted, more delicate, or more amiable. Had you resided here long enough to form an opinion, you would blush, to your dying day, for the foul treatment, which they have received from you. A countryman of yours has characterized them in the following manner.

"The females of the *New England* States are conspicuous for their domestic virtues. Every thing in their houses has an air of cleanliness, order, and œcon-

* In a debate in the House of Commons, June 1805, Col. *Crawford,* in a laboured attack on *the Volunteer system,* sneered at the Officers of the Volunteer corps because they were frequently taken from humble life. A *London Pastry Cook,* he declared, was, within his knowledge, *a Colonel of Volunteers.* Lord *Castlereagh,* who replied to him, did not deny the fact. It would be difficult to assign a reason, why an *American Inn-keeper* may not command a regiment of militia with as much propriety as an *English Pastry Cook*

omy, that display the female character to the greatest advantage. The young women are really handsome. They have almost all fair complexions, often tinged with the rosy bloom of health. They have generally good, and sometimes excellent teeth. Nor did I see more instances to the contrary among the young women of *America* than are to be met with in *England.* Their light hair is tastefully turned up behind in the modern style, and fastened with a comb. Their dress is neat, simple, and genteel; usually consisting of a printed cotton jacket with long sleeves, a petticoat of the same, with a coloured cotton apron, or pin-cloth, without sleeves, tied tight, and covering the lower part of the bosom. This seemed to be the prevailing dress in the country places. Their manners are easy, affable, and polite, and free from all uncouth rusticity. Indeed they appear to be as polished and well bred, as the ladies in the cities, although they may not possess their highly finished education."*

These observations are unquestionably just, and fall, in various respects, not a little short of the truth. Domestic happiness, if the accounts given to mankind of the state of society on the Eastern Continent, by writers of acknowledged respectability, are to be credited, does not exist in any part of the Transatlantic world so generally, or in so high a degree, as in this country. Whatever faults may attach to the male inhabitants of the United States, the female sex merit the highest estimation for all those attributes, which render women deserving and lovely.

Your next remarks are on *the slavery of the Blacks in the Southern States:* a subject, which you have

* Lambert, vol. iii. p. 105.

touched upon before, and in the mention of which you must be confessed to be unhappy: I do not mean in censuring the *African* slave trade, or the manner in which the slaves are treated.* To these subjects I make you cordially welcome. They are the proper themes of every moralist: and no severity, with which they are treated, will draw from me a single animadversion. It is the attribution of these iniquities to the *Americans*, with an intention to make them a characteristical disgrace peculiar to *them*, of which I complain. Surely when you wrote this passage you forgot how lately you have begun to wash yourselves clean from this smoke of the bottomless pit. Please, Sir, to take a short trip to *Liverpool*, and survey the hulks, which, probably in great numbers, are even now rotting in the docks of that emporium of *African* commerce. Then look around upon the numerous splendid buildings, public and private. Next, exclaim, "These ships were the prisons, in which hundreds of thousands of miserable *Africans*, after having been kidnapped by avarice and cruelty, or taken captive in war, kindled by the same insatiable spirit, and torn for ever from their parents, husbands, wives, and children, were transported across the *Atlantic*, to bondage, and misery, interminable but by death. In these floating dungeons, one fourth, one third, or one half, of the unhappy victims to this infernal avarice perished under the pressure of chains, or rotted in the pestilential steams, embosoming, as a vapour bath, the niches, in which they were manacled. This work of

* The Southern Planter, who receives slaves from his parent by inheritance, certainly deserves no censure for holding them. He has no agency in procuring them: and the law does not permit him to set them free. If he treats them with humanity, and faithfully endeavours to Christianize them, he fulfils his duty, so long as his present situation continues.

death has been carried on, also, a century and a half. What must have been the waste of mankind, which it has accomplished! These houses, these public edifices, nay, these temples, devoted to the worship of the eternal God, with all their splendour, were built of human bones, and cemented with human blood. Rise, *Sodom* and *Gomorrah;* and whiten by the side of men, baptized "in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

Are you at a loss, Sir, concerning the justice of this representation? The records of your own Parliament will furnish you with abundant and terrible evidence. Look to the Report of the Committee of the House of Commons. Look to the account, written by the excellent *Clarkson.* Look to the speeches of Mr. *Wilberforce*, the glory of your Parliament, and of your country. Read the speech, which he delivered, April 2d, 1792. You will there read, "*Europeans* came on the coast of *Africa*, and hovered like vultures, and like vultures lived on blood. They ensnared at times, and at times by force took away, the natives, and sold them for slaves." Read the examples of villainy, recited by him on this occasion, too long to be quoted by me, and too dreadful to admit of a comment. He there will tell you, that of six hundred and fifty slaves, on board of one ship in the year 1788, one hundred and fifty-five died; of four hundred and five in another, two hundred died; of four hundred and fifty in another, two hundred died; of four hundred and two in another, seventy three died.

From all these sources learn, also, the immense extent of this foul business; the amazing numbers of unhappy wretches, who perished in it; the amazing numbers who lived, only to be made miserable; the

portentous iniquity, with which it was carried on; and the vast difficulty, with which it was broken up. You probably were present, as a member of your Parliament, during most, if not the whole, of the long struggle, made by many of your Nobles, of high rank; by your enlightened Statesmen; and by a numerous train of your Gentlemen; not the fox-hunters, mentioned above, but men of education, of enlightened and superiour minds, and possessed of an honourable character among their countrymen; against the glorious effort, made by Mr. *Wilberforce* and his coadjutors to terminate this demoniacal traffic.

But, Sir, in your zeal to heap scandal upon the *Americans*, you appear to have forgotten, that you have Colonies of your own; and that in these colonies slavery exists in forms, and degrees, incomparably more horrid, than in the Southern *American* States. You have forgotten, that the enormous crimes perpetrated in this system, are committed by native *Britons* under your own eye, and beneath the controul of your own Parliament. I shall take the liberty to refresh your memory concerning this subject.

"To the disgrace of *Great Britain* and her colonies," says the Christian Observer for July 1811, "*the British slave-code is more severe in its provisions than perhaps any other. Compared with it, the code, promulgated by the Spanish government, is freedom itself.*"

Will you please, Sir, to cast your eye upon the fifth report of the Directors of the *African Institution*, read to the subscribers, March 27th, 1811. You will there find, substantiated by evidence, which precludes all doubt concerning the facts, that a Mr. *Huggins*, a distinguished planter in *Nevis*, "went January 23d,

1810, attended by two of his sons on horseback, with upwards of twenty slaves, men and women, in the custody of drivers, through the streets of *Charlestown* to the market place, and there proceeded to indulge his cruelty to the utmost, during more than two hours in the face of day, and in the sight and hearing, not only of free persons, but of magistrates, who offered him no interruption."

To one negro man he gave, by the hands of expert drivers, lashes no less than - - - 365;
To a second, - - - - 115;
To a third, - - - - 165;
To a fourth, - - - - 252;
To a fifth, - - - - 212;
To a sixth, - - - - 181;
To a seventh, - - - - 187;
To a woman, - - - - 110;
To a second, - - - - 58;
To a third, - - - - - 97;
To a fourth, - - - - 212;
To a fifth, - - - - 291;
To a sixth, - - - - 83;
To a seventh, - - - - 89;

The number of victims, thus specified, was 14. The seven *men* received 1477 lashes; or 211 each, at an average. The seven women received 940, or 134 each. All these were inflicted with a cart-whip. The whole number of lashes was 2417; inflicted by expert drivers; within the compass of somewhat more than two hours; at the command, and under the eye, of this devil in human shape, and of his two sons, whom he brought to be witnesses of their father's character. Even this is not all: "for he administered," says the

Report, "to various other women and men, various other cruel measures of the same punishment, at the same time." One of these miserable sufferers died, soon after, of this merciless treatment.

Nor is this all. There were at this time seven magistrates in *Charlestown.* Two of them, the Reverend *William Green*, and the Reverend *Samuel Lions,* each holding two livings in the Island, were within hearing of the lash; and must have known of the cruel and illegal cause; yet did not interpose. The same was true of Dr. *Cassin*, a surgeon in that Island, who was present at a part of this scene, and after having counted 236 lashes, given to one negro, coolly said he thought it was enough. Another Magistrate, Mr. *Edward Huggins* jun. looked on, the greatest part of the time.

If you will read a little farther, you will find, that Mr. *Huggins*, the master, was acquitted by a jury, although the facts were proved beyond a doubt, so as not to be disputed, and although the slaves had been guilty of no offence, of any importance. In addition to this, the printer of the Gazette in *St. Christopher's* was prosecuted by him for inserting in his paper the minutes concerning this subject, sent to him by order of the Assembly; was found guilty of publishing a libel, issued by the House of the Assembly of *Nevis,* and was sentenced to a month's imprisonment, and to find bail, to keep the peace for three years.

In the same Report you will find an account of a man, that is a human body animated by a demon; a planter of *Tortola*, named *Hodge.* This infernal agent whipped twelve of his slaves so, that they died. Down the throats of two females he poured a quantity of boiling water. A child he ordered to be dipped

in a copper of boiling liquor. Frequently he caused the children on his estate to be taken up by the heels, and dipped into tubs of water with their heads downwards, and kept there till they were stifled; then to be taken out, and suffered to recover and breathe: when they were again treated in the same manner: and so repeatedly, until they have been seen to stagger, and fall. On this he has ordered them to be taken up and suspended to a tree by their hands tied together, and in this situation cart-whipped. Among others, a Mulatto child, *reputed his own*, named *Bella*, was repeatedly whipped by his order: and he was also seen repeatedly to strike the child with a stick on the head, so as to break her head.

I presume, Sir, you are tired of this tale. So am I. I will only add, that, to the unspeakable joy of every honest man, who has heard, or who ever will hear of it, this wretch, after many obstacles had been thrown into the way of justice, was at last convicted, and hanged. Amen, and Amen.

I hope, Sir, we shall never more hear any comparison made between your slave-holders and ours. Stigmatize both as severely as you please: but let your journalists, and your travellers, when they are branding ours with infamy, remember *Hodge* and *Huggins*.

Permit me, at the end of this recital, to return my most cordial thanks to the members of the *African Institution* for their noble effort in behalf of these abused people. The hand of God be with them, and make their way prosperous.

Your next topic of scandal is *the state of those, whom you call Redemptioners*; persons, who, wishing to come to *America*, and not having sufficient proper-

ty to pay their passage, agree with the captain of the ship to become bound, as servants, for such a period of time as that their service will amount to the sum, which they have engaged to pay. These men are usually, though not always, inhabitants of *Ireland.* If you really think their case a hard one, why do you not prohibit it by your laws? Nothing is easier. Make the transaction penal on the part of the captains. The *Americans* will thank you for such a law. Whatever you may think, Sir, we are not gratified by the transportation of these people into our country.

But, Sir, you totally mistake the facts in your apprehensions concerning the condition of these people in *America.* They are neither more nor less than hired men and women; no more slaves; no more oppressed; nor in any respect treated with any more unkindness. In all respects they are as well situated as hired *Americans;* and have as little reason to complain of their circumstances, as any hired people in the world. Believe me, Sir, your lamentations over them are lost. They would only laugh at you for your pains.

Another thing, which you attribute to us, *is the use of strong drink.* From Mr. *Lambert* you take an account, given to him by Mr. *Bradley,* (of the *American* Senate,) which he applied exclusively to the *Virginians;* and with the customary candour of your journalists, and travellers, when speaking of *America,* you apply it to the whole people of the United States. Had Mr. *Lambert* known Mr. *Bradley,* he would have perceived, that the whole story was no more than a piece of characteristical sport, intended merely to amuse his fellow travellers.

But I readily acknowledge, that far more spirits, both fermented and distilled, are drunk in this country than any man can justify. I hesitate not to pronounce the practice, in the degree in which it exists, both shameful and sinful. Yet nothing is more unjust than your assertion, that "the love of ardent spirits prevails pretty generally throughout all classes," or, (as you prefer the language,) "throughout the whole unclassified, and indivisible community." The inhabitants of *New England*, for example, are, I strongly suspect, much more temperate than those of *Old England;* at least than those who come thence to America. I have seen many representations on this subject, made by your own countrymen; and have heard many, made by mine. These could not be made with truth concerning the inhabitants of *New England.* But we need not have recourse to these, in order to settle this point to our mutual satisfaction. I will barely turn your attention to the "Stranger's Guide through *London.*" Here you will find, consumed annually in that Metropolis, of Spirituous Liquors,

	Gallons 11,146,782;
Wine, - - - -	Tons, 32,000, or
	Gallons, 8,064,000;
Ale and Porter, - -	Bls. 1,113,500, or
	Gallons, 35,632,000

The number of inhabitants in *London*, may, in round numbers, be estimated at 1,000,000. Every one of these, if we average the quantity consumed, drinks more than eleven gallons of Spirits, more than eight of Wine, and more than thirty five of Ale and Porter. More than half of this number is, however, composed of children, and of such women as drink none. Accordingly, the estimate to each individual of the re-

maining 500,000, is twenty two gallons of Spirits, sixteen of Wine, and seventy of Ale and Porter; or one hundred and eight gallons of strong drink to every individual.

The whole quantity of ardent Spirits, supposed by the highest estimate to be imported into this country, or manufactured by its inhabitants, was, in the year 1810, 33,000,000 of gallons. The number of inhabitants was, according to the census of the same year, 7,289,903. Dropping the fraction, and stating the number of inhabitants at seven millions, the number of gallons, consumed by each individual, will, at an average be rather more than four and a half; or, (as half drink no ardent spirits,) rather more than nine to each individual in the remaining half. The quantity of Wine, consumed in this country, is not so much as a fourth of the quantity of ardent Spirits; and that of Ale and Porter is trifling in its amount. Two gallons to an individual, of both, will be an ample allowance. We have, then, rather more than eleven gallons of strong drink to each individual in the United States; and 108 gallons to each *Londoner:* viz. nine gallons of ardent Spirits to the *American,* and twenty two to the *Londoner*; one gallon and a half of Wine to the *American,* and sixteen to the *Londoner;* half of a gallon of Ale and Porter to the *American,* and seventy to the *Londoner.*

At the same time it is to be remembered, that one third of the inhabitants of this country have no other drink beside ardent spirits, and water; and, therefore, are justified to some extent in drinking spirits. The people of the Northern States drink cider, as their common beverage; but you need not be informed, that cider is a weak liquor, compared with Ale or Porter.

I presume, Sir, we shall hereafter hear no more concerning the intemperance of the *Americans* from an *Englishman.* Yet I acknowledge, that there is much intemperance in this country; and that it deserves severe reprobation, and demands the vigorous resistance, as well as discountenance, of all good men. But nothing is more untrue than your assertion, that "the love of ardent spirits prevails pretty generally through all classes." The farmers and mechanics of this country, and the gentlemen, (for such, permit me to say, there are in great numbers; as were you to reside here a little time, you would be obliged to confess;) are as sober and temperate a body of people, as can be found in the world, unless perhaps in *France,* and possibly in some of the countries lying under a hot climate. You will remember, that I am here speaking of the Northern States. Of the temperance, or intemperance, of the others I have very little knowledge, except what is derived from the estimate above.

After your eloquent account of our intemperance, you summon up again the story of *Gouging.* Gouging is as infamous and abominable a practice, as even you can paint it; and you have my consent to attack it as often, and as severely, as you please. So far as I know, it has never crossed the *Potomac.* As *Maryland* is a slave State I will, for the present, throw it out of the computation. From *Maryland* northward, where, it is presumed, not an instance of gouging has happened since the first colonization of this country, the free population amounts to 3,758,851. South of this line the same population amounts to 2,258,430. Let those, who are included in the latter sum, cleanse their hands from the guilt and disgrace of this prac-

tice, as well as they can. Among those, included in the former sum, it is unknown: and therefore, the authority of *Weld* and Gen. *Bradley* notwithstanding, "*gouging, kicking, and biting, are*" not "*allowed in all our fights.*"

Of the number of our *fights* I will leave you to judge, when I have informed you, that I am advanced far in life, and that I have travelled through a considerable part of the Northern States, in both the old and new settlements, in all directions, and that very extensively; that I began this course at an early period of life, and that I have mixed freely, from the beginning, with men of most descriptions; and yet never saw but one quarrel between two adult individuals, which came to blows, during the whole progress of my life. Compare with this fact, Sir, your rencounters between *Crib* and *Molyneaux, Mendoza* and *Humphrey*, and a long train of other champions of the fist; with your Gentlemen, Nobles, and Princes, assembled to look on. Compare it with your bull-baiting; and remember, if you please, the debate on this subject in your Parliament; and the speech of Mr. *Windham* on this occasion. Remember also the decision of that august Body, sanctioning a practice, at which both nature and decency revolt.

Let me inform you, Sir, that there never was a bull-baiting in this country;* and that the inhabitants regard the practice itself, the cold-blooded eloquence of Mr. *Windham*, and the barbarous decision of your Parliament with indignation and horror.

* Since these Remarks were finished, I have been informed, that a considerable number of years since, there was a bull-baiting in *New York*, and another somewhere in *Pennsylvania*.

I could pursue this subject, Sir, and several others connected with it, much farther; but it is unnecessary. I will, therefore, now proceed to take another view of the general one of *Morals and Manners;* and in doing this, will exhibit *your* Morals and Manners, as you yourselves have presented them to the world.

The gentleman, whose Journal I have several times quoted, speaking of *Manchester*, says, "The wages of the labouring manufacturers are high at present; but so few of them lead sober and frugal lives, that they are generally mere dependents on daily labour. *Most of the men are said to be drunkards, and the women dissolute.*"*

Espriella, speaking of *Manchester*, says, "These children, then, said I, have no time to receive instruction. That, Sir, he replied, is the evil, which we have found. Girls are employed here from the age you see them, till they marry; and then they know nothing about domestic work, not even how to mend a stocking, or boil a potatoe. But we are remedying this now; and send the children to school for an hour after they are done work. I asked if so much confinement did not injure their health. "No," he replied; "they are as healthy, as any children in the world could be." To be sure, many of them, as they grew up, went off in consumptions; but consumption was the disease of the *English.* I ventured to inquire afterwards concerning the morals of the people, who were trained up in this monstrous manner; and found what was to be expected, that in consequence of herding together such numbers of both sexes, who were

* Sill. Journal, vol. i.

utterly uninstructed in the commonest principles of religion and morality, *they were as debauched and profligate, as human beings, under the influence of such circumstances, must inevitably be; the men drunken, the women dissolute;* that, however high the wages they earned, they were too improvident ever to lay by for a time of need; and that, though the parish was not at the expense of maintaining them when children, it had to provide for them in diseases, induced by their mode of life, and in premature debility and old age. The poor rates were oppressively high, and the hospitals and work houses always full and overflowing. I inquired how many persons were employed in the manufactory; and was told, children and all, about two hundred. What was the firm of the house?—There were two partners. So, thought I—a hundred to one."*

The same writer, speaking of *Birmingham*, says, "Our earth was designed to be a seminary for young angels: but *the devil has certainly fixed upon this spot for his own nursery garden and hot-house.*"

"When we look at gold, we do not think of the poor slaves, who dug it from the caverns of the earth; but I shall never think of the wealth of *England*, without remembering that I have been in the mines. Not that the labourers repine at their lot; it is not the least evil of the system, that they are perfectly well satisfied to be poisoned, soul and body. Foresight is not a human instinct: the more unwholesome the employment, the higher of course are the wages, paid to the workmen; and, incredible as it may seem, a trifling addition to their weekly pay makes these short-

* Esp. Letter 38.

sighted wretches contend for work, which they certainly know will, in a very few years, produce disease and death, or cripple them for the remainder of their existence."

"I cannot pretend to say, what is the consumption, here, of the two-legged beasts of labour; commerce sends in no returns of its killed and wounded. Neither can I say, that the people look sickly, having seen no other complexion in the place, than what is composed of oil and dust, smoke dried. Every man, whom I met, stinks of train oil and emery. Some I have seen with red eyes and green hair; the eyes affected by the fires to which they are exposed, and the hair turned green by the brass-works. You would not, however, discover any other resemblance to a triton in them, for water is an element, with the use of which, except to supply steam engines, they seem to be unacquainted."

"The noise of *Birmingham* is beyond description. The hammers seem never to be at rest. The filth is sickening. Filthy as some of our own old towns may be, their dirt is inoffensive: it lies in heaps, which annoy none, but those who walk within the little reach of their effluvia. But here it is active, and moving; a living principle of mischief which fills the whole atmosphere, and penetrates every where; spotting and staining every thing, and getting into the pores and nostrils. I feel as if my throat wanted sweeping, like an *English* chimney."

Again. "A regular branch of trade here, is the manufacture of guns for the *African* market. They are made for about a dollar and a half: *the barrel is filled with water; and, if the water does not come through, it is thought proof sufficient: of course they*

burst, when fired, and mangle the wretched negro, who has purchased them upon the credit of English faith, and received them, most probably, as the price of human flesh! No secret is made of this abominable trade; yet the government never interferes; and the persons concerned in it are not marked, and shunned as infamous."

"In some parts of *Italy* the criminal, who can prove himself the best workman at any business, is favoured, *in favorem artis*, unless his crime has been coining: a useful sort of benefit of clergy. If ingenuity were admitted as an excuse for guilt in this country, the *Birmingham* rogues might defy the gallows. Even as it is, they set justice at defiance, and carry on the most illegal practices almost with impunity. Some spoons, which had been stolen here, were traced immediately to the receiver's house: "I know what you are come for," said he to the persons, who entered the room in search of them; "you are come for the spoons:" and he tossed over the crucible into the fire, because they were not entirely melted. The officers of justice had received intelligence of a gang of coiners; the building, to which they were directed, stood within a court-yard; and, when they reached it, they found, that the only door was on the upper story, and could not be reached without a ladder. A ladder was procured: it was then sometime before the door could be forced; and they heard the people within mocking them all this while. When at last they effected their entrance, the coiners pointed to a furnace, in which all the dies, and whatever else could criminate them, had been consumed during this delay. *The coins of any country, with which England carries on any intercourse, whether in Europe, Asia, or America, are*

counterfeited here, and exported. An inexhaustible supply of half pence was made for home consumption, till the new coinage put a stop to this manufactory: it was the common practice of the dealers in this article to fry a pan full every night after supper for the next day's delivery, thus darkening, to make them look as if they had been in circulation."

"*Assignats* were forged here during the late war; but this is less to be imputed to the *Birmingham* speculators than *to those wise politicians, who devised so many wise means of ruining France.* The forgery of their own bank-notes is carried on with systematic precautions, which will surprise you. Information of a set of forgers had been obtained, and the officers entered the house: they found no person on any of the lower floors; but when they reached the garret, one man was at work upon the plates in the farthest room, who could see them as soon as they had ascended the stairs. Immediately he opened a trap-door, and descended to the floor below; before they could reach the spot to follow him, he had opened the second, and the descent was impracticable for them, on account of its depth: there they stood, and beheld him drop from floor to floor, till he reached the cellar, and effected his escape by a subterraneous passage."

"You may well imagine what such people as these would be in times of popular commotion. It was exemplified in 1791. Their fury, by good luck, was in favour of the Government; they set fire to all the houses of all the opulent Dissenters, whom they suspected of disaffection, and searched every where for the heresiarch *Priestley, carrying a spit about, on which they intended to roast him alive.* Happily for

himself, and for the national character, he had taken an alarm, and withdrawn in time."*

These observations, Sir, are said to have been made by a gentleman, reported, generally, to be one of the writers in the Quarterly Review: their truth, therefore, will hardly be disputed by you.

I might pursue the same course of illustration through many other writers, and extend my quotations to the size of a volume; but the tale would be too tedious to be read, as well as too burdensome to be written. I will, therefore, hasten it to a conclusion.

In *Colquhoun's* Police of *London*, a summary is given to the world of the sorts of villainy, regularly carried on in the Capital of the *British* Empire; the boast, as well as the pride, of every *Englishman.* This summary, as I, although an *American*, have providentially had the means of knowing, was the result of the best information, which the nature of the case will admit; better, probably, than ever was possessed by any other man; and is therefore to be regarded as authentic. Let me invite you to look at the following table, copied from this very intelligent Work. It contains the sorts of villains, which, like spirits from the nether world, haunt that great city, making it a second *Pandæmonium;* and annexes to each sort the number of wretches which it contains.

1. Professed thieves, burglars, highway robbers, pickpockets, and river-pirates,	2,000
2. Professed receivers of stolen goods,	60
3. Coiners, &c. of base money,	3,000
Carried forward,	5,060

* Esp. Letter 36.

Brought forward,	5,060
4. Thieves, living partly by depredation, and partly by their own labour,	8,000
5. River pilferers,	2,500
6. Itinerant Jews, employed in tempting others to steal,	2,000
7. Receivers of stolen goods from petty pilferers,	4,000
8. Suspicious characters, who live partly by pilfering and passing base money,	1,000
9. Menials, who defraud their employers in a little way, so as generally to elude detection, estimated at	3,500
10. Swindlers, cheats, and low gamblers, living chiefly by fraudulent transactions in the lottery,	7,440
11. Other classes of cheats, not included in the above,	1,000
12. Dissolute publicans, who make their houses rendezvous for thieves, swindlers, and dealers in base money,	1,000
13. Inferior officers in the Customs and Excise, including supernumeraries and glutmen, sharing the pillage, and frauds, committed on the revenue, estimated at	1,000
14. Persons keeping chandlers' shops for the sale of provisions to the poor, and cheating their customers by false weights,	3,500
15. Suspicious servants out of place, principally from ill behaviour and loss of character, about	10,000
Carried forward,	50,000

Brought forward,	50,000
16. Black-legs, or proselytes to gaming, as a trade,	2,000
17. Spendthrifts, and other profligate men, seducing others to intemperance, lewdness, debauchery, gambling, and excess, estimated at	3,000
18. Foreigners, who live chiefly by gambling,	5,000
19. Bawds, who keep houses of ill-fame, &c.	2,000
20. Females, who support themselves chiefly, or wholly, by prostitution,*	50,000
21. Dishonest strangers, out of employment,	1,000
22. Strolling minstrels, ballad-singers, showmen, trumpeters, and gypsies,	1,500
23. Grubbers, and a long train of other low pilferers,	2,000
24. Common beggars,	3,000
Total,	119,500

"This shocking catalogue," says the intelligent magistrate, "does not include every fraud and dishonesty which is practised." Yet here, Sir, is a list, which holds out more than one ninth of the population of your great city, as living by fraud, villainy, and pollution. What must be your feelings, Sir, when walking through the streets of *London*, to know that one person, out of every nine whom you meet, is of this character?

In the year, from September 1790, to September 1791, including 445 prisoners delivered over by the Sheriffs of the preceding year, 1,533 were tried at the

* This is worse, Sir, than voting

Old Bailey. Of these, 711 were acquitted, and 822 condemned.

Of these there were

10	for Murders,
4	Arson,
10	Forgeries,
9	Dealing in, and uttering, base money,
1	Sodomy,
2	Piracies,
4	Rapes,
642	Grand Larcenies,
32	Stealing privately from persons,
13	Shop-lifting, under five shillings,
16	Ripping and stealing Lead,
12	Stealing Pewter Pots,
22	Stealing from furnished Lodgings,
1	Stealing Letters,
1	Stealing a Child,
22	Receiving stolen goods,
7	Bigamy,
6	Perjuries,
6	Conspiracies,
3	Fraudulent Bankrupts,
15	Frauds,
9	Misdemeanours,
1	Assaulting, and cutting Clothes,
1	Smuggling,
7	Obstructing Revenue Officers,
1	Wounding a Horse maliciously,
38	Assaults.
895	Total.

Of these, thirty-two were executed: more, I suspect, than have been executed for the same crimes in

New England since the first Colonists landed at *Plymouth.* Yet Mr. *Colquhoun* says, that *this melancholy catalogue does not contain above one tenth part of the offences, which were actually committed;* so that the real number of high crimes, actually perpetrated, was at least 10,880. Yet *London* contains but a million of people; and *New England*, a million and a half. A capital conviction is, here, a solitary thing; existing but once in a considerable series of years.

You may possibly think, that the execution of our laws is lax. You say this concerning the United States at large: but it is not true concerning *New England.* The disadvantage lies wholly on your side. A century to come will hardly furnish such a list of criminals in *New England*, as that which is here disclosed. A single fact will show you the character of its inhabitants, as to their honesty. It is believed, that more than one half of the families ordinarily go to bed without bolting, or locking, their doors. Of what other country can this be said?

I have observed, that executions are here solitary events. Let me add, that a great proportion of the miserable objects, who suffer capitally, are foreigners.

You ridicule *Inchiquin* for saying, that "there is no populace in the United States, no Patrician, no Plebeian, no third or middle class" I need not inform you, although you seem to be willingly ignorant of it, that in every civilized country there must of necessity be persons, and families, distinguished for superiority of character, wealth, intelligence, refinement, station, and influence. I presume, that *Inchiquin* intended nothing more, than that we had no Nobles and no Peasantry. With his meaning, however, I have no concern; but, understood in this sense, the declaration is

substantially true. In our larger towns we have a number of people, who are styled *day-labourers;* and a very small number of these are thinly dispersed throughout the country; but the whole amount is inconsiderable. The public paupers in our country towns do not, I am persuaded, exceed one in three hundred of the inhabitants. In a number of these towns there has never been an individual of this class. Every man, with the exception of this inconsiderable number, and a very few others, holds his lands in fee-simple. Tenants are almost unknown. The people are, as a body, what you call yeomanry; possessing estates, on which they live in the enjoyment of competence, and independence. These circumstances are announced in the Scriptures as the safest, and happiest, for man: and with their testimony that of the ancient Philosophers and poets, and that of the wise men in your own Island, perfectly coincide. *New England* furnishes no reason to distrust its truth.

Lands are here obtained with comparative ease; and subsistence, both agreeable and abundant, is within the reach of every person possessing health and honesty, and even a moderate share of industry and economy. Very few therefore are poor; and even those, who are styled such, are rich, in comparison with the poor of *Europe.* Rarely are they without tea or coffee for their breakfast, or without animal food, once, twice, or thrice every day.

At the same time, all these people can read, and write, and keep accompts. There is scarcely a beggar, or a black, who cannot. In this important particular, even *you* will acknowledge our superiority. Recollect what efforts you have made to establish Sunday schools in your Island; the associations, form-

ed for their establishment; the difficulties, which they had to overcome; and the exultation, which has echoed throughout *England* upon the success, with which they have been attended. I give your countrymen full credit for this Institution; and for the good sense, liberality, perseverance, and patriotism, with which it has been originated, and supported. The authors, and friends, of it I hold in the highest honour; and cordially wish them the richest blessings of Heaven. But I need not inform you, that the existence of these schools; the discussions concerning their nature, and use; the difficulties, which were to be overcome; the numerous, and noble, efforts, to which they have given birth; and the triumph of wisdom and benevolence, which they have furnished; while they reflect immortal honour upon the name of *Hannah More*, one of the brightest ornaments of the human race, and upon all her illustrious coadjutors, declare, also, in the strongest manner, the extreme necessity of extending this education to the *English* poor, because they were before without education.

If you will cast your eye on *Dr. Currie's* Life of *Burns*, you will see, that he has mentioned *New England* as one of the few privileged countries, in which the education of *parochial schools* is communicated to the inhabitants universally. The King, and the Nobles, Gentry and Clergy of *Scotland*, occupied a century in establishing this Institution in that country. The ancestors of *New England* commenced, and finished, it in a day; and their descendants have maintained, and extended, it to the present hour.

I believe the Nobility of *Great Britain* are indispensable to the continuance of its government, safety, and peace. But you cannot be ignorant of *the disso-*

luteness of manners, which so extensively prevails among those, who form this distinguished order; and is so often complained of by your writers, of high respectability, and so often evidenced in your courts of justice, in other causes, beside those of *Crim. Con.* which are numerous, and deeply humiliating to your national character. It cannot be necessary for me to remind you of the private character of Mr. *Fox;* himself, indeed, not a nobleman, yet of noble birth; or of the imputations on Lord *Melville.* The history of your Nobility, although there are many honourable exceptions, is certainly not such, as to flatter the feelings of a virtuous *Englishman.* Look at the Letters of *Junius.* Look at the train of kept mistresses, at this moment, and at every other in your history, which they, and your Gentry, in great numbers, hold up to the eye of the public, without a blush, or even an apology: and then permit me to inform you, that I do not know two persons, of this character, in *New England.*

The Mediocrity of our circumstances has often been an object of ridicule, as well as of contempt, with *Englishmen.* Here, however, it is believed to be a source of no small happiness to the inhabitants. There is, it must be acknowledged, much less splendour; much less to admire; much less to boast of. There are fewer palaces; fewer stupendous public buildings; fewer magnificent public works. But, Sir, one rich man is always surrounded by many who are poor; and one great man, by many who are little. Wretchedness always follows in the train of pomp, and rags and beggary haunt the mansions, as well as the walks of pride and grandeur. If we have not many opulent inhabitants; we have few, that are indi-

gent. If we have not palaces; we have few cottages. One would think, that a benevolent man would feel some satisfaction in looking around him, and seeing competence and enjoyment diffused universally; in believing, that, exclusively of the unavoidable calamities of this world, the *multitude*, and not merely *a few persons possessed of princely fortunes*, were fed, and clad, and lodged in a pleasant and desirable manner. To me, no prospect, confined to this world, has been so delightful, as that, which I am always sure to find, when travelling in this country; the great body of the inhabitants enjoying all the pleasure, furnished by these very circumstances. Surely, Sir, even you must be willing, that there should be one country of which these things may be said with truth.

You may not unnaturally think this account an exaggeration. Perhaps the following observations of one of your own countrymen may convince you, that it is not.

"Throughout the States of *Connecticut*, *Massachusetts*, and *New York*, a remarkably neat, and indeed elegant style of Architecture and decoration seems to pervade all the buildings in the towns and villages; and, I understand, is more or less prevalent in the rest of the Northern and Middle States. The houses in the small towns and villages are mostly built of wood; generally one or two stories above the ground floor: The sides are neatly clap-boarded and painted white. The sloping roofs are covered with shingles and painted of a state colour; and, with sash windows, green *Venetian* shades outside, neat white railings, and steps, have a pretty effect. Sometimes the entrance is ornamented with a portico. The churches, or as they are oftener termed meetings, (meeting houses,) are con-

structed of similar materials, painted white, and frequently decorated, like the houses, with sash windows and green *Venetian* shades outside. The building is also surmounted by a handsome spire or steeple, with one or two bells. A small town composed of these neat and ornamental edifices, and situated in the neighbourhood of well cultivated farms, large fields, orchards, and gardens, produces a most agreeable effect, and gives the traveller a high opinion of the prosperity of the country, and of the wealth of its inhabitants. Indeed, those parts of the Northern and Middle States, through which I travelled, have the appearance of old, well settled countries. The towns and villages are populous; provisions cheap and abundant; the farms appear in excellent order: and the inhabitants sober, industrious, religious, and happy."*

Permit me to add another short paragraph from the same traveller.

"Through the whole of this journey of 240 miles, from *New York* to *Boston*, I had passed over a most beautiful tract of country, which, from the manners of its inhabitants, the excellent order of its towns, villages, and buildings, its farms, and orchards, gardens, pasture and meadow lands, together with the face of the country, undulated with mountains, hills, plains, and vallies, watered by a number of rivers, small lakes, and streams, afforded a variety of the most beautiful landscapes, and strongly reminded me of *English* scenery."†

Your next attack is upon a subject, which, I believe, no *British* Journalist, who has meddled at all with *America*, and scarcely a single *British* traveller,

* Lambert, vol. iii, p. 89, 90. † Lambert, vol. iii, p. 98.

who has visited its shores, has passed by: *the Genius and Learning of this country.* The observations, made by those among your writers, who first handled this part of the American character, have been regularly thrummed over by all, who have followed them. The story, Sir, has become absolutely stale: and, if you will permit me to advise, you will not repeat it again until twelve months shall have fairly finished their circle. It was a pleasant story enough at first, I acknowledge; but a perpetual reiteration of the same thing, however good it may be, will become rather dull. Lest I should become so too, my strictures upon them shall not be delayed by a long preface.

The observation, which you have quoted from the *Abbe Raynal*, which has been written off in a succession, not much less repetitious, or protracted, than that, in which school-boys of former times wrote "*Command you may your mind from play,*" is a proof of the Abbe's ignorance, or a specimen of his customary indifference to truth. The two *Edwardses*, father and son, have exhibited as high metaphysical powers, as *Europe* can boast; and have thrown more light on several abstruse subjects, of the highest importance, than all the Philosophers of that continent and your own Island, united.

With Mr. *Barlow's Columbiad* you have a right to take any decent liberty. He has treated your country in such a manner, as to be lawful game to a *Briton.* I shall, therefore, leave him in your hands.

After disposing of him, you say, 'to Mr. *Barlow's* Epic may be joined a Poem by a Mr. *Fingal.* No escendant," you say, "we believe, of the *Caledonian* bard *of that name.*" You are perfectly right, Sir, in your conjecture. The author is not a descendant of

Ossian, the *Caledonian* bard, to whom, I suppose you refer, and who left no descendants. At least I see not how he could have sprung from this bard, unless by a *Hybernian* figure of speech. Nor was he a descendant of the real *Fingal;* the father of this same bard. The author, Sir, is a Mr. *Trumbull,* one of the judges of the Supreme Court, of the State of *Connecticut.* It was written, when he was a young man, in the year 1775. The name of the *Poem,* Sir, is *Mac Fingal.* On this subject, as unhappily on many others, which you have thought proper to handle, you have not been well informed. Were you to read it, which from your observations it is evident you have not done, you would find, that it is a work, displaying fine talents, a degree of wit, and of humour, also, rarely rivalled; little inferiour in these respects to your celebrated *Hudibras;* and in every other, far superiour. It is true the sprightly excursions of the poet are sometimes directed against *Great Britain;* as those of *Butler* are against *Presbyterians;* but as I, a Presbyterian, can laugh very heartily with *Butler,* so, undoubtedly, will you be able to do with *Trumbull;* especially as the prejudices of an *American* Presbyterian must be very strong; and those of an *English* Episcopalian barely exist; if, indeed, it can be truly said, that they exist at all. At all events, Sir, read this poem, before you write about it again; and, at least, learn its true name.

Concerning Dr. *Franklin* I shall make no other observations than that a multitude of your own writers, and a multitude of others, in *France* and *Germany,* have spoken of him in a very different manner from that, in which you have chosen to speak, and that you must permit me to believe, from the re-

marks which you have made, you are ignorant both of the history, and of the science, of electricity.

Concerning Dr. *Rittenhouse*, your strictures are eminently unfortunate. You say, that "*Rittenhouse* was an *Englishman*, not an *American*." Dr. *Rittenhouse* was born in *Germantown*, seven miles from *Philadelphia;* and was descended from ancestors, who came into this country from *Holland*. He was bred to the business of a plain farmer; and, while he was employed, when a boy, in the common pursuits of agriculture, indicated a peculiar propensity to Mathematical science by numerous Geometrical figures, which, for want of better materials, he drew upon his plough, upon the fences, surrounding the field of his labour, and even upon the stones, which it contained. A delicate constitution compelled him to leave the farm, and to betake himself to the business of making clocks, and mathematical instruments. In both these arts he was his own instructor. He invented the science of Fluxions; and for a considerable time did not know, that it had any other author. Finding an English translation of *Newton's* Principia, he made himself master of this abstruse work, when he could scarcely be said to have reached manhood.

You say some hard, and impertinent, things of Mr. *Jefferson*, because he asserted, that "Dr. *Rittenhouse*, by imitation, approached nearer to the Maker of the world than any other man; and that his model of the planetary system has the plagiary appellation of an Orrery." I suspect, that you mistake the meaning of the latter assertion. Mr. *Jefferson* intended, not that preceding imitations of the planetary system had not been named *Orreries*, but that Dr. Rittenhouse's planetarium was a work, so different from the Orreries of

Europe, so superiour to them, and so entirely an invention of his own, that it was an errour to call it by that name. Had you seen it, I am persuaded you would have adopted Mr. *Jefferson's* opinion.

You subjoin—"All that posterity knows about him is, that as President of a democratic club at *Philadelphia*, afterwards called The Philosophical Society, he signed some inflammatory resolutions, tending to abet the Western insurrection; and that he was a good measurer of land."

This, Sir, may be all that *English* posterity knows about Dr. *Rittenhouse:* and a part ot this must be known by the aid of peculiar optics, because it is not true. The Philosophical Society of *Philadelphia* was never a democratic club, nor a political club in any sense. It was instituted in the year 1769, long before democracy was heard of in this country; and has ever been engaged, and with a considerable degree of success, in promoting science: and this has been its only employment.

But *American* posterity knows much more about this Gentleman.—He is known, here, by several curious Astronomical calculations, and observations; particularly of the transits of *Venus* and *Mercury*, in 1769; and by his very useful labours in settling, to the general satisfaction, territorial lines between different States. For thirteen years he was treasurer of the State of *Pennsylvania;* and was regularly chosen by an annual and unanimous vote of the Legislature. Soon after he resigned this office, he was appointed the first Director of the *American* Mint; and held that office until bad health compelled him to resign it. Permit me to add, Sir, that he preserved, through life, a character unstained and irreproachable; was holden in high

esteem by the best men in this country, and among others by *Washington;* and died in the full belief of the Christian system, and the strong hope of realizing its blessings in the future world. What may, perhaps, be in your view of more importance than all, he was a Fellow of the Royal Society in London. In your next edition of this train of observations on *American* genius and literature, which I shall look for in some one of your numbers for the year 1815, I hope for your own sake, you will treat Dr. *Rittenhouse* with a little more civility.

In your account of *Hadley's Quadrant* you are equally unhappy. It was invented, notwithstanding you are pleased to challenge the honour of the invention, as belonging to *Hadley*, whom you call "your ingenious countryman," by a Mr. *Godfrey* of *Philadelphia*. Permit me to tell you the story.

A considerable premium had been offered in *London* for the invention of a Quadrant possessing the properties, which were ultimately attained in this. *Godfrey*, a poor but ingenious man, applied himself diligently to the business of forming one, which should answer the description given in these proposals, and succeeded. To acquire the premium, and the honour of the invention, he engaged a passage to *England* in a ship, just ready to sail from *Philadelphia*. *John Hadley*, Esq. then commanded a ship, lying also in the *Delaware;* and invited the Captain, with whom *Godfrey* was to sail, to dine with him. After dinner he brought out a Quadrant, which he considered as superiour to those in common use. His guest told him, that if he would dine with *him* the next day, he would shew him one, lately invented by a *Philadelphian*, which was much superiour to his own. *Hadley* con-

sented; and came the next day, provided with the means of taking an exact description of the new quadrant. After they had dined, the quadrant was produced; and *Hadley* took a description of it. His ship being ready to sail, he fell down the river that night; and, having a very short passage to *England*, procured a quadrant to be made of the same structure. Some weeks afterwards the ship, in which *Godfrey* sailed, arrived in *England*. Here he found among that class of people, who were interested in such a subject, much conversation about *Hadley's* quadrant, as being a new and very happy invention, and much superiour to any, which had before been known. He procured a sight of the instrument, and found it exactly the same with his own. You may suppose, that he was astonished at this discovery. The captain, scarcely less astonished at the grossness of the fraud, and deeply wounded by this proof of his own indiscretion, explained the mystery to *Godfrey*. The unhappy man became a maniac. *Your countryman* was, indeed, *ingenious*, Sir. I wish he had been honest.

Your observations concerning the City of *Washington* are sufficiently contemptuous; and I acknowledge, that there is some foundation for a part of the ridicule, which they throw upon it. The Comedy has, however, had a tragical catastrophe. Your Officers have blown up the *Capitol*, and burnt the *President's house*. They cost a million and a half of dollars; and both were esteemed fine pieces of Architecture by respectable *Europeans*, as well as by the people of this country. But whatever distinction they might claim; or whether they could, or could not, claim any; they are now no more. Probably you may enjoy more

pleasure in recollecting this fact, than most travellers will, in surveying the ruins.

You next indulge your spleen upon our *Naval efforts.* Really, Sir, if I may judge from the information, which reaches this country from *Great Britain*, the exploits of our seamen awaken no very pleasant sensations in the minds of your countrymen.* From the pains, which you take, on all occasions, *to magnify our force much beyond its real amount*, and *to diminish yours much beneath it;* and that, in various instances, *in defiance of the vessels, and guns, and men, actually in our possession; when you make such laborious, and formal calculations* on the subject; when you *so solemnly inquire why the Americans fire so much more rapidly than your own people;* and when you *exult so much in the capture of the Chesapeake; an exploit, much less brilliant than you make it;* I cannot help suspecting, that you think more highly of the *American* seamen than your are willing to express. If you do not; you are the only nation in the world, which does not. We, at least, are satisfied with both their bravery and their conduct: much more so, if I mistake not, than you are. Let me add, that you have not been accustomed to make

* From *Cobbett's* Register. "I have from the first expressed my apprehension as to the end of the war. I used my utmost endeavors to prevent it.—At last the war took place, and the disgrace, which we suffered at sea, completed the madness of the nation, who seemed to have no other feeling than that of mortification and revenge. What! should the people be suffered to live; should they be suffered to exist in the world; who had defeated, and captured, a British frigate! should those, who had caused the British flag to be hauled down, not be exterminated! Disappointment; fury! The nation was mad. "Rule Brittannia," the constant call of the boasting rabble at places of public resort, was no longer called for with such eagerness, and was heard with less rapture. The heroes in blue and buff carried their heads less lofty. Their voices seemed to become more faint, and their port less majestic. They seemed to feel, as men of honour would, upon such an occasion. In short, we all felt, that a new era had taken place in the naval annals of the world."

this ado about your naval rencounters with any other nation.

At the close of these observations you mention a silly speech made by *Mr. Wright* of *Maryland*, a member of Congress. You had before given a very contemptuous account of the persons, who constitute the House of Representatives, and of the indecent manner, in which their debates are conducted. With regard to the last of these articles I observe, that, though I do not think very highly of the manner, in which the debates of our Representatives are carried on, yet the adventure of *Matthew Lyon* did not exist during the time, when the House was in Session; and therefore does not affect the manner of conducting their debates. It is, I believe, bare justice to our House of Representatives to say, that, while in session, they are at least as decorous, as your House of Commons; and that the Houses of Representatives in *Connecticut* and *Massachusetts* are incomparably more so.

Please, Sir, to read the following transcript from your *Parliamentary Chronicle*, reciting some transactions in your House of Lords.

June 17th, 1794. "The Lord Chancellor then proceeded to read Lord *Grenville's* original Motion of Thanks; when he was interrupted by

Lord *Lauderdale;* who insisted that he had a right first to propose a Motion of Thanks to Colonel *Villette* for his meritorious services at *Corsica:* Colonel *Villette* being equally entitled to them as Lord *Hood.*

The interposition of the Noble Earl being contrary to all the established Rules of Parliament, he was called to Order by the whole House.

The Noble Earl, however, persisted in what he called his right.

The Lord Chancellor stood up, and said, he spoke to Order from the Woolsack.

Lord *Lauderdale*, notwithstanding this, attempted to proceed, though the voices of "The Chair, The Chair," echoed from all sides.

Lord *Hawkesbury* declared, he had sat thirty-five years in Parliament, and never witnessed such unruly and disorderly behaviour in any Member. He called upon their Lordships to support the Chair; or *all that was decent, and orderly, in the Senate, would be annihilated.*

Lord Lauderdale never sat down the whole time; and, as soon as Lord *Hawkesbury* finished, again attempted to interrupt the Chancellor, who was also on his legs.

The House at length prevailed; and the united voice of their Lordships in a peremptory manner compelled the Noble Lord to desist.

Is it then true, Sir, that your Peers of the Realm, assembled in the House of Lords, and proceeding in the solemn business of Legislation, behave in this manner? Is it true, that one of them, of high name, and great consequence, trespassed so grossly on the established rules of order, that another of similar distinction, felt himself obliged to call upon the House to support the Lord Chancellor; and to declare, that, *if they did not, all, that was decent and orderly in the Senate, would be annihilated?* and was this Nobleman so disorderly that *he could not be reduced to order, until the whole House of Peers, uniting their voices in a peremptory manner, compelled him to desist?* Had you been a member of the *American* Senate from its commencement to the present hour; you yourself would say, that all the indecorums, which

have taken place in it, would not amount to one such scene, as this.

As to silly speeches, I think you have your share of them. Permit me to make a few extracts.

Earl *Stanhope*——"The learned Lord has said, that the *aristocrat* tradesmen [In this land of blunders we should have said *aristocratic* tradesmen] approved their conduct: the only persons, who disapproved thereof, were the *Sans-Culottes*. I am a Sans-Culotte citizen; a Sans-Culotte individual; one of that swinish multitude, who think their proceedings unjust and illegal."

Permit me to ask, whether the noble Earl at this time appeared in the House of Peers without his small clothes?

April 15, 1794.

Again. Sir *Gregory Page Turner*—whom I take to be one of the *country Gentlemen, who are unlike any thing, found throughout the whole range of the United States.*

"He said, he had not opened his mouth before this session, though *he had constantly supported the war in the strongest manner with a silent vote.* He was both willing, and ready to submit to any taxation, *the Minister should be pleased to impose;* and for that purpose, would, in concert with the other Gentlemen of that House, deliver in an exact and regular detail of his property. He did not mean to compliment Mr. Pitt, but he certainly had a high opinion of his integrity, and accordingly pronounced a long and irregular eulogium thereon. What was equalization? The *French* had talked of equalization: but in truth he supposed they wanted to make an equal partition of property. Every body knew he had not much

landed property, but what he had he should not like to share with these fellows. He was an insignificant Member, as the House supposed him to be; and could not say much to the purpose; but *he had two or three good coats which he supposed the French also would like to take, and leave him only one.* He supposed too, that men, who had no money, would scramble for all they could get; *and those who had but ten pounds, might want a hundred, or perhaps two hundred: he could not tell.* (During the whole of this diverting Peroration, the House was convulsed with laughter; and the Speaker was obliged to force an air of gravity, to command order.) *The Honourable Baronet wondered why the Gentlemen enjoyed his speech so much, since he did not pretend to humour.* These were his real sentiments, *which are—which are—which are*—(another fit of laughter.) *The War—Much had been said of the War. It is the War of Europe. It is—a War!!!* We had engaged in this War, not for attack, but defence; to secure our property, our lives and *honours.*" March 6, 1794.

I am so pleased with the speeches of this Gentleman, that I must be permitted to copy another specimen of his Oratorical powers, exhibited May 26, 1796.

"Sir *Gregory Page Turner,*" says the Parliamentary Chronicle, "craved the indulgence of the House for a few observations which he had to make. When he stood up in the morning, or when he lay down at night, *he always felt for the Constitution.* (A laugh.) On this question he never had but one opinion. When he came first into Parliament, he remembered, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer proposed a Reform; but *he* saw it was wrong, and he opposed it,

Would it not be madness *to change what had existed sound from the days of his father?* (Loud laughter.) Were Gentlemen to make changes in their Constitution, as they altered the cut of a coat, for the fashion, or as a lady fancied a new head dress? (Burst of laughter.) When questions of such a dangerous nature, as the present, was brought forward, he could not sleep quietly on his peaceful pillow. Gentlemen spoke of places and pensions. He had neither place nor pension; and therefore he was at issue with them on the score of independence. Did *Birmingham* and *Manchester* bring forward propositions for a Reform? No. They were brought forward by Gentlemen, high in talents, and high in Opposition. Did Gentlemen expect to stop bribery, and corruption, in our Government? He never had such an idea. It was all one, whether the House consisted of 5000, or 500. They had not to consider who the Electors were, but who the elected are."

Now for Lord *Stanhope* again.

"I am a friend to liberty, to *French* liberty, so far as it respects the rights of individuals; and I will go so far as to add, that, if the fortune of war so ordain it, I shall glory to be hanged in such a cause: for it is the cause of Mankind, and of Philosophy."

Now, Sir, if his Lordship had really a strong wish to be hanged, I must be permitted to say, that any attempts on the part of the House of Peers, to prevent his Lordship from going to the gallows, must have been an unseemly, and perhaps an untimely, interference. For the cause of Mankind, *peradventure some one might even dare to die;* but for the cause of Philosophy *scarcely would* any *man die.* Since, then, a martyr has been actually found, ready to venture his

neck in this cause, the man must be very little of a philosopher, who would step between his Lordship and the gallows; but should his Lordship actually be hanged in this cause, I should humbly advise him not to appear on the gallows in his favourite character of a Sans Culotte.

Mr. *Drake*, jun. "I applaud the Honourable Gentleman, that has just sat down, who defended, with sublime, astonishing, and angelic eloquence, the measure approved by his Majesty. Immortal thanks to him for the honesty, and manliness of his declarations. I shall always be proud to have the honour of uniting with a man, so characterized, and so immortalized! I shall be proud to join him, to overturn the *enemies* of our glorious Constitution. I shall fight for this wonderful fabric to the last drop of my blood! He that entertains, and propagates, contrary opinions, is the greatest enemy to mortal man! For my part, I had rather *die a Loyalist*, than *live a Republican.* Oh! then, Sir, let us draw ourselves out in *battle array for the peace of the country.* Oh! Sir, I will not declare—Yes, Sir, I will declare, what delight it gave me to hear the Noble Lord over the way, (Lord Titchfield,) express himself as he did. I love that Noble Marquis; I love him in my heart, for the speech, he delivered this night. Oh! Sir, this country loves the *Bentincks* and the *Cavendishes.* Come now, ye valiant defenders of the glorious Revolution, assist me in my honourable endeavours to immortalize that wonderful event."

Really, Sir, this is very fine; and is no unhappy specimen of that "sublime, astonishing, and angelic eloquence," which Mr. *Drake* applauded so fervently in Mr. *Anstruther.* Why, Sir, this outdoes Mr.

Wright himself; and approaches near to *thunder- and lightning-Williams.* But we are not yet come to the acme of Mr. *Drake's* eloquence: and far be it from me to do injustice, even in thought, to such a rival of *Cicero*, by failing on this occasion to quote his most pre-eminent effusions. Here they are.

"Mr. *Drake* then—in the most emphatic terms conjured *his Honourable, ever Honourable, and right Honourable, friends* to unite heart and hand in suppressing, and extirpating, *the very semen of a Revolution, which was but too evident in the volcanic, subterranean, infernal, diabolical, eloquence of his inimical friends;* who—(Here an immoderate peal of laughter.) The Honourable Member went on, "I have been interrupted in one of the most essential privileges of a British Senator: to wit, the freedom of speech; which, I hope, the Speaker has not omitted to demand of his Majesty in the present session of Parliament. If it has been obtained, I, in common with other Members, have a right to avail myself of it. In order to conciliate the attention of the House, I lament that it is necessary for Members to detail their political creeds. Whatever that of others may be, mine is loyalty to my King, fidelity to my Country, and love to the Constitution." (Great animation.)

Mr. *Drake*—"*If by theatrical gesticulation I have betrayed an excess of animation, it was but the ebullitions of my heart, which oblige me to exclaim with Hamlet*, that

> "I have that within, which passeth shew;
> These but the trappings, that the seat, of woe."

Pray, Sir, is Mr. *Drake* now alive? If he is, could you not persuade him to take a short trip across the

Atlantic, and teach by his example our Senators and Representatives a little eloquence? I do not mean, Sir, "the volcanic, subterranean, infernal, diabolical eloquence of his inimical friends;" I mean his own eloquence, and somewhat of that "theatrical gesticulation," and that "excess of animation," one or both of which "is but the ebullitions of the heart." Who knows, Sir, but such a measure, as this, would improve the Honourable Mr *Clopton*, the Honourable Mr. *Widgery*, and even the Honourable *Willis Alston*. Indeed, Sir, it is difficult to conceive how much good it might do.

Turn we now again to the House of Lords, November 13, 1796.

The Earl of *Abingdon*—"The Noble Secretary of State has on a former night said a good deal about Lord *Clarendon*. Since that debate, I have met with a book, which gives a full account of Lord *Clarendon*. I will read some passages from that book, to show your Lordships what kind of a man that celebrated character was. In the first place, I have to observe, that Lord *Clarendon* was a very superstitious fellow, and believed in ghosts. But I will read a very curious dialogue out of this book about him." (Here some of their Lordships asked the name of the book.) Lord *Abingdon*. "*It is a book of good authority. It is an hundred years old: and I bought it at a stall.* Before I proceed to read this passage, I wish to observe, that I think the old doctrine of Passive Obedience and Non Resistance is revived. I was in hopes it had been quite buried, since *James the Second's* reign. I wish to ask the Reverend Prelate (Bishop of *Rochester**) whether *Vox Populi* is not *Vox Dei*. I will prove it

* Bishop Horsley.

is; and *that God Almighty always inspires the People on such occasions, and will do so still.* I will prove this by authors as old as *Methusalem*;* though I am not prepared now: but when I am, I mean to come down with a very severe Phillippic upon the subject."

Bishop of Rochester. "Never having had the good fortune of meeting with any author, as old as *Methusalem,* I cannot meet the Noble Lord upon the subject."

Earl of Abingdon. "As I am not prepared now, I will prove it clearly some other time. I however inform the Bench of Bishops, and your Lordships, that *every one of you, who believe in the doctrine of Passive Obedience and Non-Resistance, will be damned without redemption; because it is against the Revolution principles.*"

Again. "I have written against Mr. *Burke.* I have published against him: and yet he never would answer me. I have begged him to cut me up, to flea me alive; (an American would have said flay;) so as he would but answer me: but not a line could I get from him." *The debate at the third reading of the bill for the preservation of his Majesty's Person and Government.*

I do not believe, Sir, that Mr. *Wright* himself, when he was a Senator of the United States, and delivered a secret Message (made secret at his own request,) before a crowded gallery in the House of Representatives, could have excelled this display of Lord *Abingdon's* oratorical powers. But his Lordship, as we learn from the same source, appears as a Divine, as well as an Orator.

* Our Bibles read *Methuselah.*

On January 6, 1796, in a debate on the Resolution that *Great Britain* "ought not and would not, interfere in the internal affairs of *France*," the Earl of *Abingdon* observed, "Does not the Noble Lord (Earl *Stanhope*) know, that *retaliation, an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, is the law of the Gospel?*—And how is this to be accounted for, but that the Noble Lord does not believe in *the law of retaliation; although founded upon that Christian-like principle of returning good for evil? He does not therefore believe in the Gospel.*"

Now, Sir, I verily believe, that there is not a Clergyman in the United States, who, however studious, or however advanced in years, knew, before his Lordship discovered it, that "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, was the law of the Gospel;" or "that the law of retaliation is founded on that Christian-like principle of returning good for evil." In this land of barbarism it has been supposed, that the principle of returning good for evil was, *in reality*, a Christian principle; and of very serious importance in the system of the Gospel; and not merely "Christian-like." But what, better than this, could be expected in these *Transatlantic* regions?

It is time that these extracts should be terminated. Let me ask, Sir, what are we to think of the morals, what of the honour, cherished by the Members of your House of Commons, when we read, in the Parliamentary Chronicle for 1796, the debate on *the franking of letters;* and find it publicly averred by the Minister as a reason for curtailing this privilege of the Members, that *they were in the habit of farming it out at the highest price*, and *thus shamelessly defrauded the Revenue;* when we find a law passed, that *no Member*

shall frank more than ten letters, or receive more than fifteen, in one day; and that *all above this number shall be charged to him?* What are we to suppose, when in another section of the same law, we find *Members forbidden to frank letters at any Post Office, which is more than twenty five miles distant from the places, where they severally were on the day of franking;* and when in another, we *see them forbidden to delegate their right of franking to more than one individual at a time?*

Look at the case of Sir Thomas Cochrane, commonly called Lord Cochrane, a member of your House of Commons. While your abuse of our Congress was yet issuing from the press, this man was impeached for a *swindling conspiracy;* that is, he was charged with conspiring with his cousin the Honourable Cochrane Johnston, and others, to fabricate and circulate a false report with a view to profit by a sudden rise in the funds; and, after fabricating and circulating such a report, with having in connexion with his associates, sold out stocks, which had been purchased for that very purpose, to the amount of nearly a *million sterling;* thereby putting in their own pockets *twenty or thirty thousand pounds,* which they had thus filched from the pockets of unsuspecting purchasers. Of this crime he was impeached by a large committee, who were appointed to examine into the circumstances of the case, and who published to the world their names, and the reasons on which their opinion was founded. He then published, under the solemnity of an oath, a full, positive, and unequivocal assertion of his innocence. Still he was indicted by a grand jury, brought before your Court of King's Bench as a culprit, found guilty by a petit jury, and

sentenced by the Court to be fined, imprisoned, *and stand one hour in the pillory*, in one of the most public streets of London. At the opening of Parliament, and before the House had time to expel him, he grossly abused the persons who had impeached him, the jury who had found him guilty, and the judge who had sentenced him. He was, however, soon expelled; but the tale does not end here: you would rejoice if it did. As his place was vacant, writs were issued for a new election. Lord Cochrane had the hardihood to offer himself as a candidate; he addressed the electors; he bawled as loudly as ever, I presume, against *corruption;* he assumed that he was one of the *genuine friends of the People;* and, can it be believed! was returned as a Member of the House of Commons, by a majority of electors in a populous part of your proud metropolis. He of course takes his seat, and both votes and debates, if he pleases, on all questions relating to the public maintenance of religion, *to good morals*, and good government. Either Lord Cochrane is guilty of one of the vilest frauds, of a gross perjury in order to conceal it, and of gross slander of those, who impeached, condemned, and expelled him, or your honourable merchants, your boasted courts and juries, and your national Legislature, have most iniquitously proscribed and punished an innocent man, of high standing in society. I mention this alternative, not because I have doubts respecting his guilt; but merely to show, that there is no possible way of evading the disgrace attached to this transaction.

Such things could not take place in this country, while our present standard of morals remains. It has been remarked by judicious men here, that no person could retain a particle of influence, even among the

lowest and worst classes of the community, after he had been legally convicted of an infamous crime. Our villains, particularly those in high life, are obliged to abscond when detected, even before conviction. Your *Wilkeses* and your *Cochranes,* though known to be infamously vile by every intelligent man; though tried as malefactors, condemned, punished, and expelled the House of Commons; are yet taken up by the people, made the idols of a party, again returned to Parliament, where with unparalleled effrontery they not only look honourable men in the face, but take an active part in legislating for a great nation.

Once more, Sir, let me ask, What are we *to think of the decency, with which the debates of your Parliament are conducted,* when in the House of Commons, *we hear* Mr. *Burke* (April 1794,) *comparing the River Scheldt to the filthiest of all utensils, and that by name;* or *when,* in the House of Lords, we hear *the Earl of Mansfield translate the words Sans Culotte, used as an adjective, by the grossest phraseology, which he could have derived from a dog-kennel.* These men were the lights of your country; and made *Europe,* and even these *Transatlantic* regions, resound with their fame. If such things were done by your leaders; what must we suppose to have been done by their followers?

To finish my remarks concerning your Parliament, I observe, that the most disgraceful Member of our Congress, (and we have had several, who were sufficiently disgraceful,) fell immeasurably behind the famous *John Elwes,* three times returned as a Member to your Parliament. Look at this man, Sir, then in the possession of near 800,000 pounds sterling, after having expended eighteen pence for his election,

setting out from his seat on horseback, with two hard-boiled eggs in his pocket; shunning carefully every turnpike road lest he should be obliged to pay the fare; stopping under a hedge; feeding his horse upon the grass in the road, and himself upon the egg; wearing a wig, cast off by a beggar, and picked up by himself out of a kennel; and following from morning to night the carpenters, who were repairing his houses. View him again at his own seat, mending his windows with a piece of broken glass, or a bit of brown paper; gleaning corn out of his tenants' fields; picking up stray chips, and bones, to carry to the fire in his pocket; *pulling down a crow's nest, to add to his stock of fuel; and then complaining of the extravagance, and waste, with which these creatures built their nests.* See him again, *stealing into the stable, and taking away the hay, which his servant had given to the horse of a friend who visited him;* eating corrupted meat, and the animals which had been bred in it; and *devouring the small fry, taken by his net, instead of replacing them in the river until they should be grown, because he should never see them again.* Behold him hiding his money, wrapped up, a few guineas in a paper, and deposited in corners, and other secret places; and rising by night, as well as watching by day, to see whether it had been stolen. Finally, mark this man, *then worth a million sterling, and on the verge of death, crying out in his sleep, "I will keep my property: no man shall rob me of my property."*

When you have done this, muster, for a review, all that has been contemptible in the Congress of the United States; and say whether you believe, that another such human being was ever born out of *Great Britain*

There is another subject intimately connected with your Government, much more intimately than I could wish, which demands a few additional remarks. "Your Lordships will remember," said the Bishop of *Rochester*, on the 11th of March, 1796, "that you have had cases before you, where *Ladies of high rank have been guilty with their menial servants:* if they are to be entitled to settlements upon Divorce, what is it, but to hold forth rewards to *Postillions*, &c. *to debauch their Ladies?* There have been, also stated, cases, where the usage of the husband has been pleaded in extenuation. In such cases the proper remedy will be, to refuse him his bill of Divorce; where, for instance, an old and debilitated man courted a young girl to his arms, *he ought to abide the event, for he takes her, with his eyes open to the consequences.* In the particular case before us, I see nothing that can be urged in mitigation;—*an old woman, forty years of age, having ten children, took to her bed a Scoundrel of a French Emigrant.*"

This, Sir, is a most melancholy story; as the subject of it is a most disgraceful theme of legislative deliberation: disgraceful, I mean, not to the Legislature, but to the country, which has made the debate necessary. Happily for *New England*, this story cannot, so far as my knowledge extends, be told of its inhabitants. No similar occurrence, within the limits of my information, has been found here. In two of the *New England* States,* there are laws permitting Divorces by their Supreme Judicial Courts: laws, immeasurably dishonourable to those States, and fitted only to diffuse pollution. Yet such is the character

* *Connecticut* and *Vermont.*

of the *New England* people, that even these laws have hitherto drawn no such cases, as those mentioned by the good Bishop, in their train. Should they continue in force, there can be no reasonable doubt, that their consequences will be baleful to the purity of individuals, the peace of families, and the welfare of the public. Hitherto, their effects, although only pernicious, have been very limited.

With you, Sir, this most malignant species of corruption is of long standing; and appears to have pervaded your country throughout its early, as well as its later history. A great part of your Comedies, and of your Novels, a multitude of your Songs, and other Poems, and many other still graver Publications, have been scandalously obscene and polluted.* A *Godwin*, defending gravely his licentious concubinage with a *Wolstoncraft*, would, here, have been hissed in the streets by the inhabitants of every village, through which he passed.

This evil spreads throughout a great part of the higher classes in your country. It enters the palace: often it has ascended the throne. Look over one of your Court Registers; and see whether you cannot find proofs of it in the very names of your Dukes. Look at your present Royal Family; at the history of Mrs. *Clarke*. But I will stop: for, although you have driven me to these remarks, I have no pleasure in lessening the reputation of your Royal Family.

Perhaps, Sir, a plea may be made for this licentiousness by some others of your countrymen, which has already been made by the *Edinburgh* Reviewers.

* I have never known an obscene book published in the *American* States.

"The passion of Monarchs for their Mistresses," says a writer in the forty-fourth number of that redoubtable Work, "is not always fatal to their own honour, or to the happiness of their people. *La Belle Gabrielle,* Madame *de la Valliere,* and other instances, might be quoted in favour of this opinion. But the monarchs, and their mistresses, were of that age, when a mutual passion gave to each a paramount interest in the glory and happiness of the other. The moment, when a nation most dreads and abhors the dominion of a mistress, is when they see in it the result of luxurious habits, rather than of passion—the feverish want of a decayed constitution, rather than the honest demands of nature and imagination."

Pray, Sir, is not the Conductor of the *Edinburgh* Review a descendant of those cattle, who, according to Lord *Monboddo,* were the first ancestors of the human race; *who wore tails,* and lived in the near neighbourhood of our Cousin *Ourang Outangs?* I presume his Lordship must have formed this part of his Philosophical System under impressions made upon his mind by the appearance, and character, of those around him. He must have seen, I think, mental characteristics, which, he supposed, ought to belong to those only, who had once worn tails; and their appearance was probably such, as induced him to believe, that they had not long been freed from this ornamental appendage. This Conductor was, I suppose, born in the vicinity of his Lordship: and, if the proper investigation were to be made, it would, I presume, be found, that the tail had lately fallen off from the man, or that the man had fallen off from his tail: for it is doubtful which was the

principal part of the composition. To this conclusion I am irresistibly led by the paragraph, which has just been quoted. "*The passion of Monarchs for their mistresses is not always fatal to their own honour, or to the happiness of their people!*" Very honourable, indeed, must be the character of that Monarch, who is an *adulterer;* and great the happiness of his people, especially of those, who are intelligent and virtuous, when they find this to be his character. "*The moment, when a nation most dreads, and abhors, the dominion of a mistress, is when they see in it the result of luxurious habits, rather than of passion; the feverish want of a decayed constitution, rather than the honest demands of nature and imagination.*" Lewdness then, it seems, that putrefaction of the *human mind;* that sin of *Sodom;* that sin, to pour upon which the vengeance of an angry God, an angel summoned from heaven a storm of fire and brimstone, and emptied its terrible magazines of destruction upon that abandoned city; lewdness, raised to the infamous excess of adultery; lewdness, changed into an incurable habit of adultery; faced with bronze; and, in an open, shameless concubinage, proclaiming to the world its indelible, and hopeless infamy;" is, What? "*The honest demands of nature and imagination.*" Such is the decision of this Reviewer of *Sodom.* What is the sentence of his Creator? Of *the strange woman* he says, "None, that go in unto her, turn again; neither take they hold of the paths of life."

Surely, Sir, these declarations of Mr. *Jeffrey* could have come from the mouth of no man, except a descendant from this ancient and honourable family. The brute must have predominated, in the writer, over the man; and held the pen, as well as controuled

the heart, when this effusion of animalism was poured out upon the world.

I have some knowledge of this man, Sir. He formerly wrote a criticism on Lord *Byron's* "Hours of Idleness," in which are found the following observations.

"The poesy of this young Lord belongs to the class, which neither Gods nor men are said to permit. Indeed, we do not recollect to have seen a quantity of verse, with so few deviations from that exact standard. *His effusions are spread over a dead flat, and can no more get above or below the level, than if they were so much stagnant water.*"

Again. "With this view *we must beg leave seriously to assure him, that the mere rhyming of the final syllable, even when accompanied by the presence of a certain number of feet; nay, although* (which does not always happen) *those feet should scan regularly, aud have been all accurately counted on the fingers—is not the whole art of poetry.* We should entreat him to believe, that *a certain portion of liveliness, somewhat of fancy,* is necessary to constitute a poem; and that *a poem in the present day,* to be read, *must contain at least one thought, either in a little degree different from the ideas of former writers, or differently expressed.*"

And again. "But whatever judgment may be passed on the poems of this noble minor, it seems we must take them as we find them: for they are the last we shall ever have from him." [Poor *Jeffrey!* Happy, thrice happy wouldest thou have been, had thy prediction been fulfilled.] "Therefore we must take what we get, and be thankful. What right have we, poor devils, to be nice? We are well off to have got

to much from a man of this Lord's station, who does not live in a garret, but "has the sway" of *Newstead Abbey*. Again, we say, Let us be thankful; and with honest *Sancho*, bid God bless the giver, nor look the gift-horse in the mouth."

But alas! Lord *Byron* would not let the prophecy be fulfilled. In an ill-omened hour, when, I presume, the Raven was heard to flap his wing; and the Screech-Owl, lodged in the hollow of some oracular oak, uttered her shrill and melancholy cries; the Noble bard, moved by *Jeffrey's* evil genius, wrote the following cauterizing verses.

"Health to immortal *Jeffrey!* once, in name,
England could boast a judge almost the same,
In soul so like, so merciful, yet just,
Some think that Satan had resigned his trust,
And given the spirit to the world again,
To sentence letters, as he sentenced men.
With hand less mighty, but with heart as black,
With voice, as willing to decree the rack;
Bred in the court betimes, though all, that law
As yet hath taught him, is to find a flaw.
Since well instructed in the patriot school
To rail at party, though a party tool,
Who knows? if chance his patrons should restore
Back to the sway, they forfeited before,
His scribbling toils some recompense may meet,
And raise this *Daniel* to the judgment seat.
Let *Jeffries'* shade indulge the pious hope,
And greeting thus, present him with a rope:
"Heir to my virtues! man of equal mind!
Skill'd to condemn, as to traduce Mankind,
This cord receive! for thee reserv'd with care,
To wield in judgment, and at length to wear."
"Health to great *Jeffrey!* Heaven preserve his life,
To flourish on the fertile shores of Fife,

And guard it sacred in his future wars,
Since authors sometimes seek the field of Mars!
Can none remember that eventful day,
That ever glorious, almost fatal fray,
When *Little's* leadless pistol met his eye,
And Bow-street myrmidons stood laughing by?
Oh! day disastrous! on her firm-set rock,
Dunedin's castle felt a secret shock;
Dark rolled the sympathetic waves of Forth,
Low groan'd the startled whirlwinds of the North,
Tweed ruffled half his waves to form a tear,
The other half pursued its calm career;
Arthur's steep summit nodded to its base,
And surly Tolbooth scarcely kept her place;
The Tolbooth felt, for marble sometimes can,
On such occasions feel as much as man—
The Tolbooth felt defrauded of her charms,
If *Jeffrey* died, except within her arms;
Nay, last not least, on that portentous morn
The sixteenth story, where himself was born,
His patrimonial garret fell to ground,
And pale Edina shuddered at the sound.
Strew'd were the streets around with milk-white reams,
Flowed all the Canon-gate with inky streams;
This of his candour seemed the sable dew;
That of his valour show'd the bloodless hue;
And all with justice deem'd the two combin'd
The mingled emblems of his mighty mind.
But Caledonia's goddess hovered o'er
The field, and saved him from the wrath of *Moore*;
From either pistol snatched the vengeful lead,
And straight restored it to her favourite's head.
The head, with greater than magnetic power,
Caught it as Danae caught the golden shower,
And, though the thickening dross will scarce refine,
Augments it's ore, and is itself a mine.
"My son," she cried, "ne'er thirst for gore again,
Resign the pistol, and resume the pen;
O'er politics and poesy preside;
Boast of thy country, and Brittannia's guide!

For long as Albion's heedless sons submit,
Or Scottish taste decides on English wit,
So long shall last thine unmolested reign,
Nor any dare to take thy name in vain." "

What was the consequence of this stinging application to the sensibilities of the redoubtable Reviewer? Learn it from his own words, in a subsequent Review on "Broughton's Letters from a Mahratta Camp:" October, 1813.

"To publish verses is become a sort of evidence, that a man wants sense: which is repelled not by writing good verses, *but by writing excellent verses;—by doing what Lord Byron has done;—by displaying talents, great enough to overcome the disgust, which proceeds from satiety, and showing that all things may become new under the reviving touch of genius.*"

Pray, Sir, what do you think, was the reason of this wonderful change? Whence was it, that a Poet, *whose effusions were spread over a dead flat, and could no more get above or below the level than if they had been so much stagnant water,*" all at once "*possessed talents, great enough to overcome the disgust, which proceeds from satiety, and showed that all things may become new under the reviving touch of Genius?*" The answer to these queries is at hand. The Noble Poet had brandished his cat-o'-nine-tails with such force and dexterity, that this descendant of the ancient family feels the tingling to the present hour. Rely upon it, Sir, there was never one of this breed, who could be operated upon, to any valuable purpose, in any other manner. Insolent, and abusive, to all other men; barking at every stranger, whom they see; they will instantly drop their ears, and

smooth their shag, at the sight, and peculiarly under the administration, of a switch.

When this man, (I would fain call him a gentleman if I could do it with a clear conscience,) was in the United States, a little while since, having with Mr. *Madison* the reputation of being a thorough-going Jacobin, he was permitted to charter a ship, and return with it to *Europe:* a privilege, repeatedly refused by our liberal minded Government to native *Americans*, of unimpeachable character. On board this ship Col. *Barclay* proposed to send back to their native country a number of *British* prisoners. His right to do this was not disputed by our Champion; but he insisted, that he himself would select the persons. The Consul coolly told him, that this could not be permitted; but that they must be received according to their equitable claims. Our Reviewer replied by way of answer to Col. *Barclay's* declaration; "Sir, I am a man of Consideration in my own country. In my own country, Sir, I am a man of Consideration."

I did not for some time conjecture what was the meaning of this interesting declaration. I knew that our Champion was a lawyer by profession, and thought, that, perhaps he might be a lawyer of some eminence. But Lord *Byron* has said, and it is presumed, that no man, within the reach of his cat-o'-nine-tails, will dare to deny it; certainly not our Reviewer—

> ————"All, that law
> As yet hath taught him, is to find a flaw."

In this quandary I alighted upon the story of our Reviewer's duel with *Anacreon Moore*, alluded to in

the quotation above; which dispelled my perplexity at once. These two Champions of the quill, it seems, after a most chivalrous rencontre with their proper weapons, and making most formidable discharges of ink at each other, resolved to try their luck with weapons, in the use of which they were not such veterans. Accordingly, they appeared one morning at *Chalk Farm;* each with a brace of pistols. The *Bow-street* officers, having smelt the rat, were on the ground almost as soon, as the champions; and stayed, rudely I presume, all further proceedings. These interlopers had the curiosity to examine the pistols, and found them absolutely *bulletless.* "Now, Sir, it was "consideration" only; (I protest against every suspicion, that it was want of courage;) I say it was "consideration" only, that induced Mr. *Jeffrey* and Mr. *Moore* to fight a duel without bullets.

Thus, Sir, our Reviewer was "a man of Consideration in his own country:" and, had he fought a duel here; he would undoubtedly have been "a man of Consideration," also, in the United States.

I will close my business with Mr. *Jeffrey*, for the present, by subjoining one more quotation from Lord *Byron.* It is from the Postscript to his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." As Mr. *Jeffrey* has long since determined, that the *Americans* are destitute of genius, he certainly cannot find fault with us for making the best use we can of *British* genius, in our own defence. "My northern friends," says his Lordship, "have accused me, with justice, of personality towards their great literary Anthropophagus, *Jeffrey;* but what else was to be done with him, and his dirty pack, who feed by "lying and slandering," and slake their thirst by "evil speaking?" I have stated facts already well

known, and of *Jeffrey's* mind, I have stated my free opinion: nor has he thence sustained any injury. *What scavenger was ever soiled by being pelted with mud?*"

Your next attack, *after quoting a paragragh in the New England Palladium, advertising a stolen book;** and making a few observations upon the impropriety of garbling editions of your books, and altering some of your plays, so as to suit the *American* taste; *is upon the Language of the United States.* By the way, do none of your countrymen ever steal books? If they do not; and we are to believe "*Colquhoun's* Police of *London*" and his "Police of the *Thames;*" books are the only things, which some or other of them do not steal. Here you accuse us of forming projects to get rid of the *English* language; "not," you say, "merely by barbarizing it, but by abolishing it altogether, and substituting a new language of our own." As specimens, you inform us, that "one person had recommended the adoption of the *Hebrew;* and another, a Scotchman, of the name of *Thornton,* had projected to murder the English orthography by turning the *e* topsy-turvy, dotting the *i* underneath, and adding a few pothooks and ladles, &c." Pray, Sir, do you think this story was worth telling? Do you believe the application of it to the people of the United States just? If not; can you vindicate yourself from the charge of dishonesty in insinuating, that they were concerned in such a project? From you have I first learned the existence of either of those projects: and I presume, that ninety-nine, out of a hundred, and

* Were I to glean the *English* character from the *London* newspapers, by picking out the scandalous articles, it would shame even slander herself to repeat it.

more probably nine hundred and ninety-nine, out of a thousand, *Americans*, never heard of either.

Are there no foolish projects in *Great Britain*? Did not good Bishop *Wilkins* project a scheme to fly? And are there not other Scotchmen, beside *Thornton*, who have acted like fools? Why, because this stupid Scotchman crossed the Atlantic, and had no more sense than to publish these effusions of weakness here, are his silly dreams to be imputed to the people of the United States. We are as little disposed to change our language as you can be.

But you charge us with *making some words*, and *using others in a peculiar sense;* and recite a short list, belonging to both these classes. Among others the word, *guess*, which has been mentioned by almost every *Englishman*, who has undertaken to criticise on our speech. To the first mention of it, or even the second, or third, I had no objection. The hundredth became wearisome. We use the word, *guess*, exactly as you do; with this single exception; that a moderate number of our vulgar people employ it as a *cant* word; and with full as much propriety, as vulgar *Englishmen*, and not a small number, who would disdain to be reckoned among the vulgar, use *damned* and *devilish*.

But "the President of *Yale College* talks of *a conflagrative brand*, and President *Jefferson*, of *belittling the productions of nature*." Be it so. The members of your Parliament, on the floor of debate, use the dignified words, *diddled* and *gullibility*.

We *retain some words, which you have dropped;* and you retain some, which we have dropped. We *have made a small number of new ones*. You have made

ten times more. Have not we the same rights in this respect, as you? If we have not; where is the proof?

On this subject you have been *the man*, and we, *the Lion*, in the fable. *The painting*, which is intended to prove your superiority, and our degradation, *has hitherto been done by you.* It is time, that the pencil had changed hands; and that justice should, at least in a single instance, be done to us.

The natives of the city of *London* may be supposed to use *English* as well, at least, as your people at large. Take the following specimens of their English from *Pegge's* Anecdotes of the English Language.

They say

Wulgularity	for	Vulgarity,
Necessuated		Necessitated,
Curosity		Curiosity,
Unpossible		Impossible,
Leastwise		At least,
Shay		Chaise,
Po-shay		Post-chaise,
Aggravate		Irritate,
A conquest (of people)		A concourse,
Commandement		Commandment,
Attackted		Attacked,
Gownd		Gown,
Partender		Partner,
Bachelder		Bachelor,
Obstropolous		Obstreperous,
Argufy		Signify,
Scrupulosity		Scruple,
Common-Garden		Covent-garden,
Pee-aches		Piazzas,
Kingsington		Kensington,
Kiver		Cover,

Daater	for	Daughter,
Saace		Sauce,
Saacer		Saucer,
Saacy		Saucy,
Chimly		Chimney,
Perdigious		Prodigious,
Progidy		Prodigy,
Contagious		Contiguous,
For fraid of, instead of		For fear of,
Duberous		Dubious,
Musicianer		Musician,
Squits		Quit,
Pillord		Pilloried,
Scrowdge		Crowd, (the verb.)
Squeedge		Squeeze,
To Anger (a verb)		To make angry,
Whole-tote		The whole,
Vemon		Venom,
Vemonous		Venomous,
Sermont		Sermon,
Verment		Vermin,
Palaretic		Paralytic,
Postes and posteses		Posts,
Sitti-ation		Situation,
Portingal		Portugal,
Somewheres		Somewhere,
Oftens		Often,
Nowheres		Nowhere,
Mislest		Molest,
Scholard		Scholar,
Regiment		Regimen,
Contrāry		Contrăry,
Howsomdever		However,
Whatsomdever		Whatever,

Successfully	for	Successively,
Mayoraltry		Mayoralty,
Admiraltry		Admiralty,
Commonality		Commonalty,
Properietor, owner		Proprietor,
Non-plush'd		Non-plus'd,
Unbethought		Recollected,
Discommode		Incommode,
Colloguing		Colleaguing,
Docity		Docility,
Drownded		Drowned,
Despisable		Despicable,
An-otomy		A Skeleton,
Paragraft		Paragraph,
Stagnated		Stagger'd,
Disgruntled		Offended,
Ruinated		Ruin'd,
Solentary		Solitary,
Ingeniously		Ingenuously,
Eminent danger		Imminent danger,
Intosticated		Intoxicated,
Perwent		Prevent,
Skrimidge		Skirmish,
Refuge		Refuse,
Nisi prisi		Nisi prius,
Taters		Potatoes,
Vocation		Vacation,
Luxurious		Luxuriant,
Loveyer		Lover,
Humourous		Humoursome,
Pottecary		Apothecary,
Nyst and Nyster		Nice, and Nicer,
Clost and Closter		Close, and Closer,
Sinst		Since.

Wonst	for	Once,
Industerous		Industrious,
Sot		Sat,
Frags, i. e.		Fragments,
Charácter		Cháracter,
Moral		Model,
Jocotious or Jecotious		Jocose,
Hisn, Hern		His, and Her's,
Ourn, Yourn		Ours, and Your's,
The t'other		The other,
Every-wheres,		
Any-wheres,		
Any-hows,		
Some-hows,		
No-hows,		
Nolus bolus	for	Nolens volens.

Add to these *weal* for veal, *winegar*, wictuals, &c, and vicked, vig, vind, veather, &c; neighbourwood, widowwood, knightwood; and a great multitude of others.

Such, Sir, is the language, daily uttered in the Metropolis of *Great Britain*. "But then," says Mr. *Pegge*, "every body understands the meaning of the *Londoners*, and their language is not like *the unintelligible gabble of nine tenths of the provincial inhabitants of the remoter parts of England, which none but the natives can understand.* Bring together two clowns from *Kent* and *Yorkshire*, and I will wager a ducat, that they will not be able to converse, for want of a dialect, common to them both."

Such is the account, which a man perfectly versed in this subject, gives in a letter to a brother Antiquari-

an. Its correctness you will not dispute. How great a part of the *English* nation must speak miserable *English*: For *Yorkshire* and *Kent* are not the only counties, which furnish specimens of unintelligible gabble. Your *West-country dialect* is still worse than those of these two counties.

In the United States there is not, I presume, a descendant of *English* ancestors, whose conversation is not easily, and perfectly intelligible to every other: and nothing like a dialect can be found in this country, unless you call by this name the *German, Dutch*, and other foreign languages, still spoken by the Colonists, derived from those nations.

Are you not ashamed, then, with these facts before you, with this barbarous jargon sounding in your ears, whenever you walk through the streets of *London*, and with a full knowledge of *the unintelligible gabble of nine tenths of your provincial inhabitants, in the parts of England remote from London*, to talk with so much parade about *our* blunders? Were you to spend your life in this country, you would be unable to make such a collection, as that which is here given by Mr. *Pegge*: and nothing, remotely resembling the language ascribed by this author to your provincial inhabitants, can be found in this country.

I will now, Sir, proceed to the consideration of one subject more, and will then finish my remarks; and that is the *Reviews published in Great Britain.*

"It would, however, be an act of injustice to our readers," says a judicious writer in the Picture of *London*, published in 1807, "were we to omit to notice in this place *the gross abuse of public Confidence, and the imposition on credulity, systematically practised by the Reviews*, and other anonymous periodical

works, which pretend to give critical opinions on the merit, or demerit, of new Publications.

"While these professed Oracles of literature *spoke the language of good manners*, and confined their observations *to honest remarks* on the contents of the books, which they affected to notice, they deserved a qualified portion of public confidence; but *the race of Scurrility, in which they have lately begun to emulate each other, and the Insults, which they add ressto the persons, and private characters, of Authors, have rendered them at once a disgrace to the moral character of the country; a gross Abuse of the liberties of the press; a scourge of genius; and a Nuisance to literature.*"

"On ordinary occasions it would be sufficient, to refute calumny, to state, that *the author of it lurked in concealment;* but *the public have been so long imposed upon by anonymous critics*, and anonymous criticism has so long been received without suspicion by the unthinking, that *it will be necessary to pursue these Critical Assassins to their Retreats*, and to exhibit clear and correct views of the description of persons, among whom they are to be found."

"We shall, in the first instance, mention as a point of fact, which no person can honestly controvert, that *every one of the Reviews published, with perhaps not more than a single exception, is the Property, or in the pay, of some Bookseller; and is carried on for the sole purpose of praising all his own Publications, and of damning, and vilifying all those which he considers as interfering with his interests.*

"The pretended criticisms, which appear in these anonymous publications, thus improperly and corruptly influenced, are fabricated in some of the following

ways, or under the influence of some of the following abuses.

"1st. *By rival authors.*—Persons, who have themselves written on the subject, treated in a new book, which is to be noticed, being supposed by the conductors of Reviews to understand the point better than mere general scholars, are frequently employed to review works in such circumstances. *This is the best, and perhaps the most impartial, judgment which an author ever obtains;* and a Critique by a writer on the same subject always commands in the arrangement of a Review a place of distinction. It need scarcely be stated, that an author seldom undertakes to write an anonymous critique on a rival publication, who at the same time is not unprincipled enough to vent all his envy and malice against the book, and the person, of his rival; mean enough, also, to quote his own work, with applause; and impudently contrast it with the new one. One, at least, of such articles appears in every Review, that is published; but it generally carries with it characteristic marks of jealousy and alarm, which render it easy to be singled out by readers of ordinary discernment.

"2. *By literary Adventurers, lately arrived in London from the Provinces; or by youths from some Scotch University.*—Young men, who persuade themselves, that their great talents can only have adequate display in the Metropolis, often arrive in *London*, without any honest means of obtaining a livelihood; and, as a first resource, tender their service to some Bookseller, who publishes a Review. Here their stock of Latin and Greek is generally placed in requisition; and, till a more honourable mode of existence presents itself, these striplings hire themselves, at two

or three guineas per printed sheet of 16 pages, to write opinions on all manner of subjects; and *under the mask of the important, and oracular,* "WE" make the credulous part of the public believe them qualified to insult every man of genius and learning in the country.

"3. *By bankrupt Authors; the Inmates of Newgate, the Fleet, and the King's bench. Half of the anonymous Criticisms, which appear, are written in the Prisons of the Metropolis.* Some Reviews have been solely written, and conducted, by knots of imprisoned critics. No method of supporting existence in confinement is more easy, and more common, than the business of reviewing. It lately happened, that, during several months, *the editors of two rival Reviews chummed together in one room in the Fleet prison;* and by their respective efforts produced two critical journals of great authority among the opposite partizans of Aristocracy and Democracy: The late *Dr. Bisset,* who in the last years of his life had the misfortune to pass several months in the King's bench prison, boasted to the writer of this article, and to some other friends, that he could produce two sheets, or earn six guineas in a single day by reviewing; and that, as he had interest to obtain the insertion of different articles, relative to the same book, in various reviews, he could rely on an income from these labours of full six guineas per week during his confinement. One of his friends, who was not before in the secret of this trade, exclaimed, "But how can you read the books, Doctor; so as to write two sheets of criticism on them in a day?" "*Read the books, man?*" said the Doctor; "*read them? Why do you think are-*

*viewer reads the books? That shews you know nothing about the matter."**

"4. *By personal Friends, or Enemies, of the different Authors.*—The system of anonymous reviewing renders every review a masked battery, which is played according to the party of those, who occupy it, either on an Author by his enemies, or on the public by his Friends. Any Author, who stoops to so wretched a degradation, may influence in his own favour every criticism, that appears respecting his work, by Concessions, by Bribery, or by employing some known reviewer to tender his services for the occasion among the various reviews.†

* If any corroboration of this point was requisite, in addition to the statement, which will be found in the note, in page 153, an appeal, at proper opportunities, might be made to those, who have, professionally, a peep in some small degree behind the curtain. A Review is a constant laughing stock in the office, where it is printed. Let any journey-man printer, who has been some months employed on one, tell how many of the books, noticed in it, have passed through his hands, in which, actually, none of the leaves had been cut open, except the very passages to be copied, the table of contents, and the index: or rather, what will be infinitely less troublesome to him, and may be comprised in a very few recollections, let him tell how many were not in that condition. Hence the eternal complaints in Reviews, whenever a volume is published without an index, or a table of contents.

The Reviewers are well acquainted with the remark made by *Pope*,

> "*That index learning turns no student pale,*
> *But holds the eel of science by the tail.*"

† A few months ago *the writer of these remarks, who has himself played a principal part in this Farce of anonymous criticism,* was applied to, on the following occasion, by an old friend, a physician in the west of *England,* who had some time previously published a medical work, of considerable merit and originality. Dr. *A.* had for several years practised in a large market town; and had secured the confidence of an extensive connexion. A young physician from *Edinburgh,* had lately settled in the same place; who, having previously passed a winter in *London,* had there continued his acquaintance with some young fellow students, who from necessity had engaged themselves, at three guineas per sheet, to write in certain reviews. Dr. *A.* at the time of finding a competitor in this stripling, was engaged on the last chapter of a work, upon which he had been occupied, at intervals, for many years, and which was published in the following winter. The youth, who on account of the established reputation of Dr. *A.* had obtained little practice, rejoiced at the announcement of this work, as offering an opportunity, by

"On the contrary, any virulent enemy of an Author may wreak his malice by communicating gratuitous criticisms to the Reviewers; some of whom do not scruple to receive, and insert, such articles from per-

which he might avail himself of his reviewing connexion, so as to write down, and depreciate, the skill and science of Dr. *A.* He accordingly obtained from one of his friends a promise, that such articles, as he might send up, should be inserted in several of the Reviews. Dr. *A.* who had for many years unsuspectingly read the Reviews, as authorities not to be questioned, inspected them with particular anxiety after the appearance of his book. At length a number, which contained one of the articles written by his rival, fell in his way: and the worthy physician was overwhelmed with mortification to find himself treated as an Empiric, a Blockhead, and an Hypothesis-monger; as one, whose patients, if he had any, were objects of pity; and who was himself to be pitied for the injury, he had done himself and his family by such an exposure of his ignorance. It will be easier to conceive than to describe the mingled emotions of this worthy man, on finding himself so basely misrepresented; but let the reader imagine the anguish of his feelings, when one of his friends brought in a hand-bill, which had the same morning been circulated through the neighbourhood, containing an extract from this very criticism, and referring to the review, published in *London*, as the authority. He found, that the Apothecary, in connexion with the new Physician, had been very industrious in this business; but he was too little acquainted with the arcana of anonymous criticism, to suspect who might be the author. Like an ingenuous man of letters, he printed a reply: but this only made his case the worse; for the dark insinuations, and the broad and coarse assertions, of his concealed opponent were too strong, and too operative on the minds of those who read them, to be repelled by cool argument, and by the ordinary language of a well educated gentleman. In the mean time a literary friend of the Doctor's, who knew something of the profligacy of criticism, convinced him, that the article respecting his book was the production of some enemy; and that it would probably meet with similar treatment in some of the other Reviews, if he did not exert himself to prevent it. It was therefore determined as the securest plan to avoid the mischief, that the Doctor should visit the Metropolis, and through the means of his friends there, obtain an introduction to the proprietors, and publishers, of the Reviews. The first place, he drove to, was the house of the narrator of these facts; and they spent two days *in searching for, treating, and bribing, the hirelings, who write for, or superintend,* those journals. The result was, that *the Doctor obtained permission to send such accounts of his book, as might be written by himself, or his immediate friends.* The Doctor was now satisfied that the former article had been the production of some enemy; and, though his soul revolted at the task, he had undertaken, yet his endeavour to defeat the malice of such a wretch stimulated him to proceed. In the course of the inquiry it appeared, that one of the new Reviews was already in possession of an article, relative to the Doctor's book; and that the writer had treated it with great severity. This information afforded a clue for the discovery of the party; but the wary editor could not be prevailed upon to shew the manuscript; nor to promise, that it should not be printed. The Doctor invited him to dinner at his hotel; treated him sumptuously; and, after the bottle had been freely circulated, the article was sent for: when, after what has been stated, the reader will not be surprised at

sons wholly unknown to them; and instances have occurred, in which with unblushing profligacy the receipt of such anonymous criticisms has been thankfully acknowledged through the public Newspapers.

"5. *By the Authors becoming their own Reviewers.* It may be affirmed without the hazard of denial, that *in every number of (a) Review, that is published, there is at least one article, written by an Author on his own work.* As such criticisms never cost any thing; their insertion may frequently be obtained by a suitable application of the Author, or his friends. The proprietor himself, will, under certain circumstances, receive these full and able notices; but more commonly their admission is secured by the person, to whom the examination of the book has been assigned. The article itself values, in account with the proprietor, at a certain number of pounds, shillings, and pence; and is thought by a hungry reviewer to be a good hit; especially if accompanied by a bank note, or an invitation to dinner.

"6. *By traders in Criticism.*—In London there are persons, who probably gain as much by composing separate critiques for all the Reviews on the same book, as the author who wrote it. A man of this description is generally a smatterer in some particular art, or science; and, when a new book appears on his subject, if he be not applied to by the different conductors of Reviews, he generally tenders his services, which are

learning, that the hand writing was that of the young physician, who had for some time been the Doctor's insidious rival in the country. The manuscript was confided to the Doctor, on his promising to furnish another article of equal length gratis; and undertaking to pay for fifty of the —— Review, for three months to come, which he was to circulate, and recommend, in his county. On his return home, the Doctor's solicitor immediately commenced a course of legal proceedings against the young Scotchman, who, finding that he was in the Doctor's power, agreed to leave that county, on their being discontinued.

always accepted with thanks. Thus *one and the same person assumes a dozen Identities;* and by varying his language and opinions, so as to meet the character, the views, and the party, of each of his employers, *he praises, and censures, and blows hot and cold, in the same instant.* Or perhaps a book of high price, or of considerable bulk, and erudition, makes its appearance; of which, at the common price of three or four guineas per sheet, a critic, who would live by his trade, could not repay himself for the cost, and for the labour of perusal, by a single criticism: he therefore accommodates various accounts of it to the passions, and parties, of the several Reviews; and thus the labours of the whole life of some learned and ingenious authors are wholly at the mercy of this wholesale dealer in criticism; perhaps an unprincipled and malicious character; who, if known to the world, would be the last man living, whose opinion would be received as an authority on this, or any other subject whatever.

"7. *By Contracting Critics, Master Critics, or those who review by the lump.*—Several of the reviews, to save trouble to the proprietors and publishers, are undertaken, or contracted for, by one person, at so much per sheet; and this man stands engaged either to write the entire Review himself, or to get it written by others. *Delegations, two or three deep, are very common in this species of criticism.* The contracting critic receives, himself, perhaps after the rate of seven guineas per sheet; but in paying his journeymen for occasional aid he gives but three or four guineas. *The journeyman too employs a species of labourer, whose province it is to skim the book, prepare the general heads of the analysis, mark the extracts,* &c. &c.: a business which is paid for by the job, or according to the size of the book.

"8. *By the profligate Calculations of the conductors.*—It is a maxim, which is constantly acted upon in the management of a Review, *that it will not please all palates, unless it be well seasoned;* or, in the technical language of the reviewing craft, "*The Review will not sell, unless a sufficient number of authors, and their books, be regularly cut up.*" It becomes, therefore, part of the ordinary business of every conductor to take care, that *there is no deficiency of Sauce;* and to engage *a few Miscreants, well versed in the language of Billingsgate.* Accordingly, then, to the degree of honour and feeling, possessed by the conductor, or as the Review is falling or rising, in sale, it will be arranged, whether *the proportion of half, a third, or a quarter, of the books, noticed in every number, are to be vilified.* This direct ratio between the fall in sale, and scurrility of language; and between the rise in sale, and decency of language; furnishes data, by which any person may, by counting the articles of each Character, calculate at any time the Healthiness, or the Decrepitude of any Review.

"9. *By the superficial view, which the hired, and anonymous, critic takes of the books, of which he gives an opinion.*—It is a fact, which will startle some readers of these observations, but which a little attention will confirm, that *the persons who write the Monthly Catalogue in most of the Reviews, do not see half the books, which they characterize; but write their flippant notices, solely from the advertisements in the newspapers.* The present or former conductors of certain reviews, may blush to see this "secret of their prison-house" go forth to the world; *but the writer pledges himself to give names, and other particulars, if the fact, to the extent he has stated, should be contradicted.* Let any person turn over the Monthly

Catalogue of various Reviews for a few months, and he will not fail to be struck with the imposition, which has been practised on him; by observing, that much above half of the silly Paragraphs, which are appended to the titles of Pamphlets, and of the other works in this part, would apply with as much propriety to most other articles in the list, as to those to which they are assigned. This is so palpable, that no more need be urged to prove the existence of this flagrant abuse of the name of Criticism. It may, however, be worth while to explain, that, as reviewers are paid by the sheet, at the rate of three, four, five, or six guineas per sixteen pages, according to their professional capacity, and experience; and, as the articles in the Monthly Catalogue seldom exceed a few lines each, these would not produce, on an average, more than eighteen pence, or two shillings, a piece; and sometimes not half of the smallest of these sums. It is absurd, therefore, to suppose, that, if Reviewers mean to gain a livelihood, they take the trouble to read, or even to seek, such unproductive trash.*

* A picture from the life will illustrate this abuse better than a multitude of observations. A principal Reviewer, possessed of more learning than prudence, had been surrendered by his bail to the custody of the Marshal of the Fleet. From one of the Attics of that Dormitory of disappointed enterprise, he addressed himself to his old Friend, the bookseller in Paternoster-row; who, knowing his talents, and fearing his resentment if neglected, sent a packet of eight or ten new publications for the next month's Review. The Critic, who always composed through the medium of an Amanuensis, caused an inquiry for one to be made in the prison; and presently a young man was enlisted in his service, who was not devoid of intelligence, but hitherto a total stranger to the Mysteries, in which he was speedily to be initiated. He seated himself with his pen in his hand; when the Reviewer untied the parcel of books; and, taking up a handsome Quarto, read the title page; and, giving the volume to the Amanuensis, desired him to copy the title. While this was performing, he took several turns in the room; and, having two or three times asked impatiently whether the title was finished, he ordered the Amanuensis to write. He then dictated an opening paragraph of considerable length; in which he abused without mercy the self-conceit of the Author in supposing himself qualified for such an undertaking; enumerated the attempts, that had been made by various other Persons in the same species of writing; ascribed this Work to overweening Vanity, &c. &c. The Amanuensis was struck

"Accordingly, the fact is, that this department of the review is committed *to persons, kept on the establishment*, as the manufacturing expression is; who are paid a small monthly allowance, (four or five guineas,) for executing it; which is divided among them, if more than one are employed; and is issued regularly, in weekly portions, by the bookseller, every Monday morning; being then frequently sent to some gaol,

with surprise: for he perceived that not a leaf of the book had been opened; and was sensible, that the Dictator had not, till that moment, seen the work. He was however staggered in this supposition, when he again heard himself commanded to write as follows:—"The ensuing passages alone will satisfy our readers of the justice of these conclusions; but if we chose to multiply examples of presumption and absurdity, we could fill our number with the dull conceits of this blockhead!" The Reviewer now took up the volume, to seek for the passages, which were to answer this prejudication, turned over its preface rapidly, and muttered: "*This fellow's determined to give one all the trouble, he can—No contents I see!—Index perhaps? Nor that neither!—Dies hard; but must be damned for all that.*"—He then angrily turned over the leaves from beginning to end; read the heads of some of the chapters; and at length exclaimed, "Yes, I have it. Write, Sir. Begin page 273, "At the same instant, that," to 278, at "hitherto proceeded." " Now with the rapidity of lightning opening the volume further on, "Write," he resumed, "This opinionated gentleman, not satisfied with differing from every writer, who has preceded him, from *Aristotle* to *Rousseau*, has chosen to refute all his own doctrine by the following whimsical positions. Peace to his spirit! We hope never to wade through such another Augean stable; but long-suffering is the lot of our fraternity.—Begin page 417, "with this view," to page 420, at "broad basis." And again, page 432, "It is well known," to page 435, at "indispensably necessary." We should have pitied the unfortunate publisher who ignorantly embarked his money in this wretched performance, if the fellow had not the impudence to fix the price of three half guineas on a volume, which, *after a patient examination*, we can *pledge ourselves, is not worth three farthings.*" Thus ended the Review of this work, which has since passed through several Editions; and *the time, spent in this fatiguing and patient investigation, was exactly twenty-five minutes.*

The Reviewer now took up the next book; which he praised as extravagantly, as he had abused the other; and thus proceeded through the parcel, cutting open not more than twenty pages of the whole, and praising, and damning, as his Caprice, or some secret Feeling, suggested; or just as it seemed to suit the humour of the moment. *The time, spent in thus characterizing, in dogmatical and vehement language, two Quartos, five Octavos, two Duodecimos, and two Pamphlets, was about two hours and half!* The Amanuensis, on turning afterwards to the highly reputed Review, in which these elaborate criticisms were displayed, found, that *they occupied one third of the Number!* He declined any further participation in so disgraceful an employment, and has since communicated the above Facts to various persons, and among others to the writer of these remarks.

like the creditors' sixpences, which become due on that day; or given to some of the upper assistants in the booksellers' shops, who are sometimes employed at this business in their spare hours. Such being a correct description of the persons, and the practices, of those who write anonymous criticisms, is it to be wondered at, that these people uniformly deny their craft; and that a greater insult cannot be offered to one of these pioneers of Grubstreet, than to insinuate, that he writes for any review? Not only is the practice disavowed by the whole fraternity, but if you knew a man to be a scribbler in reviews, and were to ask if he wrote an article, in itself meritorious, he would deem even this an insult, never to be forgiven! It is true that some reviewers are well known: but these are generally either young in the trade, and not yet acquainted with the infamy, attached to it; or coxcombs, whose vanity supersedes every other feeling. Boys at school, and half informed people in the country, consult these oracles with so much unsuspecting credulity, that a Stripling from a *Scotch* University, who is admitted to perform the lowest offices in these Temples of Imposition, considers himself as having become part of the Godhead, and gives himself Airs accordingly.*

"There is, however, one class of men, who give occasional countenance to Reviewers without intending the mischief, which they thus assist in perpetrating. *These are certain vain Pedants at our Universities;* who, knowing little of the world, consider Reviews as exactly what they appear to be; and having no readier means of displaying their knowledge of particular sub-

* A certain *Northern Review* is now written chiefly in *London* by young men, who have but just finished their attendance on their University Lectures; and the oldest of them is said not to exceed five and twenty years of age.

jects are often flattered by having some abstruse Work committed to them by the conductor of the Review. Tickled by this kind of compliment, they cannot conceal it from certain intimates, who circulate the fact in the university, that Dr. —— writes for the —— Review; and thus half the world are led to suppose, that Reviews are written, con amore, by men of real honour and learning. Professors in universities ought to beware of thus becoming the dupes of their vanity, by enlisting themselves *among a race of impostors, as base and unprincipled as ever disgraced society.* Their names, and their talents, ought to be reserved for worthier purposes, than that of giving countenance *to hired, and anonymous defamation.*

"Conclusion. The obvious inference from all, that has been stated, is this; that the great Vice of Reviewing exists in the concealment of the Writers; and that, while anonymous Criticism is tolerated, it is impossible even for a conductor, who is a man of integrity, to guard against its corruptions, and its abuse.

"*A learned and gentlemanly* Critic would be able, though he signed his name to his criticism, to perform ample justice to an author, and the public. *He could not adopt the impertinent, arrogant, and boasting style of the present contemptible race of Anonymous Reviewers;* but his Inferences and Opinions, would be received with Respect; the Public would be enlightened; and Error and Imposition would be corrected and exposed. Authors could assure themselves, *that their books were seen, and read, before they were decided upon,* and the public would appreciate justly the value of a decision, thus made, and thus guaranteed.

"Those, who contend that Critics, under such a system, dare not do their duty, either do not understand what is meant by the word Criticism; or do not con-

sider what was the object of Reviews. Our essayists, from *Addison* to *Cumberland* and *Knox*, afford specimens of criticism, such as no Man could have cause to disown, and such as would always be received with avidity by the public. *True literary Criticism in the hands of real Scholars is the opposite of every thing, that characterizes our modern Reviews;* it never searches for personal anecdotes of Authors, or confounds in its Disquisitions his Foibles, or Weaknesses, with the merits of his performance; it never magnifies blemishes, shuts its eye to beauties, becomes the tool of a party, either political or literary, misquotes, delights in abusive and violent epithets, or arrogates its own infallibility! It is, in a word, a liberal science, which no honest Man need be ashamed to exercise and avow; but in the hand of *a concealed assassin it may be, (and unfortunately is,) converted to the most destructive and diabolical purposes.* True Criticism, like Charity, "suffereth long and is kind; envieth not; vaunteth not itself; is not puffed up; doth not behave itself unseemly; seeketh not her own; (is not selfish;) is not easily provoked; thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth."

"Yet as the vice exists chiefly in the anonymous character of the system, the moral views of the Conductor of every Review are not intended to be called in question. *One* or *two* of those gentlemen are known to be *men of character;* who would not wilfully participate in the grosser Abuses of the reviewing trade: but those Abuses are too inherent in the system to be successfully guarded against; and as these gentlemen must be perfectly sensible of this Truth, *it is a Duty which they owe to the world, to affix the names of those, who write in their critical journals, to their respective articles,* in order that the public may pos-

sess the only Guarantee, which can be given of the candour and integrity of such Writers; and also that their journals may secure a continuance of that Confidence and Support, which *has hitherto been unthinkingly, and ignorantly,* reposed in them."*

"The author of the preceding statement of facts thinks it proper to add, that in drawing it up he has been solely actuated by a love of truth, a hatred of Imposture, and a sense of duty to the literary world, and the public. No honourable or conscientious Reviewer (though the writer believes that few men of that character can long continue the employment of writing anonymous opinions on others,) will be offended at this just exposition of the misconduct of those, who abuse their office. He hopes to live to see a reformation in the system; and that, if a respectable and independent body of literary characters cannot be persuaded to

* "Next in importance to the newspapers are the works of periodical criticism, which are here called *Reviews.* Of late years it has become impossible to place any reliance upon the opinions, given by these journals; because their party spirit now extends to every thing. Whatever be the object of a book, though as remote as possible from all topics of political dissention, it is judged of according to the politics of the author: for instance, one of these journals has pronounced it to be jacobinical to read Hebrew without points. There are other reasons, why there is so little fair criticism. Many, perhaps the majority, of these literary censors, are authors themselves; and as such in no very high estimation with the public. Baboons are said to have an antipathy to men and *these, who are the baboons of literature, have the same sort of hatred to those, whose superiority they at once feel and deny.* You are not, however, to suppose, that the general character of these journals is that of undeserved severity: they have as many to praise as to blame; and their commendations are dealt upon the same principle, or want of principle, as their censures. England is but a little country; and the communication between all its parts is so rapid, the men of letters are so few, and the circulation of society brings them all so often to London, as the heart of the system, that they are all directly, or indirectly, known to each other. A writer is praised because he is a friend, or a friend's friend; or he must be condemned for a similar reason. *For the most part the praise of these critics is milk and water, and their censure sour small beer.* Sometimes, indeed, they deal in stronger materials; but then *the oil, which flattery lays on, is train oil, and it stinks: and the dirt which Malevolence throws, is ordure; and it sticks to her own fingers."* *Espriella.* Letter 56.

If Mr. *Southey* wrote the Review of *Inchiquin,* I request him to read this passage in *Espriella* with attention.

sanction a Review by their names, *the public contempt of anonymous and systematic scurrility* will render it harmless and unprofitable."

How greatly are mankind indebted to this frank, honest-hearted writer for these disclosures; for opening to the day-light this den of *Cacus;* and exhibiting the deformed beings which it contains; the robberies, which they perpetrate upon the reputation, the peace, and the principles of their fellow men; the foul spirit, by which they are governed; and the fire and smoke poured out upon the world by these collections of banditti. What a story are we told, when we are informed by this Writer, that we are indebted to *bankrupts*, and *inmates of Newgate, the Fleet, and King's Bench prisons for half the anonymous criticisms*, that is, *for half of all, which is contained in the Reviews, published in Great Britian;* and that *some whole Works*, under this name, *have been solely written and conducted by knots of imprisoned critics:* a set of scoundrels, whom the Justice of your country has driven from among mankind, and confined by bolts and grates. From such wretches what could a sober man expect but just such Reviews, as those, with which Great Britain deluges the world? I do not deny, that among these efforts there are now and then specimens of talents, and in a few instances of superiour talents; but those of candour, common honesty, and common decency are lamentably rare. Amid all the base reflections, cast upon the people of the United States, for their destitution of understanding, and worth, in these dirty-minded effusions of spite and ribaldry, there is not one, half so humiliating, as the fact, *that the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews are republished in this country.*

Among the remarkable things, for which the world is indebted to this Writer, the information that *these dictators in the empire of learning and taste do not even read the books* which they professedly review. "*Read the books, man?*" said *Dr Bisset* to his friend; "*read them? Why do you think that a Reviewer* reads the books? That shews, that you know nothing about the matter." I hope my own countrymen will remember, that the accounts, so magisterially given in these receptacles of folly and falsehood concerning the various works, which they hash with so little decency, are given without reading the works themselves; sentences, pronounced before the cause is argued, the witnesses heard, or the prisoner even known, by a Jury, packed, bought, and perjured. How different from all this are the fair, upright, and gentlemanly, Reviews, published in the *Christian Observer.*

In the mean time, a great part of these efforts are, it seems, *the panegyrics of the personal friends*, or *the invectives of the personal enemies, of the different authors reviewed.* "Any author, who will stoop to so wretched a degradation, *may influence in his own favour every criticism, that appears respecting his work, by concessions, and by bribery.*" These volumes of iniquity are, therefore, partly made up of the despicable flattery of Toad-eaters, and partly of the snaky virulence of anonymous hatred, pouring out its vindictive malice from the burrow, in which it has hidden itself from the public eye.

But this in not all. *The author himself becomes his own Reviewer.* "It may be affirmed," says this respectable Writer, "without the hazard of denial, that in every number of a Review, that is published, *there is at least one article, written by an author on his own Work.*" Proh pudor! A pretty employment, in-

deed, for a decent man to peruse a series of panegyrical observations upon a book, and to learn in the end, that they are the miserable, dishonest self-adulation of the author!

Nor is this all. These literary journals are conducted, to a considerable extent, *by traders in Criticism; who compose separate Critiques on the same book, for different Reviews; praise and blame alternately;* blow hot and cold with the same mouth, and at the same instant; *and, if known to the world, would be the last men living*, whose opinion would be received *as an authority on any subject whatever.*

Even all this is not enough. At all events, "*the Review is to be well seasoned, and will not sell, unless a sufficient number of authors, and their works, are cut up.*" Every conductor, it seems, as a part of his ordinary business "*takes care, that there is no deficiency of sauce; and engages a few miscreants, who are well versed in the language of Billingsgate.*" You, Sir, have the honour of being supposed to be the Patron of a Review. Permit me to ask how many of these miscreants you have engaged; or, if *you* have not engaged them, and this part of the business is done by a *conductor under your patronage* (as from your character, and station, I own I am induced to believe,) does it not seem to you, that it is time, that these miscreants were dismissed from their employment; at least that they should fight no longer behind your shield?

A considerable portion of the criticism, published in these Journals, is usually made up in a batch, styled *the Monthly Catalogue.* In the books named in this list, we are informed, "*the Reviewers do not even see one half.*" This, indeed, is only of a piece with the rest, and after what has been said demands no peculiar censure.

What a picture is here given of the literary Journals of *Great Britain?* for the *Edinburgh* Review is plainly included in the author's list, by the note, which he has added concerning it; and has too many internal proofs of belonging to this foul mass, to suffer a rational doubt of the justice of the inclusion. The whole story wears every mark of truth. The particularity, with which the iniquitous system is detailed, and the accordance of the several parts with each other, bear strong testimony to the truth of the representation. Besides, the Writer has openly defied a contradiction to his statement, and has promised, in answer to it, to *give names, and other particulars.* But no individual of this motley tribe has thought it proper to venture upon such dangerous ground. Until this shall be done, the account is to be admitted as true; and those, who are stigmatized by it, *whether in prison, or out of it,* are to be regarded as a despicable clan of marauders on the principles, the peace, and the happiness, of their fellow men.

Now, Sir, permit me to ask to which of these classes the Reviewer of *Inchiquin's* Letters belongs. Is he "*a literary Adventurer, lately arrived in London from the Provinces;* or a *Youth from some Scotch University?*" Is he *a* "*Bankrupt; an Inmate of the King's Bench, of the Fleet,* or of *Newgate?*" *Is he* "*a trader in Criticism; a Contracting critic; a Master critic;*" who employs journeymen and apprentices in his business; one of those, "*who review by the lump?*" Is he "*a Miscreant, well versed in the language of Billingsgate;*" "*a disgrace to the moral character of his country, and a nuisance to literature?*" Or has he passed through all these gradations; rolled on through the slough of scandal; and contracted continually more and deeper stains of baseness and prof-

ligacy? I will leave it to you, Sir, to answer these questions.

The remarks, which I have proposed to make on this shameful production are finishe d. Indulge me now in a few observations concerning the system of contempt, and abuse, so generally pursued by *English* travellers in this country, and reviewers in *Great Britain.*

Let me ask you in the first place, "*Cui bono erit?*" This question is with particular propriety addressed to *you*, Sir; a man of talents, a professed patriot, and a statesman. This writer asserts, that the *Americans* indulge an intense hatred towards *Great Britain.* Whence is the assertion derived? Is the proof found in the war, which our Government has declared against yours? That our Government, independently of this act, is hostile to yours, there can be no reasonable doubt, if by our Government we understand *Mr. Madison* and his minions. But even *they* did not declare war on this ground. Mr. Madison wanted a re-election. The *Georgians* wanted to lay hold on the *Floridas*, that they might no longer be an asylum for their runaway slaves. The people of Tennessee wanted to get possession of the river *Mobile.* Those of *Kentucky* wanted to possess themselves of *Indian* lands; and those of *Ohio* wished to be delivered from the fear of savage incursions. The people of *Virginia* wished to preserve the reigning Dynasty, and to keep the throne in the regular *Virginian* succession. By all these, or by the *leaders* of all these, it was announced to *Mr. Madison*, as I verily believe, that, unless he would consent to the war, they would withhold from him their suffrages. In the mean time their great friend, the Emperor *Napoleon*, was expected to drive *Alexander* from his throne, and to overrun *Rus-*

sia with *French* Myrmidons. The Continental system was to be carried into complete execution: *Great Britain* was to supplicate, and, if possible, obtain, peace from the *French* Emperor: and then all these sorts of men were to see themselves in full possession of their wishes.

But a just and merciful God has frustrated the designs of them all. The whole project was iniquitous, and has been blasted. The Emperor *Alexander* triumphed over the monstrous force which invaded his country. The Duke of *Wellington* has delivered *Spain* and *Portugal.* The allies have redeemed Europe. Great Britain, at the end of a twenty-two years war, during a great part of which she has stood as a barrier against the ruin of the world, and has acquired more glory than she could ever boast before, sees herself in full possession of all her power and greatness. Even France, after suffering miseries which defy computation, and leave the mind, which attempts to comprehend them, lost in astonishment, is placed under a free and equitable system of government; and henceforth may, if she pleases, be happy. In all this I, and millions of my countrymen, rejoice.

But there is nothing in the *American* part of this story, which indicates any thing like a national hatred of *Great Britain.* Every part of it is a spot on our character, so far as we have been concerned in it: but the shame rests, chiefly, on a number of men, not very great; who have cheated into the adoption of it another number, which, I acknowledge, is much greater.

Your Reviewer is perfectly aware, that the people of the United States are divided into two great political parties, spread almost evenly over the whole country. The Federalists, who are a decided majority in sev-

en, if not in eight States, and are numerous in most of the others, totally exceed their antagonists in wealth, talents, reputation, and virtue. These men are, in this country, continually reproached by the Democrats for being friends to *Great Britain.* The charge is false in the sense, in which it is alleged: in a higher and more honourable sense it is true. While they are incomparably better friends to their own country than the authors of the charge, they are firmer, and better friends to yours, than any equal collection of men in the world, not included in your own dominions. They have most cordially wished you success in your contest with the enemy of mankind, and exult in your final victory. Your unjust, and unwise, measures towards this country; (for you have entered into many such measures;) they censure firmly: our injustice, and folly, towards you they reprobate still more severely, because they are more gross. But, while they know, that it is their first political duty to promote the prosperity of their own country, it will require a train of injuries, on your part, to make them hostile, or even indifferent, to that of *Great Britain.*

Yet, it is undoubtedly possible by a series of efforts, suited to the purpose, to fritter away the good will of any man, or any nation, towards any other. In private life, contempt and ill-nature will usually accomplish this end within a moderate period. No alienations are more absolute than such, as are produced by these means. The sting may be extracted; but the poison will be left behind, and will there rankle for a time, to which limits cannot be easily assigned. This ill-nature, this contempt, have been poured upon the *American* people for several years in torrents of abuse and falsehood. Many of the publications, in which they run, are issued again from our

presses: and many more have been imported. Both are extensively read with answering contempt, and strong feelings of indignation. If you wish us to be your enemies, proceed. The task to a spirit of bitterness will be easy; and the success certain.

The question is, however, worth a little candid and sober consideration; what will you gain by establishing a firm and enduring hostilty between the people of *Great Britain* and the people of the United States? Will you promote a single interest of your own country? *Commerce* is one of its interests; the importance of which you announce to the world in almost all your laws, political regulations, and political books. On commerce a great part of your people subsist. For injuries done to your commerce many of your wars have been declared.

Some of your people have been disposed to consider us *as commercial rivals.* This opinion is built, not upon truth and good sense, but upon jealousy and avarice. The world is wide enough to furnish commercial prosperity to every nation, which will seek it with industry, enterprise and perseverance: and both you and we may labour in this field, to the utmost, with every honest exertion, without doing or suffering a single injury. A little expansion of views, united with a little equity of disposition, would teach this truth to any man capable of comprehending the subject. A war, of one year, may easily injure your commerce more than twenty years of our rivalry. War between you and us, on this ground, is of exactly the same nature with a litigation between two brothers concerning their patrimony; which, while it produces alienation, hatred and wretchedness, wastes the very property, about which they quarrel.

But there is another view of this subject, not less important to you, and more easily realized by eager and avaricious men. *We are the best customers, which you have or which you can have.* We have been so long habituated to the use of your manufactures, that we steadily prefer them to those of any other people. Our commerce with your dominions has amounted, regularly, to two thirds, or three fourths, and always to more than half, of our whole trade. Cherish it with a spirit of moderation and equity, and this proportion will not be diminished. Persecute us for a season; and it will be soon shrivelled far towards annihilation.

If proofs of this assertion are necessary; the present state of our Manufactures furnishes such as are ample. These, according to the returns, made to the Secretary of the Treasury in 1810, are estimated at more than one hundred and seventy two millions of dollars. From that period they have increased, not only beyond all example, but all belief. You may judge for yourself. All the manufactures in the State of *Rhode Island* amounted, according to this estimate, only to 4,176,074 dollars. In 1814, the Cotton manufactures of this State produced cotton goods, of the value of 8,500,000 dollars. An increase of manufactures, of many kinds, though not equally yet very great, has spread over most of this country. Many of the products of these labours are not inferiour to any, of the same kinds, which are imported. This is true of *our best Cloths*: a manufacture, which has already been extended, and is now extending with a rapidity, exceeding even the sanguine expectation of projectors. The *Merino sheep*, which have multiplied here with very great success, and which, instead of depreciating, improve in our pastures, furnish a solid basis for the perpetuity of our manufacturing establishments, of this

class. Others, of many kinds have been increased with similar rapidity and similar success.

A moderate period of time, spent in mutual provocations and hostilities, will detach the people of this country from their habits of using British manufactures, and rivet their attachment to their own. When it is remembered, that this country abounds, or may easily abound, in materials of almost every kind for the exercise of manual ingenuity; that we have wood, iron, leather, wool, cotton, flax, hemp, grain, tobacco, salt-petre, sulphur, dying materials, all the kinds of earths, and every useful species of stone; particularly, immense quantities, and very beautiful varieties, of marble; that silk is already made here in considerable quantities, as easily, and of as good a quality, as in *Italy;* that mines of various metals are discovered almost every year; that we have mill-streams, sufficiently numerous to supply water-works of every kind for several such countries; that we have invented, and adopted, many modes of abridging labour, and that every such mode is a benefit to the whole community, without being injurious to a single individual; and that we have sufficient capital, ingenuity, enterprise, and perseverance, to carry into execution every thing of this nature, which can be of importance to our prosperity: when these things are remembered by a discreet Englishman, he will believe without much difficulty, that we shall soon find both our interests, and our prejudices, advantageously consulted by preferring the fruits of our own labour even to those of British industry.

There is another point of view, in which the importance of these considerations is still more strongly illustrated. In the year 1810, the people of the United States amounted to more than seven millions. In

twenty five years they will amount to fourteen millions: at least they have hitherto increased in this proportion. In twenty five years, therefore, our consumption of your manufactures, if the natural course of things should be uninterrupted, will be double. In fifty years it will be quadrupled. In seventy five, we shall take off all the superfluous products of your industry. Such a source of custom was never before opened to any nation in the world. It will be unwise in your Statesmen to promote, either in your people, or in ours, any dispositions, or any efforts, which may prevent, or seriously disturb, a progress of things, of which you may avail yourselves with so much ease, and so much benefit.

The Returns, which we make for your manufactures, are more useful to you than any other. They are either money, or raw materials, on which the industry of your people is to operate; essential to their prosperity, and even to their support; furnished on better terms than you could obtain them elsewhere; many of them inexhaustible; and some of them not otherwise attainable without a considerable sacrifice. Were the decision of this question left to a sober merchant, common sense would teach him irresistibly, that a voluntary relinquishment of such advantages would be little less than lunacy.

You will perhaps reply, that the causes of such an event lie with *us*, and not with *you*. As proof, that the assertion is just, you will probably allege the measures of our Government, and particularly its declaration of war against you. I readily allow, that the allegation is plausible, and that to an *Englishmen* it may very naturally appear decisive. Still it is unsound: and if you and your countrymen understood the real state of things on this side of the Atlantic, you

would acknowledge it to be unsound. Mr. *Jefferson* and Mr. *Madison* are unquestionably hostile to *Great Britain.* Their measures have proved this so clearly, that to doubt it would be an insult to one's own understanding, and to question it, to the understanding of others. But they have been less hostile to you than to us: and a conviction of this truth has spread very far among their own adherents. Except the Missions of *Pike, Lewis, and Clark,* to explore the *Mississippi* and *Missouri,* there is not a single measure originated by either, during the fourteen years of their reign, which has reflected the least credit upon their character, or produced the least benefit to the United States. Mr. *Jefferson,* indeed, sent a fleet, which he truly styled "the least competent force," to humble the insolence of the Bashaw of *Tripoli:* but had not *Preble* and *Eaton* transcended his orders, and with an elevation of character, of which he never formed a conception, accomplished what he never intended, nor believed to be possible; the Bashaw would have laughed at Mr. *Jefferson,* and continued his depredations on our commerce, and our seamen, to the present hour. The truth is; Mr. *Jefferson,* though possessed of considerable ingenuity, and a good deal of cunning, is absolutely destitute of wisdom, as well as of principle; of that sound, practical good sense, which alone has ever been of any use to mankind in the management of either their public or their private affairs. Of Mr. *Madison* it is enough to say, that, without the cunning of his Master, he has humbly trodden in his steps. If the art of governing consisted in originating, or defending, abstract propositions, or general principles, Mr. *Madison* would not have been without his share of reputation among rulers. But as it actually consists in the exercise of practical good sense,

and skill in the business of man, directed, as well as prompted, by a public, and not a party, spirit; no niche will ever be furnished for his reception among respectable men of this character.

Still, they have been useful instructors to the *American* people. Mr. *Jefferson* has taught us, that Infidelity is an unprofitable spirit, and cunning an unprofitable guide, in the management of national interests. Mr. *Madison*, as well as his Master, has strongly exhibited the visionary nature of theoretical speculations in the public concerns of mankind. From both, also, have we learned, that far other moral dispositions, than such as are possessed by these gentlemen, are necessary in the Ruler, who is to do good to his country. Mr. *Jefferson* found this country, as he says, "*in the full tide of successful* experiment:" under his administration, and that of his successor, these overflowing waters have all receded, and left their channel bare.

But we shall not always be ruled by such men, as these. Their measures have already wearied the confidence, and nearly exhausted the patience, even of party spirit, blind and bigoted as it is. Like other nations we shall, at times, have good Rulers: and the community will in the end, like other communities, vibrate back to sobriety and common sense. The present generation of *Americans* may not, indeed, cease to be politically infatuated: the next will see all these things in their true light; and be astonished, that they were not thus seen by their fathers. They will discern, from the experiment, which we have made, what half of the existing generation perfectly understood before, that *the United States have not, and cannot have, any possible interest in making an offensive war; that neither their situation, nor the nature of their government, permit them to engage in such a*

war; and that all their prosperity is involved in the continuance of peace. These truths every *impartial American* has long since understood; and they are now extensively believed even by prejudice itself.

The present war, therefore, and the present Rulers, furnish no solid evidence, that even our Government will be permanently hostile to yours; much less that the Nation will feel this hostility.

The character of your nation is well understood on this side of the Atlantic. By a great part of the people of the United States full justice is done to your talents and your worth, your institutions and your efforts. We know, that you are a great nation, and have achieved distinguished glory in many ways, and those of supreme importance. But we do not think, *that you have any knack at making friends.* You form too high an estimate of your own importance to suffer you to be agreeable to others; loftily claim the respect, which other nations solicit; and receive it as a tribute, where other nations receive it as a proof of civility. In their books, and in their conversation, *Englishmen* are, more than any people, busied in comparing themselves with other nations, and whatever is contained in *England* with the same or similar things, found in other countries. The result of this comparison is almost always in favour of themselves, and of whatever is theirs. Their climate, their soil, their weather, their productions, their talents, their institutions, their religion, their church, their manners, their morals, are all better than the same things in any other country. *They*, only, are clean, and neat, in their persons, and houses. They, only, have good beef. Their peaches, under a half frosty sun, are better than those of the United States with all the advantages which the finest seasons can give; and a Scotchman, rioting on the

rich fruits of this country, will gravely inform you, that *they are not so gude, as those, which grow in the garden of the Duke of Argyle.* *American* apples are exported to England in great quantities; and are cried in your markets at high prices; yet an *Englishman,* sojourning in the United States, pronounces without hesitation, that they are far inferiour to the apples of his own country. An *Englishman,* not long since travelling in the State of *New York,* stopped at an inn in *Poughkeepsie.* Here he called for a beef steak; and at the same time complained bitterly, that he had not found a single good dish, of this kind, since he had been in *America.* The inn-keeper told him, that he would give him one: and going into the kitchen, ordered the cook to sprinkle the steak with sulphur. The *Englishman* pronounced it delicious.

This comparison occupies a great part of the conversation of your countrymen; and is regularly made with haughty airs, and in an imperious style; and, however pleasant to him, who makes it, is not apt to be very agreeable to others. Were we to receive it tamely, we should deserve the contempt, which you heap upon us with so much liberality.

Nor is this insolence exhibited to *us* only. Your treatment of other nations is seasoned with the same spicery. Wherever it exists, it is felt, resented, and remembered. The last *Englishman,* whom we have seen, has treated us in this manner: we expect the same treatment from the next; and are not often disappointed. *I never knew friends made by this conduct.* *Frenchmen,* known to possess scarcely a twentieth part of your honesty, and inferiour to you in every other respectable attribute, beside civility, will secure many friends, where you only make enemies.

How will you justify this imperious spirit, and behaviour? Look at the picture, which I have drawn of your character as a people, from your own books; and those, of unquestionable authority. Can you see in it any reasons even to palliate this insolence? The stains are numerous, and dark: while I cheerfully acknowledge the ground-work to be bright. The SAVIOUR of mankind, when solicited by the *Pharisees* to condemn a miserable woman, apprehended in the commission of adultery, directed "him, who was without sin" among them, to cast the first stone at this culprit. When your nation has cleansed itself, it will be soon enough for you to stone others.

In spite of all your contempt, and of all your aspersions, the inhabitants of the *American* States will, in the ordinary course of Providence, become a numerous, and, permit me to say, a great and prosperous nation. Our advantages of situation, soil, and climate, of manners, laws, morals, and religion, are such, whatever *your Reviewers*, and your *Travellers*, may think concerning us, that we shall multiply, increase in strength, improve in arts and knowledge, and, I hope, advance in morals, to such a degree, as to compel other nations to respect us; even if we should continue to be hated and despised by *you*.

You will say, perhaps, that *our government is bad. Yours, during a great part of your national existence, has been worse.* You have made it, in your own opinion, the best in the world. Time may enable us to improve ours. You assert, *that our Rulers are weak and wicked. You have had many such.* We, as well as you, may at times have better. You *censure us for our party spirit. Look at your own people, arrayed against each other under the banners of York and Lancaster;* and pouring out the blood of

one hundred thousand men, to determine the important question, Whether the White, or the Red, Rose should prevail; and then remember, that in our party janglings not a life has hitherto been lost, except that of the brave General *Lingan:* a martyr to the violence of just such a mob, as you have often seen rolling through the streets of *London.* Even he was butchered by foreigners. There are many things, which disgrace, and distress, this country: but there is nothing which forbids a rational belief, that it may at no great distance of time, be peaceful, virtuous, and happy.

But there is another point of view, in which these attempts to establish alienation, and hostility, between you and us, are still more to be regretted. A great number of your people, with a spirit, in the highest degree honourable to themselves, and singularly glorious to your country, have begun, within a few years, to send throughout the world the Word of God, and Ministers to preach it. The progress, which they have made, is scarcely less astonishing than the rise, and the downfal of *Napoleon;* and has excited the admiration, and called forth the blessings, of good, and even of bad men, in every part of Christendom. Multitudes, in many countries, have cordially united themselves to these Benefactors of the world. In *this* country there are many Missionary, and at least sixty-five Bible Societies: and both are increasing in their numbers, and their efforts. All these are equally desirous to co-operate with your countrymen in this exalted design. To me, Sir, it seems unhappy, that any obstruction should be thrown in their way. Were you to ask Lord *Teignmouth*, Mr. *Wilberforce*, or many thousands of others, who adorn your country with intelligence and virtue, I am persuaded that they would answer you in similar terms. When it is remember-

ed, that the *English* Language is now established, to a considerable extent, in the four quarters of the globe, and in *New Holland* also, you will see that a foundation is laid for making it the means of communicating the knowledge of Christianity throughout the world. Those, who speak it, may, and, if wise, will, aid each other in the great work of spreading the Religion of the Gospel over the globe; and through this medium of communication will be enabled, with a facility otherwise unattainable, to spread salvation through all "the habitations of cruelty." Men, willing to embark in such a design, and possessing advantageous means for accomplishing it, should never be hindered in their exertions: nor can any man be justified, who voluntarily throws obstructions in their way; or wantonly attempts to alienate them from each other.

It is high time, Sir, that a nobler spirit should be found in enlightened nations, as well as in enlightened individuals. Rivalry, contempt, and bitterness, have reigned long enough. These dispositions have never reformed either individuals or nations. Sometimes they may have checked insolence and abuse; but they never made a friend, nor conciliated an enemy. Candour and generosity achieve triumphs incomparably more numerous, and more honourable; and invest the temples of the victor with wreaths which cannot fade. Permit me to hope that the intelligent men of your nation will, in greater numbers, hereafter believe, that these are triumphs more deserving of their ambition; and laurels, which they may wear with superiour and more enduring glory.

THE END.

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